MOULDERS OF DESTINY

MOULDERS *of* DESTINY

Renaissance Lives and Times

BY LLOYD W. ESHLEMAN

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For my Mother and Father

FOREWORD

This book is not a scholarly treatise nor yet a superficial collection of dramatic highlights from history and biography. It is rather a book that sets forth in plain and simple language a brief outline of some of the more important lives and events in the making of modern history. It covers in chronological order the whole of that many-sided epoch which we call, for lack of a better name, the Renaissance.

The lives and events included in this book have been selected by the author for three reasons: first, because they illustrate the important tendencies not only of the Renaissance but also of modern life; second, because most of them have been neglected by historians and biographers, or else their histories have been somewhat perverted in the telling; third, because they represent lives and events an understanding of which is essential to a satisfactory comprehension of what has happened in the making of modern history.

The story begins with the intellectual dawn of modern times, when Lorenzo Valla revolutionized the thinking of his medieval contemporaries, before the art of printing was developed. It ends with the rising tide of capitalistic enterprise, nationalism and imperialism early in the seventeenth century.

This book is one result of long studies and of investigations that have carried the author into several countries. Because of considerable independent research, the book differs from other histories and biographies both in its interpretations and in its sources of information. It differs also in method.

In so far as interpretations are concerned, they follow no conventional dictates. Every individual is examined from an individual point of view, not from the point of view of some philosophy of history or school of thought.

In so far as sources of information are concerned, it suffices to say that they have been neither one-sided nor few in number.

In so far as method is concerned, there is one important factor that deserves attention. It is by now well known, as many historians have insisted, that "biographies from history do not give historic outlines." For in the effort to see individual "trees" we often lose sight of the "forests." The intention in the present volume, therefore, has been to include all necessary historic outlines so that no reader will visualize a character without visualizing also the nature of the historic period in which he (or she) lived. Both the "forests" and the "trees" should be plainly visible.

The late Professor Paul van Dyke used to say that the only good history of the Renaissance that would ever be written would be a history which would succeed in throwing flashes of light here and there upon the entire canvas of the Renaissance, illustrating all the various sorts of people who played prominent parts in renaissance life, and illustrating also their multifarious activities. The present author has borne in mind that counsel and has, in the present book, *Moulders of Destiny,* attempted to set forth various conflicting lives of the Renaissance and some of the multifold activities that filled their years. It is, then, a history of *Renaissance Lives and Times.*

The carrying out of this task was made possible through the kind interest of Mr. Pascal Covici and of Mr. Harold Strauss, his editor, who have achieved distinction among publishers for their willingness to promote original and unconventional literary efforts.

Lloyd Wendell Eshleman

October 29, 1937

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES AND COPYRIGHT ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The inclusion of a complete bibliography for a popular volume, such as this, would represent a work of supererogation. For more than half the characters here treated the author has depended largely upon documentary sources. The investigation of important sources of information concerning the lives of Valla, Charles VII, Henry VII, Machiavelli, Raphael, Paracelsus, Catherine de' Medici and Jan Pieterszoon Coen, has brought the author to conclusions that differ markedly from those of many popular historians. It should be pointed out that these conclusions are in agreement, however, with those of eminent Danish, Dutch, English, French, German and Italian historians. The author has consulted also some Spanish, Portuguese and Latin writings; but these, for the most part, have concerned materials rather than conclusions.

In addition to certain documents and general works that are referred to in the body of the text, attention should be called, perhaps, to the works of Muir, Villari, Norsa, Turri, and Hearnshaw on Machiavelli; to the works of Stillman, Sendivogius, Weber, Clarke, Strunz, and Kahlbaum on Paracelsus; and to Sir Charles Oman's excellent small volume, *The Sixteenth Century.* C. W. Previté-Orton's *A History of Europe: 1198-1378,* is an excellent introduction to the epoch of the Renaissance, and the first long chapter of David Ogg's *Europe in the Seventeenth Century* an excellent epilogue.

For permission to make certain direct quotations from C. B. Coleman's edition of *The Treatise of Lorenzo Valla on the Donation of Constantine,* the author's thanks are due to The Yale University Press; from George Slocombe's *Don John of Austria,* to Houghton, Mifflin Company; from Sir Charles

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A number of these quotations are employed as chapter headings.

—THE AUTHOR

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MOULDERS OF DESTINY

I. THE RENAISSANCE: An introduction and an explanation

MOST OF US associate the term Renaissance with the dawn of modern culture. Just as ancient classical civilization and culture once broke down and was replaced by a thousand years of medieval civilization and culture, so in turn this civilization and culture was to break down and be replaced by what the Western world calls *modern* civilization and culture. The story of the Renaissance is the story of the breakdown of medievalism and the birth of modernism.

The word Renaissance, as everyone knows, means rebirth, and for many years people regarded it as a period in which medieval culture was changed and modified by a rebirth of classicism—in religion, in literature, in art and in politics.

That idea, of course, does not represent all the story, for while there was a Renaissance of classicism in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, there was also a Renaissance in science, mechanics, industry, economics, trade, geographical knowledge, and in the moral and mental manners and "psychology" of people. This other Renaissance, furthered by the birth of a host of geniuses in the closing decades of the fifteenth century, continued for more than a hundred years; and it had little or nothing to do with classicism or with the classical world. It marked a second stage in the history of the Renaissance; and while it was, perhaps, an outgrowth of the earlier epoch, it is more important in that it set the stage for future modern living.

Hitherto, the majority of books that purport to deal with the subject of the Renaissance have usually approached it from one or more of four traditional standpoints: artistic, religious, literary, or historical. And it has been said that no author, if

of sound mind, should ever try to approach the subject from more than four angles, for no matter how good the result might be, it would hardly justify the effort.

But these traditional ideas of the Renaissance and of the method of dealing with the Renaissance have been responsible for many half-views and nearsighted interpretations of that great age. They have been responsible for most of our prevailing notions about renaissance art, renaissance religion—or the lack of it, renaissance literature, and renaissance history—whether political, social or economic.

And what are these prevailing notions?

We know, from having read the works of those who have written about renaissance art, that it replaced the Gothic and the Byzantine art of the Middle Ages. We know, furthermore, that renaissance art was either grand and glorious and classical, or else debased and imitative (or eclectic), depending upon the prejudices of our author-critics. Aside from that, we may know thousands of individual things about the artists and the artistic works of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, or we may not—depending upon our inclination.

We know, from having read the works of those who have written about religion in the Renaissance, that it was in a sad state. Individualism and heresy, rising slowly during the Middle Ages, occasioned schisms. Unsuccessful attempts were made to heal those schisms, but they were never completely healed. Attempts were made to reform the Church, but these attempts failed until the emergence of the Jesuits and the activities of the Council of Trent in the middle years of the sixteenth century. By that time the Protestant Revolutions and Catholic counter-revolutions had occurred. Lutheran and evangelical sects spread through central and northern Europe; the Church of England was resurrected; and a puritanical Calvinistic God lifted His head in many scattered parts of Western Europe. In brief, renaissance religion everywhere seemed greatly in need of purification and reform. Among the humanists, especially in Italy, paganism and atheism took a new lease on life.

Cults and sects thrived everywhere; the spiritual world became infected with an overdose of religious *isms*, not the least formidable of which was the new mysticism. In a spiritual and mental world which grew more and more unsteady, men sought for new bases on which to rest their faiths and dogmas.

We know, from having read the works of those who have written about the literature of the Renaissance, that it was, for the first time since the days of the Romans, becoming sophisticated. It was, in fact, about as neatly refined as the state of morals and irreligion allowed. There were the peculiarly naked exposures of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, of Margaret of Navarre's *Heptameron*, and of unmoral poets such as Aretino. There were also the satires of Erasmus and the verbal battles of angry Humanists—those of Poggio and Valla in particular. It was a literary age about as far removed from medievalism as the Hollywood plays of the nineteen-thirties are from the dramas of Aeschylus. Naturalism was being born again, and men called things of ill-repute by their proper names. All this was either good or bad, depending upon the prejudices of our author-critics.

We know, from having read the works of those who have written about the history of the Renaissance, that it was an age of almost incessant feuds and wars in which new leaders and new forms of government were constantly rising. Modern warfare was in its infancy; imperialism was taking the place of the old crusades; nationalism and patriotism were becoming factors of political and psychological importance; Europe was beginning to erect overseas empires; commercialism was rampant; usury was in the ascendant; and popes and kings, bourgeoisie and aristocrats, struggled for supremacy. The lower classes, as usual, paid the bills.

So much for futile generalities. But if we pause to put them all together we can visualize one important change in the life of the world. The years of growth for Western humanity were about ended: the Western world had attained its age of storm and stress, out of which would emerge new aspirations and

new strivings. The newly awakened Western world was going out in search of a different way of life. It was, in brief, like ourselves in our own periods of youth, "in quest of culture."

Of course, there had been great creative gains in living and in thinking throughout the Middle Ages; and these gains, too, had resulted from an almost constant clash between dynamic and static forces. For progress in human living and in human thinking is generated only by struggle; and for almost a thousand medieval years a series of minor struggles had been going on between opposing systems of art, government, philosophy, mores and religion. Yet these struggles had never been carried on by populations *en masse*. They were the revolts of individuals and of small bands of malcontents and rebels. After the almost constant clashing of opposing systems there finally emerged, in the late Middle Ages, a settled or static way of life. Social groups became stratified and social customs atrophied into mere formulae. Byzantine art reigned supreme in the East and Gothic in the West: they met in the center of Europe. The political and religious thinking of men was moulded along feudal and theocratic lines permitting little scope for new developments. What we so loosely term the medieval, as opposed to the modern manner, had set its grip upon society.

Yet during the nine hundred years that had elapsed since the great empire of Constantine had been broken into two parts, much material progress was achieved. By the thirteenth century it seemed as if an apogee of universal well-being were at hand. Relations between lords and vassals, merchants and artisans, and their divers systems of landholding, agriculture, commerce and industry were, to all seeming, as fixed as the stars in their heaven. Emperors of The Holy Roman Empire of the Germanic Nations and kings of England and of France bowed before the universal authority of the Papacy. Everywhere the hand of the Holy and Catholic Church of Rome was exercising a benevolent sway over a happy Catholic Christen-

West Branch
dom that comprised the entire population of Western Europe; the rest of the world was damned. It was a golden age for the faithful, and only rarely did perverse persons of strongly individualistic bent venture to express their adverse opinions of the age. In short, medieval society in the thirteenth century was decidedly static. Europe by that time had passed its barbarous childhood and seemed to have attained a disciplined, well regulated adolescence.

But no society, as indeed no person, can long remain in a state of fixed equilibrium without suffering static ataxia or retrogression of some sort, and in the fourteenth century this medieval Utopia fell apart. The middle years of the ill-fated fourteenth century were filled with bloody battles and with the recurrent scourges of the Black Death. The misery arising from almost constant warfare and disease, and from the resultant interruption of commerce, was felt most heavily among the lower classes. It was *the revolt of the masses* in the latter half of the fourteenth century that marked the first important break in the medieval way of life and the beginning of a new dynamic era that would oppose to the idea of static existence the idea of individual freedom.

The uprisings of laborers and lower middle classes failed everywhere for lack of intelligent leadership. Excesses begat recriminations; after the revolts were crushed serfdom was reintroduced among the destitute and heavier social and economic bondage fell upon the heads of freemen.

Meanwhile, the feudal nobility of blood, relying upon the land for wealth and the sword for power, gradually lost strength before the onslaughts of the upper middle classes of the towns. These parvenus, the upper bourgeoisie, depended upon new laws, commerce and industry for their wealth, and allied with royal governments by lending them money and by purchasing special privileges in return for guaranties of law, order, protection and monopoly.

The introduction of gunpowder, artillery and mercenary soldiers made it possible for the new royal governments,

strengthened by their bourgeois alliances, to bring rebellious nobles to terms by the use of standing armies; while the more peaceable nobility, their lands impoverished, their villages decimated, their armaments outworn, their serfs and yeomen discontentedly working and often fleeing to the towns and cities to labor as artisans, found themselves declining steadily in power.

Old castes and classes having disappeared, the way was cleared for individuals who would evolve new castes and new classes. From now on, history was to be made by individuals. This was one of the best and worst gifts of the Renaissance to European man. This changeable period ushered into history the modern individualistic cults in science, in business, in philosophy and in religion. It brought on the labyrinthine development of international intrigue and diplomacy, as well as internal political demagogy on a grand scale. It prepared the way for the worst aspects of uncontrolled finance, politics, nationalism and imperialism. The more self-seeking intelligences found their inspiration not in the universalism of the despised Middle Ages, but in the individualism of the Graeco-Oriental and Graeco-Roman decadence. The man of *virtu* became the forerunner of the modern "success story"—always a highly individual one. Art became the expression of the initiated few, who used it as a stepping-stone to fame and fortune and placed it in bondage to those patricians who could afford to patronize it. In brief, the whole organism of society began to turn inside out. It was not a pleasant spectacle; yet it left its legacy to the modern age.

Medieval idealism was stamped out of existence and the new fermentation in the minds of renaissance men proceeded from mental and moral chaos. Men who sickened at the political and economic struggles of the age were left with art, literature, philosophy and science—and back of them a new materialistic in place of an old spiritual incentive to gain, to fame and to worldly wisdom. The Renaissance, by removing wonder and religion from the sight of ordinary man, made

him a materialist. In this sense it represented a fine soil for caesarism, from which new caesars in business and in politics were to emerge. Hirelings of bureaucratic patrons and citizens of nation-states soon replaced "the citizens of the world" in Western Europe.

It is all too easy, in view of the unprepossessing aspects of renaissance men of politics, business and religion, to turn away from them and emphasize the lives and works of men who cultivated art and learning. Yet art and learning alone can give no true idea of that many-sided period. The too-intensive cultivation of renaissance art-forms has, indeed, produced in later creative artists a great deal of empty and superficial copy work. At best, single-minded devotion to the literary and artistic values of the Renaissance has fostered a number of one-sided interpretations of the age. So it is to many persons engaged in many activities that one must turn if he is to gain a clear and simple understanding of the Renaissance. The king, the queen, the soldier, the scholar, the diplomat, the ambassador, the scientist, the philosopher, the writer, the explorer and the pioneer: who shall say which is the more representative? But certainly they are just as important as the men of art or the men of religion.

And so we must look at the age not through the eyes of artists and humanists alone, nor yet of priests, reformers and rulers, but of many types engaged in many pursuits. And in those lives and struggles we may find everything quite similar to all modern life and all modern struggle.

II. LORENZO VALLA: Who revolutionized thought

If I have prostituted the virgins of Italy, it is at least pleasurable to know that you are now associating with prostitutes, and are able, consequently, to add greater authenticity to your words than has characterized your previous utterances.

If, Poggio, I differ from you in being better able to fornicate than to conjugate, your own (procreative) abilities, to judge from your conjugations, must be somewhat less than impotent.

It seems that you, my dear fellow, are much more interested in the forms of sodomy and bastardy than in those of the genitive and the dative. What excellent rhetoric you might employ if your knowledge of the latter were equal to your knowledge of the former.

Today only fools make of rhetoric what it is.

I know that for a long time men have been waiting to hear of the offenses with which I charge the Roman pontiffs.

Even adultery, which is a natural manifestation of mankind, is only a part of Nature's law.

To give one's life in defense of truth and justice is the path of the highest virtue, the highest honor, the highest reward. Have not many others undergone the hazard of death . . . ?

WHEN a man knows more than his contemporaries know, he is apt to be misunderstood. His personal mail, now and again, may include a flood of invectives carefully prepared by his enemies for the annihilation of his ego. He need hardly be surprised if people hate him and misinterpret his words. Even peaceable philosophers, since the days of Anaxagoras and Plato, have sometimes found it convenient to decamp. Even dramatists, since the days of Aristophanes and Euripides, have been objects of suspicion, prisoners, or exiles. Occasionally some independent thinker, a Socrates or a Servetus, will refuse to flee, and prefer to take the deadly medicine that is meted out to him as a punishment

for his independent thinking. The world is full of such cases, martyrs to beliefs and ideologies. Even the modern world has its controlled presses, its press policies, its state textbooks, its court-martials, its prisons and its concentration camps for the questionable benefit of those whose ideas and thoughts are suspect. Social and political ostracism still exists for those who do not follow the thinking of their contemporaries. Under such circumstances unusually strong character and mentality are necessary if a man's genius for independent thinking is to survive, or if he is to succeed in waging a winning battle against the ideas of his contemporaries.

Although this sort of struggle is seldom "written up" in books and periodicals, it is often one of the bitterest and most heart-breaking that ever takes place. Also it is the kind that most people can understand; for most people have waged, in greater or lesser degree, a somewhat similar struggle in their own lives and have realized how difficult it is to overcome the prejudices of other persons. For the majority of "independent thinkers" usually fight a losing battle, whether for the validity of their own ideas or for the safety of their own persons.

It is, in fact, only rarely that one hears of a man who differs from all the other thinkers of his age, opposes most of them, and comes out triumphant and unscathed. Such a man is one of history's phenomena. And such a man was Lorenzo Valla, "whom all men hated"—perhaps because he revolutionized the thoughts of his world and lived to laugh at his detractors, whether popes or philosophers, soldiers, diplomats or artists. Such a man is one of those rare revolutionists upon whom *Fortuna* smiles.

What sort of man was Lorenzo Valla? He was a man to whom, according to his innumerable enemies, "nothing was sacred." He was a man who fought a singlehanded fight for free thinking and for free action in an age that was especially characterized by stupidity, by superstition, by subservience to authority, and by universalism in all the outward aspects of life—when men, to be men, had to be like other men. He was

a born genius and a Roman of the Romans. He had the courage to say that the crown of Rome belonged to the Roman people and to neither Emperor nor Pope. He was a man who was regarded as a heretic in religion and as a pagan in psychological manifestations. Born with crude and ugly features, he was destined to lose friends and to incur the enmity of stupid persons everywhere. No scholar befriended him; no woman would marry him; most of his world hated him. Yet by the sheer power of his mentality he rose above the people around him and pointed out new criteria for the people of future centuries to appreciate. But in his own generation it was said that he was "Lorenzo Valla, whom all men hated." He was the incarnation of individualism, of renaissance *virtu,* in an age that was just beginning to be modern. He was the one learned man of his day whom jealous intellectuals affected to despise, because he knew too much.

But before one can hope to gain a very clear idea of the man, one must see the background of his times. Throughout the preceding fourteenth century there had been much artistic, social, political and intellectual turmoil that had broken down the static condition of late medieval civilization. Some of the more aggressive and farseeing men of those times, realizing the passing of an old order and the distant approach of a new (and these men represented a very small minority indeed), had been turning their attention to new letters, new education, new commerce and new industry. The idea of rising above one's station in life was seizing upon their imaginations. Consequently they were beginning to send their sons into the Church, not with the idea of guaranteeing to their souls a heavenly abode, but with the object of education. In that age, of course, almost all education was in the hands of the Church. Meanwhile, among intellectuals, new schools of thought and of learning were springing up, especially in Italy and in Germany. It was this intellectual and individual ferment which laid the foundation for that great awakening in all the realms of human activity which we call the Renaissance.

But the art of printing was not to be developed until the middle of the fifteenth century; and with the best intentions and the most utilitarian motives, education was not an easy thing to attain. Often it was submerged by theocratic disputations and arguments. Yet in some places medieval scholasticism was coming into disrepute, and some men were turning back to Greece and Rome for other knowledge and for other inspiration. There was nothing else to which they could turn in those days.

One reason for this turning toward the classical knowledge of Greece and Rome was that throughout the fourteenth century of turmoil a few Greek traders of Byzantium, forced from the eastern trade routes by the advance of the Turks, had been bringing bits of Greek language and knowledge into Italy. Before long some of these Greeks were employed as teachers in Italy.

There was, for example, the typical instance of a professorial appointment in Florence. In 1360 one Leo Pilatus, an unprepossessing man if any ever lived, was lodging at the home of the early Florentine humanist, Boccaccio. Boccaccio and Petrarch, with a few friends, were representative of that inconspicuous group of farsighted fourteenth-century men who laid the foundation for renaissance humanism, the new learning, in Italy. It was Boccaccio who persuaded the Florentine government to allow the Greek gentleman a stipend for his lectures. The life was easy, and Pilatus stayed on for three years. He was a miserable professor and lecturer, but the eager young humanists flocked to hear him, despite his mannerisms and his personal appearance. "His countenance was hideous; his face overshadowed with black hair; his beard long and uncombed; his deportment rustic; his temper gloomy and inconstant." He knew no Latin; but he could read the poems of Homer to the supreme satisfaction of his listeners; and from his explanations Boccaccio was able to compose those literal translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* which so greatly delighted his friend Petrarch.

But before the dawn of the fifteenth century and the birth of Lorenzo Valla there was a mere spattering of classical and scientific knowledge; for scholars were few and the new humanists were characterized by enthusiasm for learning more than by critical acumen and scientific judgment. What the degenerate Greek teachers taught them they accepted all too thankfully and unquestioningly; and whatever manuscripts they read, they read with a characteristic faith more naïve than critical. What the Italian world of the newly dawning Renaissance needed most was an outstanding scholar and critic who could separate the true from the false and set a new standard for human thinking and for human judgment.

Italy found such a man in Lorenzo Valla, born at the dawn of the fifteenth century—long before book-publishing swept over Europe, long before the art of printing from movable type came into vogue through the initiative of Gutenberg.

According to the *Cambridge History* he was the greatest of the humanists. He it was who introduced the modern temper and the modern spirit of criticism into a world encased by a thousand-year-old crust of faith and dogma. The Dutch scholar, Erasmus, who has also been called the greatest of the humanists, had the advantage of coming almost a century later. Yet Erasmus himself said that Lorenzo Valla, "more than any other scholar of Europe, refuted the stupidities of the barbarians, saved half-buried letters from extinction, restored Italy to her ancient splendor of eloquence, and forced even the learned to express themselves henceforth with more care and circumspection. All this Valla did almost single-handed, with great energy, zeal and labor."

Are these statements exaggerated? Cynics may point out that the Middle Ages had made much progress. So they had; but that progress, at least in Italy, had almost been killed. The revolutions and the warfare of the fourteenth century had barbarized most of the people. Pagan rites were still celebrated —in honor of Jesus people climbed greased poles, as they had done a thousand years before, to deliver stuck pigs. The masses

were steeped in ignorance and ground down by toil. Medical and scientific knowledge was in as low a state as had yet been experienced. Educated churchmen preached the maxims of Galen and of Aristotle; astrology was a science; only in art and in business were there signs of momentous change. Before humanism could rise to the dignity of "the new learning," a scientific study of language, a new philosophy and a new education had to be established; otherwise the so-called humanists would remain mere enthusiasts of antique knowledge and of a culture about which they knew almost nothing. It was Valla who prepared the way for the new intellectual advancement. As a result of his writings a new fermentation worked in the minds of political and religious reformers such as Porcaro in Rome and Luther in Germany. Yet almost nothing has been written in English about the man himself; and even the monumental *Cambridge History* devotes less than a dozen scattered sentences to him and to the importance of his work.

Lorenzo della Valla was born in Rome on April 6, 1405, and he died there on August 1, 1457. But for most of his life he was an exile from his native city.

His father was a man of limited means who had come to Rome from Piacentia, in the mountains. Nothing definite is known of the mother. But the parents of Lorenzo soon recognized his early genius and made every effort to see that he received as suitable an education as could be procured.

For ordinary schooling Lorenzo had little use; he liked to dream of the things that might be, and one can only guess at the thoughts which passed through his mind. But he was to be fortunate, none the less, for at an early age he attracted the attention of one of the earliest humanists, Leonardo Bruni, who undertook to teach the boy Latin. No better teacher could have been procured. Before Lorenzo was grown to manhood he was a master of the classical tongue of Italy. Later, Giovanni Aurispa, who had studied at Florence, taught him Greek.

In 1429, when Lorenzo was twenty-four years of age, he tried to obtain a position in the Papal Secretariat. At that time he probably knew more than anyone else in the Papal Court; but his appearance was poor and his youth was marked. Men had little confidence in his ability. How could anyone so young pretend to hold forth with masters of the classical tongue?

Lorenzo was told very plainly that he lacked experience and knowledge. As regards intellect and education such a statement was certainly not true; but in another respect it may have been, for as yet the young man was adolescent and virginal. He was not a pretty specimen; his years had been spent in study. Girls laughed at his advances, if and when he made them! Already Lorenzo had started upon a hard and thorny career in more ways than one.

For two more years Lorenzo della Valla was unable to obtain a sinecure. It was not until the death of his father that he was offered a chair in rhetoric at the University of Pavia.

In those days young men of twenty were regarded as mature; and Lorenzo was now twenty-six and still youthful. Certainly he seemed too young to be lecturing in a university. His hair was too fine and light to grow a beard. He was, to all appearances, a boy alone in the world. He had one sister, but she had married a man that he did not like, and the dislike was mutual. The sister had a maid, however, that Lorenzo did like, and it is presumable that she also liked him, for they had an illicit love affair.

Before Lorenzo had been at the University of Pavia two years he had written his first book. He called his book an essay on voluptuousness. Through his relations with his sister's maid he had become an authority on the subject. The proper title of his book was *De Voluptate.* Years afterward he rewrote it under the title of *De Vero Bono:* on true good in humanity. Its views showed that the young Valla had already developed a philosophy of life. Among scholars this book has been discussed more than any other which Valla ever wrote, chiefly

because of its easy philosophic treatment of opposing philosophies of human behavior.

The work is divided into a series of dialogues among three men, each of whom espouses a prevailing trend of philosophy. The three men selected by Valla for his spokesmen were three well known humanists of Italy.

First came Bruni, who represented that school of mystic thought which attempted to reconcile Christian ethics with the philosophy of Stoicism.

Second came Beccadelli of Palermo, "the Antipodes of Bruni." He was the author of *Hermaphroditus,* a collection of witty epigrams which, from the standpoint of obscenity, far surpassed the worst efforts of the classical poets. This spokesman represented the philosophy of Epicureanism, which was then, as now, but little understood and greatly underestimated.

Third came Niccolò Niccoli, the Florentine teacher who called himself a Christian Humanist "aiming at the true and greatest good for all men." He was really a utilitarian Utopian rather than a humanist in the true sense. He emphasized "the new progress," claiming that scientific investigation and discovery must go forward hand in hand with the True Church. In brief, he was a moronic pedagogue; and it is said that on his deathbed he had an altar erected on which his friends might celebrate a sort of perpetual mass for his accomplished soul.

It is remarkable that this first book of Valla's, in which he speaks through the mouths of other men, has aroused so much controversial opinion. For it would seem that its real purpose was to display the absurdity of so-called Christian Humanism by its own words—utterly disregarding their trivial import—and to ridicule the idea of Stoicism out of existence.

Stoicism had been an important philosophy, for there were many emotional and mystical thinkers in the Christian Church who had kept it alive. By the more perverse artists in propagating the religion it had been seized upon as a magnificent instrument with which to forge a connecting link between pagan and Christian views. But it had outlived its usefulness, except

for emotional and mystical minds, to whom it appealed as a sort of defense mechanism, and Valla was ready to throw it into the discard—along with all other outworn rubbish.

Here is how Valla succeeded in doing this:

First of all, he had Leonardi Bruni defend the Stoic idea: viz., that human life must conform to nature and to the laws of nature.

Then Antonio Beccadelli speaks. He states that while it is natural for man to desire pleasure, all pleasure must be subject to restraint: i.e., to intelligent use, lest it become an obstacle to greater pleasure. This idea represented, of course, the difference between true Epicureanism and the prevalent notion that to have joy in life one must eat, drink and be merry *ad infinitum*. The idea of continence, affirms Beccadelli, which is so strangely supported by the Stoics, is repugnant to that natural law which they uphold. "Hence the very principles of Stoicism represent an illogicality."

Finally, Niccolò Niccoli speaks for Christian Humanism. But his words seem to imply an attempt at hedonism, as when he states that the greatest possible good must be a perpetuation of the greatest happiness; and then adds, with a virtue more puritanical than humanistic, that self-abnegation and virtue must be practised as the means of attaining it.

In the final analysis, the real purpose of Valla's book was to use the Epicurean argument to defend what Valla regarded as true natural right against the claims of the Christian Church as expounded in his time. "What," exclaims Beccadelli, "that has been produced and formed by nature, can be otherwise than praiseworthy and holy!" For "nature itself is the same—or almost the same identity—as the very idea of God," and nature ordains only what God ordains. Therefore, he adds, "even adultery, which is a natural manifestation of mankind, is only a part of natural law," from which one might conclude, quite naturally, that "all women ought to be owned in common." Even Plato's idea of a community of women is entirely in keeping with nature's laws.

But this is not hedonism; neither is it an argument for unlimited unchastity. For all unlimited pleasures, however natural they may seem to be in their origin, are to be eschewed. They are not, however, to be eschewed because they are unnatural, but chiefly because danger attends them. A natural impulse to life and joy, when overdone, may mean also a natural impulse to death, which is also one of nature's laws. But otherwise, adds Beccadelli, "all sexual intercourse is good!"

"How far," he exclaims, "can pleasure go?—Until vice becomes virtue and virtue vice, as it is to-day, by virtue of that excess of involuntary virginity which is nowadays so highly esteemed by ignorant men and women, both Churchmen and laity, throughout so-called Christendom?" For who, in the name of either God or Nature, ever invented "consecrated *Virgins!*" . . . "Whoever did, introduced into the world a horrible and inhuman custom. . . . Whoever did ought to be banished to the furthest reaches of the earth." For this institution, "and all its allied institutions, both moral and religious, so-called," have "*nothing,*" he asserts, "to do with religion!" Therefore, of all human activities, none is more insufferable than a carefully cultivated and so-called consecrated Virginity. "If you must have women consecrating their lives to the service of religion, choose married women, and especially ones who have priests for husbands." [1]

Valla hated Stoicism as a doctrine that was primarily fatalistic. He hated its "fleshly mortification" and exalted in place of this concept a new freedom for the intellect and for the senses. Science, said he, must be founded on *reason;* but reason itself must first be placed in harmony with reality, which is nature, which, in turn, is God. Too often, he said, philosophers are mere rhetoricians and not logicians. Logic and rhetoric ought to be one and the same thing, "but today only fools make of rhetoric what it is." What man needs today is "redemption of the mind"—much more than of the senses.

[1] "*Melius merentur scorta et prostibula de genere humano, quam sanctimoniales virgines ac continentes,*"—Valla, *Opera,* (Basle, 1540), *Lib.* 1, *cap.* 44.

In view of such teachings, it is almost superfluous to add that Valla's colleagues and contemporaries did not hold this decidedly radical young man in high repute. He on his part was contemptuous of the false fronts of lesser intellectuals, and he soon aroused antagonism at the university.

Among other things, Valla attacked and ridiculed the condition of legal knowledge and action in the city of Pavia. There was a particularly obtuse jurist named Bartolo, and in 1433 Valla published an open letter attacking him. "How," inquired Valla, "could a man ignorant of Roman law and of all history properly comment on either?" and he wound up by accusing Bartolo of ignorance, incompetence and illiteracy.

Only one thing could come of this and it did. It became necessary for Valla to flee from Pavia.

He wished to return to Rome, but the Pope would not permit it. Valla's restlessness of spirit and originality of mind, together with his marked ability to say what he thought in words of impeccable logic and exactitude, made him a supernumerary in a world of acquiescence.

Under these bad auspices his *Wanderjahre* now began. He went to the home of his father's people in Piacentia. He drifted to Milan, then to Genoa, then to Florence (in June, 1434), and then into the mountain towns of Umbria. He tried again to return to Rome, but a popular revolt had broken out against the aggressive government of Pope Eugenius IV, and it was impossible for him to gain admission from the officials. Finally, towards the end of the year, his plight attracted the attention of King Alfonso of Naples who was busily engaged in fighting papal territorial claims. This king offered Valla a post as secretary. Valla was lucky. He held his new job for fourteen years, until 1448. Here in Naples he wrote those world-famous books which revolutionized the thoughts and the education of men.

When Valla came to the court of Alfonso he was nearing his thirtieth birthday.

The court in which Valla found himself was described by its enemies as "a hotbed of debauchery and license" intent

upon breaking down papal supremacy in Italy and fostering discontent among the people. Its king, Alfonso, they said, had need of the services of a man such as Valla: his action in receiving him and offering him employment as his secretary was simply part of a propaganda campaign against the Pope.

But there is another side to the picture. Pope Eugenius IV was a man who had made himself widely hated, both by advanced spiritual claims and by efforts to expand his temporal powers in Italy. It was these efforts that helped to foment the revolution of 1434 against him and caused him, for the time being, to flee from Rome.

Valla, for his part, while opposed to papal control of the Roman state, was primarily a Roman patriot. He never forgot the place of his birth and even while residing at Naples made efforts to gain reinstatement in the Eternal City.

Meanwhile, as he grew older, entering his thirties, he improved somewhat in looks, and no doubt the environment of Alfonso's court, famous though it was for its coterie of learned humanists, artists and scholars, did not tend to any high degree of morality on his own part. For his life in Naples, we regret to report, was not entirely free from moral lapses, as he himself admitted in his more self-conscious literary moments.

In *De Libero Arbitrio,* Valla returned again to the thesis which he had begun to expound in *De Voluptate,* holding that "free will *may* exist in harmony with one's foreknowledge of God." But he doubted very much whether the ordinary human brain was capable of understanding this truth. The basic idea was that sympathy among men, sympathetic with nature, was a transference to human life of the sympathy of God.

In his *Dialecticae Disputationes* Valla next undertook, from the grammatical and critical point of view, to expose the weaknesses of Aristotle and of the Aristotelian schoolmen. It was a body blow at the already dying scholasticism of the Middle Ages.

As time went on, the effect of Valla's praise of classicism and of the classical gods, as opposed to the narrow deity of

medieval Christendom with its narrow outlook and narrower morality, combined with his praise of all classical pursuits and pleasures from language to hedonism, was responsible for a terrific excess of enthusiasm for everything classical—an enthusiasm which was to characterize so much of the renaissance spirit in later generations. Indeed, in after years, so perfervid did this neo-classicism become that before long only the forms and modes of antiquity were regarded as good and beautiful and true. All else was rejected with the ascetic and relegated to the darkness of a now happily forgotten medieval past.

As a result of Valla's enthusiasm the new ambition of the rapidly forming modern world was to excavate and resuscitate as much as possible of the entire classical world. The new spirits of the Renaissance would bring back the past and make it a part of their own lives. Thus cemented, the classical and the neo-classical worlds would soon form a utopian realm of human perfection, in which classically minded men would live ensconced like gods on the hills, careless of the contemporary world. It was a bad outlook, toward degeneration.

But now, having dealt with the moral and philosophic issues of the world, Valla's attention was turning toward the state of religion. The Roman people, indeed, the whole Western world, he believed, ought to be freed from the authoritarian doctrines and attitudes of the papacy.

And on what did papal authority rest? It was the investigation of this matter which led Valla to undertake the first important criticism of the famous "Donation of Constantine" and of the larger group of priestly writings attributed to Dionysius the Areopagite. In 1440 he published a book that was to reverberate throughout the world and shake the very foundations of Christendom. This was his revolutionary *Declamation Against the Donation of Constantine.*

This "Declamation," this "Oration," this "Philippic," this "Libel," as it has variously been called, is the most interesting and undoubtedly the most significant expression of Italian humanism. For in it, more than seventy-five years before

Luther and Zwingli began the Protestant Revolt, Valla urged rebellion against the "aspiring popes who seek to dominate temporal realms in Europe." Moreover, he stated definitely that territorial rapacity on the part of the papacy was the "*true cause*" of all the misfortunes that had befallen Italy throughout her troubled career as a European nation. It was indeed Valla and not Machiavelli (as is so often claimed) who was first responsible for the oft-quoted doctrine that all the evils of Italy were due to the papacy.

The "Donation of Constantine," which Valla attacked, was the most sensational, if not the most important Church document. Uncounted scholars and writers, and at least ten popes between the ninth and fifteen centuries, had quoted it to support their claims for the power of the Church. It, as much as any document, had contributed to papal prestige.

To trace the origin of the "Donation," one must go back to the condition of Europe in the eighth century, when the papacy was drawing away from the jurisdiction of the Emperor and from the Orthodox Church in Constantinople. The Bishops of Rome had already been called *Popes* for many years; but as yet their supremacy was not everywhere recognized and in order to develop an independent policy in their dealings with the new kingdoms of Europe (Lombards, Franks, *et cetera*) documentary and authoritative backing was needed to support their growing claims.

Hence the "Donation" was composed, probably by some clerk in the Papal Court of Pope Paul I (757–767), and it dates, probably, from about the year 758. It told how the Roman Emperor Constantine had, before his death, recognized the superiority of the Pope of Rome over all other temporal lords of the earth by holding the bridle of his horse. This recognition of temporal power was owing, so it claimed, to the fact that the Bishop of Rome, Sylvester (314–316) had cured the Emperor of leprosy. Hence the Emperor had confirmed Sylvester's claim to be supreme over all other bishops and patriarchs of the Christian Church. The "Donation" then

went on to grant to the Bishop of Rome supremacy over all Italy and all the western provinces. These, it declared, were to remain forever under the control of the Roman See, while Constantine himself would retire to Byzantium so that the new ecclesiastical authority over the Western world might not be disturbed by the presence of another ruler whose temporal claims might prove inconvenient.

The "Donation of Constantine" had been accepted at its face-value for more than six hundred years. It was incorporated in the *Pseudo-Isidorian Decretals* (c. 850) and quotations from it were to be found in nearly all medieval collections of canon law.

In his *Declamation Against the Donation of Constantine,* Valla undertook to do three things: apologize for his work on the ground that truth and justice must be made known; attack the temporal jurisdiction of Popes and priests; expose the falseness of the "Donation."

In his attack upon the temporal claims of the papacy he referred to "the overbearing, barbarous, tyrannical priestly domination" which had settled over Italy. "The popes," he declared, "are always stealing away the liberties of the people, and when opportunity offers the people will arise."

Have you enervated the Imperium? You have. Have you plundered Churches? You have. Have you outraged matrons and virgins? You have. Have you sinned against and shed the blood of citizens in our towns? You have.

Shall we bear this? . . .

Although the injuries we have suffered might justify us, we will not imitate your cruelty or your impiety, for we (at least) are Christians! . . .

The forgery of Constantine's Donation has become a reason for the devastation of all Italy. The time has now come to stop the evil at its source. . . .

Far from giving food and bread to the family of God, the Pope declares war against peaceful nations. He sows discord between States and Princes. The Pope thirsts after foreign pos-

sessions, and exhausts his own. He is what Achilles called Agamemnon—"a king who devours his own people."

But Valla still had it in his heart to return some day to Rome, and he could not bring himself, as yet, to a wholehearted condemnation of the policy of the Papal See without some attempt to justify it. So in his *Apologia* for the *Declamation* against the false decretals, he said:

To give one's life in defense of truth and justice is the path of the highest virtue, the highest honor, the highest reward. Have not many others undergone the hazard of death in defense of their celestial fatherland? . . . Away then with trepidation, let fear be removed afar, let doubts pass away. With a brave soul, with complete faithfulness, with noble hope, we must defend the cause of truth, the cause of justice, the cause of God. And again he said:

It is not my intention to inveigh against any one or to write so-called Philippics against him—be that sort of villainy far from me—but rather to root out error in the minds of men, and free them from vices and from crimes. . . . I know that for a long time men have been waiting to hear of the offenses with which I charge the Roman pontiffs. . . . For some centuries now, either they have not known that the Donation of Constantine is spurious and forged, or else they themselves forged it, and their successors, walking in the same way of deceit as their elders, have defended as true what they knew to be false.

Dealing then with the "Donation" itself, he turns to the Emperor Constantine and asks what sort of king this was who suddenly became so generous—this empire builder who had seized the domains of four Caesars!

A man who through thirst for dominion had waged war against nations, and attacking friends and relatives in civil strife had taken the government from them . . . who waged war with many nations . . . who had many sons, relatives and associates; who knew that the senate and the Roman people would oppose this act; who had experienced the instability

of conquered nations. . . . What incentive could there be so strong and urgent that he would ignore all this and choose to display such prodigality?

They say it was because he was a Christian! Would he therefore renounce the best part of his empire? I suppose it was a crime, an outrage, a felony, to reign after that, and that a kingdom was incompatible with the Christian religion! Those who live in adultery, those who have grown rich by usury, those who possess goods which belong to another, they after baptism are wont to restore the stolen wife, the stolen money, the stolen goods! If such be your idea, Constantine, you might better restore your cities to liberty, not change their master.

After this ironic beginning, Valla turns to each statement in the alleged "Donation," showing either its falsity or its absurdity. Finally he sums up:

A moment ago, Constantine, you called yourself earthly; now you call yourself divine and sacred. You relapse into Paganism and worse than Paganism. You make yourself God, your words sacred, and your decrees immortal; for you order the world to keep your commands inviolate and unshaken. Do you consider who you are: just cleansed from the filthiest mire of wickedness, and scarcely fully cleansed? Why did you not add, "Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from this 'privilege' "? The Kingdom of Saul, chosen by God, did not pass on to his sons; the kingdom of David was divided under his grandson, and afterward destroyed. And by your own authority you decree that the kingdom which you give over without God, shall remain even until the end of the world! Whoever taught you that the world is to pass away so soon? For I do not think that at this time you had faith in the poets, who alone bear witness to this. So you could not have said this, but some one else has passed it off as yours.

However, he who spoke so grandly and loftily, begins to fear, and to distrust himself, and so takes to entreating. . . .

It is just as if a wolf should entreat by his innocence and

good faith the other wolves and the shepherds not to try to take away from him, or demand back, the sheep which he has taken and divided among his offspring and his friends. Why are you so afraid, Constantine? If your work is not of God it will be destroyed; but if it is of God it cannot be destroyed. But I see! You wished to imitate the Apocalypse, where it says: "For I testify unto every man that feareth all the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book. . . ." But you had never read the Apocalypse; therefore these are not your words!

He then quotes the alleged threat of Constantine against any one who may dispute or question his command: "If any one, moreover, which we do not believe, prove a scorner in this matter, he shall be condemned and shall be subject to eternal damnation; and shall feel the holy apostles of God, Peter and Paul, opposed to him in the present and in the future life. And he shall be burned in the lower hell and shall perish with the devil and all the impious."

This terrible threat [*says Valla*] *is the usual one, not of a secular ruler, but of the early priests and flamens; and, nowadays, of ecclesiastics. And so this is not the utterance of Constantine, but of some fool of a priest who, stuffed and pudgy, knew neither what to say nor how to say it; and, gorged with eating and heated with wine, belched out these wordy sentences which convey nothing to another, but turn against the author himself. . . . Now if these threats and curses were Constantine's, I in turn would curse him as a tyrant and destroyer of my country, and would threaten that I, as a Roman, would take vengeance on him. But who would be afraid of the curse of an overly avaricious man, and of one saying a counterfeit speech after the manner of actors?*

Valla closed his Declamation by saying: "It is not the Church but the Pope, that fights against Christians; the Church fights against 'spiritual wickedness in high places.' Then the Pope will be Holy Father in fact as well as in name

. . . nor will he stir up wars among Christians, but those stirred up by others he . . . will stop."

It is a remarkable fact that after the composition of this book Lorenzo Valla was still to enjoy seventeen more years of life. Did the faithful brand him as a heretic? They did. Did jealous scholars ponder his work? They did; but however their jealousy might turn, they were forced to acknowledge that a new standard in criticism had been established.

This, however, did not mean that Valla was accepted. Far from it. He could go on for years longer, studying and writing; but only scholars of later generations seemed to have the discernment necessary to appreciate his researches and his intellectuality. It was not until 1517 that Ulrich von Hutten printed the first edition in book form of Valla's famous treatise. That was exactly fifty years after Valla's death.

Two years after his *Declamation Against the Donation of Constantine,* Valla published his next important book, *De Professione Religiosorum* (1442). In it he stated once again his dictate that "a theocracy can never be a perfect state"—and that people who are obliged by laws to perform certain obligations can never be so happy as a people who are permitted, within intelligent limits, to act and worship spontaneously in matters religious. In this treatment of the *Profession of Religion* he denounced the arrogance of stupid monks who called themselves religious—"as if other people were not!" He did not, however, imitate the superior tactics of the pagan humanists who, in those days, were just learning to be clever. He did not discredit monks by rehashing the familiar tales of misdemeanors; nor did he make them the butt of the stupid anti-clerical jokes which were beginning to delight the majority of humanists of his day. For, after all, Valla retained some urbanity and gentlemanly instincts, despite the circles in which he was compelled, by necessity, to live. One cannot help thinking that he stood superior, in his own character, to the typical Italian humanist of the fifteenth century. But he, more than any other humanist of his day, did give expression to the ma-

jority of those critical views, literary and historical, religious and philosophic, which were later championed by the leaders of religious reform, both within and without the Church. It may not be too much to say that Martin Luther had his mind made up more by Valla's writings than by those of all the other humanists.

Yet Valla, like the other humanists, although to a lesser extent than most of them, had also his "weak moments"—his lapses in moral integrity. And no wonder. For it must be remembered that such lapses were only too typical of the age in which he lived. But information and gossip on these matters, in the hands of his enemies, told heavily against his reputation.

Two years after his composition of *De Professione Religiosorum,* in 1444, Valla had a controversy with Fra Antonio da Bitonto regarding the origin and authorship of the Apostle's Creed. Here he was stepping on even more dangerous ground, and his outspoken frankness very quickly resulted in his being tried for heresy. Nothing would have suited his countless enemies better than to see his life-blood trickling from the torture chamber. But his former savior, King Alfonso, was with him, and from such a fate Lorenzo was saved. He was saved only by the intercession of the king, who forcibly interrupted the proceedings of the court, to the vast chagrin of Valla's enemies, and put the offending scholar safely to work again on the furtherance of his anti-papal propaganda.

Meanwhile, for the past ten years or more, Valla had been spending his spare moments, when not engaged with his other scholarly and secretarial duties, on a scientific study of the Latin language; and late in 1444, a few months after his trial for heresy, it was published. This study, *De Elegantia Linguae Latinae,* marks a milestone in modern education. Not only did it place the study of Latin upon a scientific basis, but also, owing to the subsequent great popularity of the book, it set a new criterion for classical studies in modern schools and colleges. To this work of Valla's the modern world owes the res-

toration of classical Latin, purified of the vulgarisms of empirical medieval Latin. Representing as it did the first sound study of the fine points of that language, it was destined to be reprinted almost sixty times between 1471 and 1536—long after Valla himself, of course, was dead and buried. And for many years thereafter, a short abridgment of the work, done by Guy Jouennaux (better known as Guido Juvenalis), was a standard textbook in the universities of France.

But among the other humanists of his own day there was a decided feeling that Valla had exposed them. Nowhere within the book itself had any prominent reputation been put to the sword, for Valla had mentioned no names; yet, strangely enough, epithets against him poured from all quarters, so many were the rival humanists whose armor was weak, whose skins were sensitive. In brief, the professional grammarians and the professional historians (as not infrequently happens in any world) were vastly insulted; and they rallied to the assault against the young pretender who criticized their common errors. "Here," said they, "in this Lorenzo, we have an infernal upstart who, knowing little, yet believes himself the superior of his superiors."

Thus the controversy between Valla, the independent scholar, and the humanists of Italy markedly discolors one page in the history of Italian humanism. For, as a rule, humanists and artists in those days were only too willing to assist the men who were still struggling for recognition—in which respect the Italian Renaissance differs slightly from some other periods of intellectual development. But Valla's enemies were remarkably modern.

The most aggressive mudslinger that Valla had to face was one Poggio Bracciolini—an old humanist and a man who labored to point out the most insignificant errors of which Valla was, or was not, guilty. Poggio carried the struggle into the private life, love-affairs and personal habits of his rival, accusing him of the grossest vices which he could imagine; and the imagination of vices in those days was not meager.

What sort of man was this Poggio who led the attack against Valla? He was, says Villari, just another humanist, who passed most of his days writing obscenities and keeping up literary quarrels. Indeed, almost all of Poggio's writings are offensively coarse and obscene, and none more so than his libel of Valla. Not even his exposition of the immorality that graced the "coeducational baths" at Zurich! Yet Poggio himself was a man who could never find words strong enough to brand the cupidity, the hypocrisy, the ignorance, the immorality and the arrogance of the clergy. It was not that he disagreed with Valla; it was merely a case of his not liking the way in which Valla had made known the paucity of his own grammatical composition. So he set out to brand Valla as the vilest of "gutter-urchins" in words which, for decency's sake if not for their own rarity, one must forbear to translate.

Valla said, "It may be a shame to fight, but to give in to this outrageous attack is a greater shame." So he joined battle, but only after Poggio had accused him of drunkenness, larceny, heresy, forgery, treachery, bastardy, sodomy and general lechery. Valla twitted his rival with ignorance of Latin usage, and even with ignorance of grammatical composition, affecting to regard him as a man in his dotage, which was, in some respects, quite true. Out of the mêlée emerged a new book by Valla, the famous *Invectivarum Libri Sex.*

Meanwhile, Poggio's scandal-mongering tongue had created disturbance among prominent churchmen in Rome, who were now beginning to appreciate Valla's learning and character. (Even the Pope himself had been known to wink at the credulity of the vulgar, and he was beginning to realize that Valla might be a man worth cultivating.) In his zeal to regain his lost Roman citizenship Valla was now clever enough to cover his tracks by his *Apology to Pope Eugenius IV,* excusing his own hot temper and promising a greater degree of dignity in his future writings. But the Pope still forbade Valla's return to Rome in this year of disgrace, 1444.

Poggio meanwhile had accused Valla, among other failings,

of having seduced his own sister's maid. (To the possibility of such an incident we have referred above. Suffice it to say there was no record of a baby.) Valla replied to this accusation that, of course, he had only "wanted to prove the falsity of his brother-in-law's assertion" that his "chastity had proceeded from necessity rather than from virtue."

Despite the acrimony of the verbal battle, both performers rather enjoyed the fight, and both were superb exhibitionists. They crossed their pens in the arena of learning with no small anxiety to display their charms, their knowledge, their dexterity and their nudity. But Valla emerged the victor. He knew more; and that fact was gradually beginning to be recognized. Also, he was more urbane, and the modern taste for urbanity was growing more pronounced.

In 1447 Pope Nicholas V, the first of the so-called Humanist Popes, succeeded to the papal tiara, and a year later, in 1448, Lorenzo Valla's life-long ambition was attained. He was admitted to Rome and received an appointment as Secretary in the Papal curia.

Unlike Eugenius IV, the new pope had read correctly the signs of the times. The Councils of Florence and Ferrara had proved the general lack of understanding of Greek among Italian churchmen and the lack of sympathy among Christians. Nicholas thought that the humanists might do some good —and certainly less harm—if he patronized them. Hence it came about that humanists such as Valla and Filelfo were gathered into the Papal Court.

It might have seemed strange that Nicholas V gave sanctuary and favor to one who had so diligently undermined the very foundations of papal power; but Valla was now a man of merit and he wrote the most superb Latin of that day. It would be well if the energies of such a man were directed toward the unearthing of Greek documents. And Valla, as the *Cambridge History* remarks, was no mere "windbag humanist," but a real critic and scholar and one without whom the Vatican curia would have been incomplete. For Nicho-

las V, Valla made the first good translation of Thucydides, the most famous of the Greek historians.

The humanists who were thus gathered into the Papal Court were by no means staunch supporters of the papacy. They often joked at the Pope's expense, and in the evenings they related ribald jokes about monks and priests, bishops and cardinals, and sometimes about the Pope himself. In the daylight hours they copied papal bulls and briefs: in the evenings they fraternized.

For the amusement of these men Valla wrote and read his *Dialogue on Pleasure*. But most of his labors from 1448 onward were devoted to the rediscovery and translation of ancient Greek documents, and for this work the world of today owes him the greatest thanks. His research, his scholarship and his critical emendations separated the grain from the chaff in the learning of his era and made possible that heyday of Greek knowledge which was to fill the later years of the Renaissance proper with all that self-sufficiency of wisdom which characterizes so many "superior minds" who have followed in the footsteps of their intellectual masters and so risen into an upper realm, superior to ordinary human contact and understanding.

During these years a Roman patriot named Porcaro headed a conspiracy to murder Pope Nicholas V and seize control of the Roman government for the Roman people. It is significant that his endeavor was largely inspired by reading Valla's attacks upon the papacy.

Porcaro came from a fairly good family, and is thought to have had part in the Roman Revolution of 1434. Later he organized a revolutionary party of his own, after Eugenius' refusal to compromise, and disappeared into an underworld of obscurity, biding his time to strike. In Araceli he organized a band of followers. His propaganda stated that the descendants of the ancient Romans were now the slaves of priests, and that the hour of liberation was approaching. Only fear of Alfonso's army prevented a hostile outbreak in Rome.

Nicholas V, the same pope who befriended Valla, tried to win over Porcaro with an official appointment; but the revolutionary agitation continued clandestinely. In a riot which broke out on the Piazza Navonna, Porcaro tried to incite the populace to rise against the papacy. Nicholas then exiled him to Germany, but his exile was not enforced and he soon returned to head a fresh revolt. He was then exiled to the city of Bologna; yet once again Nicholas tried to win him to docility with a pension of four hundred ducats a year—three hundred of which came from the Pope's own purse.

But once more Porcaro plotted against the papal power. Stealing away from Bologna with but one servant he rode to Rome, a journey of four days, avoiding towns and garrisons. In Rome he gathered about him some four hundred relatives and friends. They planned to fire the Vatican, surprise the Pope and his Cardinals during High Mass, "if necessary" put them to the sword, seize the Castle of St. Angelo, and "proclaim the freedom of the Eternal City."

It was not an impractical plan, but the conspirators did not act in sufficient secrecy and unison, and from some source news of the revolt leaked out. The Pope took the needed precautions, and most of the rebels (who had delayed too long) were captured in the house of Angelo di Maso. Porcaro escaped, but was caught later, forced to confess, and hanged on January 9, 1453, from the Castle of St. Angelo. His last words were: "O my people, your deliverer dies today!"

Such, among many other things, were the results of the activities of Lorenzo Valla. But the succeeding Pope, Calixtus III, who was elected at the death of Nicholas V in 1455, showed even more extraordinary favor to the arch-humanist. This Pope, Calixtus, was a quiet, dry student, well versed in law, and seemingly indifferent to the revolution in art and in learning which was now taking place. But toward Valla he showed every consideration, which speaks well for his perspicuity. Canonries were bestowed upon the miscreant, beginning with one in the Church of St. John Lateran.

But Valla was old in spirit, and emptied of the desire to battle for righteousness' sake. He no longer responded to stimuli. He was also growing old in years. It seemed that with his return to Rome all interests except those of translation and research vanished.

He was fifty-two years of age, and prematurely exhausted when his heart failed him, one hot August day in 1457, and he died suddenly. He had made his peace with the humanists, with the Church, and with his world.

They built him a monument in the Lateran, and on his tomb some unknown poet inscribed the following lines:

Laurens Valla jacet romanae gloria linguae,
Primus enim docuit qua arte loqui.

It was a poor epitaph for one who had accomplished so much for the enlightenment of future generations.

There were, of course, other outstanding humanists of that age, notably Poggio and Filelfo; but their knowledge was less formidable because less exact. They, like Valla, were not afraid to show their scorn of the papacy and of false letters; but they scoffed in rude language and with more virulence than scholarship. Valla's scorn cut deeper and probed more acutely because it was more scientific and more urbane. He was a master of rhetoric in an age when rhetoric was still crude.

There was also the great German humanist, Nicholas of Cusa. He, seven years earlier than Valla, used some of the same arguments which Valla later used in his attacks upon the claims of the universal Christian Church; but that was all. Valla covered the same ground more thoroughly; and he covered much more, utilizing the sources of history with a master hand and creating a pioneering landmark in the study of historical, literary, moral and philosophic criticism. He was, in brief, the deservedly conspicuous revolutionizer of renaissance thought.

III. CHARLES THE VICTORIOUS: Who made France a nation and Joan of Arc a martyr

"God has given the gift of working miracles to the King of France, not as a person, but in virtue of his office; and this power is granted to him alone of all earthly princes, not excepting the Roman Pontiff." So wrote Claude de Seyssel, and ever since the days when Charles VII, he who was called "The Victorious" and also "The Well-Served," reigned in France, the French people believed it. Fénélon, faithful Catholic that he was, believed it in the seventeenth century. Renan saw fit to treat the mythology in the nineteenth. "The King," wrote Fénélon, "is much more head of the Church than is the Pope." "The King of France," wrote Bossuet, "rules by divine right." And, as more than one French historian has remarked, miracles in the lives of even the unsainted kings of France were of much more frequent occurrence than they were, for example, in the life of Saint Francis of Assisi.

IN THE fifteenth century, when Charles VII lived, the French people boasted of no enlightenment such as was sweeping over Italy through the efforts of Lorenzo Valla and the lesser humanists. Their lives were dominated largely by fear, superstition and patriotism. They were learning slowly to hate their oppressors, whether they came in the guise of English invaders, Burgundian meddlers, or their own half-organized soldier-brigands, who, under the significant name of *écorcheurs,* bled white the nation.

For almost a century the Hundred Years War had intermittently devastated the country. Government had degenerated, law and order disappeared, and, while business was still carried on (business with any one who would do business), there was little or no time for art and learning. The majority of the nation lived in superstitious fear and reverence of the medieval Church; in politics they knew not whether they were subjects of France, England or Burgundy. The old *chansons, fabliaux* and *romans,* like the troubadours and the story-tellers

who had created them, seemed to have died an unnatural death. Charles d'Orléans, with his father murdered, wife lost, and himself an English prisoner of war, has been said to typify the last songster of medieval chivalry. Or perhaps François Villon, whose literary compositions were surpassed by the scandals of his personal life, might be deemed the last representative of the popular muse. For the scandals he apologized, attributing to the fortune of his time his lapses from chivalrous conduct:

Nécessité fait gens mesprendre,
Et faim saillie le loup des bois.

But however one looks at the age, this much is true: the glorious days of the medieval spirit were passing. Although the people as a whole were still medieval, France herself was soon to undergo a great transition.

Toward the close of the preceding century a slight flickering of French patriotism had been visible, but as yet it had hardly come to life. The French had gained some advantages in their war against the kings of England who claimed also to be kings of France; and after the deaths of Edward III and the Black Prince the English had been forced to take greater heed of their own internal difficulties—what with peasant insurrections, court factions and bankruptcy all threatening them.

With the dawn of the fifteenth century, therefore, it seemed as if opportunity had arisen for the reconstruction of France. What was needed was an influence that would be strong enough to center the superstitions of the ignorant and harassed population around some central figure: a king, let us say, who could mould the destiny of the nation and enable it to take its part in a renascent world. Such was to be the task of Charles VII, who played upon the medieval fears of his subjects in order to win their support for a new power in France centered in the idea of the King and the State—for a power which would pit itself against the very medieval forces that had retarded the progress of the nation. Something more

than ordinary human cunning would be necessary—perhaps some miracles which would rival or surpass those claimed for the medieval Christian Church would do the trick and turn the French people into the world's first great national state.

But instead of the situation growing better as the fifteenth century drew on, civil war raged everywhere in France. Armagnacs (followers of the Duke of Orléans and the Count of Armagnac, who supported the French royal house) controlled the south and the west of France. Burgundians controlled the north and the east—toward Germany, then called the Holy Roman Empire. The Burgundian party, popular with the Parisian populace, also controlled the city of Paris. For the Paris mob hated the Armagnacs. Said one of the leaders of this mob: "They used to make us work for nothing, and when we asked them [the Armagnacs] what was our due they would say to us: 'Scoundrels, have you not a sou to purchase a rope wherewith to hang yourselves?' In the devil's name, plead for them no more!"

Early in the century Alain Chartier had written: "Where is Nineveh, the great city around which it took three days to walk? What has become of Babylon, cunningly built in order that it might last longer, and which is now a dwelling for reptiles? Is it now that French dust is to be mixed with the clay of other nations: or is this only a transitory, however horrible, affliction? I have come to the conclusion that the hand of God is upon us!"

In these sad times the king of France was Charles VI, who had come to the throne in 1380. At first people called him "The Well-Beloved," but later they called him "The Mad King." For Charles VI was, in effect, a mental case. At times he seemed capable of ordinary human thinking; at other times he relapsed into a state approximating imbecility. Sometimes wild dreams of ferocity seized him; and it is said that in such moments he loved to go about the palace bragging of the number of flies that he had killed.

Philip the Bold of Burgundy, vassal of the Holy Roman

Emperor and also of the French king, was the uncle of Charles VI; and he claimed the regency of France because of the mental incapacity of his nephew. The Burgundian claim was never admitted by the French; but it was taken over by John the Fearless, the next Burgundian duke. In France, in 1407, the Count of Armagnac took up the gage of battle. The nation was devastated. Factions existed everywhere. Scheming courtiers and jealous nobles played their own games in their own most despicable fashions. It is impossible to describe the anarchy of the nation and the corruption of the French court.

Long before these outbreaks the king, Charles VI, had been married to Isabella of Bavaria. She was a good-looking woman, of strong character and keen mind, and to think that she could have cared for her half-imbecilic husband is a little more than human credulity can stomach. Certainly she had another lover, whom, we cannot say, and certainly he and not Charles VI was the father of her son, the dauphin of France, who was later to be known to posterity as Charles VII—or better, perhaps, as Charles the Victorious. This young prince, born in 1403, was destined to make France a national state, creating a form of government that was to continue, almost without change, for three hundred and fifty years. But meanwhile his reputed father, Charles VI, was to reign on, if not to rule, for another nineteen years—until 1422—amidst the increasing confusion of hostile intrigues, civil rebellion and foreign invasions.

It has been said of Charles VII that he was cowardly; that he was dominated by scheming favorites and courtiers; that he was a weakling in an age of strong men; that the great accomplishments of his reign came as the result of the efforts of other men—of men who served him well; and that his personal life, like the life of his court, was maudlin and immoral. These judgments, though long accepted, were sponsored in the beginning by his countless enemies and detractors, by men who opposed the virtue and the patriotism which he was trying to create, and opposed also any idea of strong and

efficient government in a country where the rewards of life went largely to the unscrupulous.

The reign of Charles VII was to last for almost forty years (1422–1461). But throughout those forty years the facts of history show that one by one he used his scheming villains, each in his own way, to serve the welfare of his native country and to enable the French nation to rise superior to the men and forces that infested it. As a result of his efforts France made one of the most remarkable recoveries in history, from the worst and most harassing ordeal that it has ever encountered, and arose a new European power, victorious over England and superior both in strength and in strategy to the Holy Roman Empire of the Germanic Nations.

The dauphin Charles seems to have been a child of misfortune. He associated with scoundrels and villains; but what other choice did his environment permit him? Around him there prowled always a group of adventurers, men of low or of middle-class origin who, unaffected by the issues of their time, sought only their own gain. During the early youth of Charles VII there was a particularly obnoxious triumvirate which, for several years, seemed to dominate him: Louvet and Tanguy du Chatel, both commoners, and a petty noble named Frotier. Together, through affected love and through assiduous attention and flattery, they were responsible for the luxury and pleasure which, to all seeming, dominated his early court.

This luxury and pleasure, about which so much has been written, were not so obvious, however, as one might suppose. For in Charles himself, as well as in the person of his mother-in-law, Yolande of Sicily, there was inborn and ingrained a common sense which pointed out the right way in a region wherein few persons walked aright. And by the time of his father's death, in 1422, it can be said that neither pleasure nor luxury throve in his court. Indeed, in that fateful year, so hard pressed was Charles VII that he was forced to pawn all his jewels to raise money to keep an army in the field against his English invaders. As for his own vices, it can be said and has

been strongly affirmed that they were the inventions of his enemies. Neither is there evidence that he was not strongly attached to his own wife, Mary of Anjou. But in an age of sprouting courtiers he found it necessary to play the game with them, until he could rid himself of them, making them serve his own ends, while appearing himself to serve theirs. It was a difficult and an entirely unhappy task, quite foreign to his disposition.

For Charles VII had inherited from his mother not only good looks but also her joy of life. But his desire to live happily was always frustrated by circumstances. Indeed, his whole life-history was patterned more by sorrow than by any other single factor.

He wished to live on friendly and open terms with men. But all his life he was forced to conceal his own feelings and remain a cipher to those who sought his confidences. He who wished to feel joyful and happy was always haunted by the knowledge—or at least by the fear—that he was not even a legitimate child blessed by Holy Church. Always the vision of his reputed father, Charles VI, to whom he bore no resemblance whatever, came before him to make him unhappy. But despite these misgivings, he worked for the country of his birth and for the throne which he had inherited.

To hinder him in carrying out that work Charles had also inherited the appurtenances of youth. His was an instance of apparently delayed manhood. Even when he was in his thirties people still thought of him as a boy king. His real age seemed to be recorded only in his own mind and in his own soul.

And he who sought gladness in his own living, and stability and peace for his nation, was accused of being a double murderer: first of his rival, John the Fearless of Burgundy; then of Joan of Arc, the maid who saved France, but the maid whom he, and he alone, had made capable of so doing. In his middle and later years even his own son—the despicable Louis XI, nicknamed "King Spider"—turned against him. So Charles VII spent his life: accused of everything ignoble, living

constantly in fear, fighting a singlehanded battle for the most part against public opinion at home, foreign enemies abroad—against even the inmates of his own household. For there came times when he had to turn against the counsels of his wife, his mother-in-law, his favorites and his own son.

Fortunately for France, England also had gone through a revolutionary period. Richard II, last of the Angevins, had been deposed and the House of Lancaster in the person of Henry IV had gained the British throne. This king, after a brief rule, was succeeded by Henry V, a man who desired to be a hero, now that stable rule had been re-established. He dreamed of a reconquest of France and of making himself king of both countries.

If Henry V of England could secure the adhesion of Burgundy to his plans, it looked as if his imperialism would succeed. Fortune favored him, for at this time the situation in France was particularly bad. The Armagnacs, jealous of Burgundian control of Paris, convinced of the impotency of their king, Charles VI, and of the youthfulness of his heir and successor, Charles the dauphin, hoped to regain control of the city. But first the Duke of Burgundy, John the Fearless, must be put out of the way. So it came about that in 1419 John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, was lured into a conference with the Armagnacs and was murdered in cold blood by Tanguy du Chatel, friend and favorite of the dauphin.

Although the dauphin's followers represented, or claimed to represent, the nationalist party in France, it is noteworthy that Isabella of Bavaria, the queen of Charles VI and mother of the dauphin, at once took steps to induce the new Burgundian successor, Philip the Good, to ally with the English and so bring about the punishment of the Armagnac conspirators. Evidently she had little sympathy for Armagnac aims, and small wonder. For Charles VI was at this time completely impotent in all senses of the word; and the dauphin, as yet only sixteen years of age, seemed to be under the domination of scheming and disreputable courtiers. Isabella looked

to an Anglo-Burgundian victory to restore order, even at the cost of bringing about the early dethronement of her own husband and the surrender of the dauphin's claims. It was a fair way out of many worse difficulties. Moreover, she had a daughter that she hoped to crown some day.

In the meantime, Henry V of England had seized his opportunity to invade France. At Agincourt his army won an overwhelming victory against the remnants of French chivalry that still opposed him; and the murder of John the Fearless brought aid to his arms from the Burgundians, who still controlled the city of Paris. Thus supported, Henry V soon conquered Normandy and very shortly thereafter, in 1420, the Anglo-Burgundian allies drew up the Treaty of Troyes, which declared Burgundy to be completely independent of French vassalage and gave to Henry V of England the crown of France and dominion over the entire country.

The French king, Charles VI, any one's pawn, signed unknowingly (while not in his right mind, it was said) the treaty which excluded his heir and successor from the throne. Moreover, he agreed that his daughter should marry the victorious English king.

Bloodshed, defeat, misery and poverty had seemingly killed the infant French patriotism at its birth; and Henry V was received at Paris with enthusiasm. He could now pose as the strong man who would bring back prosperity and peace, and he did so.

But the matter of dethroning a legitimate heir to a throne had to be handled delicately, and it was thought that some legal measures would add to the policy that might makes right. So, by prearrangement, it was not long before the new Burgundian duke, Philip the Good, appeared before Henry V and Charles VI (for appearances had to be kept up—and Charles VI, though only a father-in-law, was still accepted as a sort of majordomo of decadent royalty) and demanded amends for "the murder and piteous death" of the late John, Duke of Burgundy, which had been brought about, so it was claimed,

by the young Prince Charles who still called himself the dauphin of France, and by Tanguy du Chatel, his friend and accomplice, and by other murderers in the Armagnac faction.

As a result, a specially constituted court summoned the dauphin to appear before King's Council within three days. (It was unlikely that he who had fled beyond the Loire at the approach of the Burgundians and the English could do so, even if he so desired.) At the expiration of this brief period the dauphin of France was condemned to perpetual banishment for his failure to make chivalrous and honorable amends. Moreover, he was declared to have forfeited all his claims and rights to the throne of France. Charles was then in his eighteenth year, and his followers were scattered far and wide.

It speaks well for him that he was not discouraged; neither did he give in. South of the Loire he set about the reorganization of his dwindling nationalist troops and undertook, however poorly advised this action may have been, the warfare against the English. His forces managed to defeat the English army at Baugé in Anjou, but lost several other towns.

France stood poised upon a precipice. The great issues were unity and freedom from foreign domination. The national existence of the country hung in the balance between northern England and Teutonic Burgundy, and this very peril seemed to bring to life again the seemingly dead spirit of national patriotism. Yet at this time the dauphin seemed to be as far removed from his throne as could have been possible; and by his enemies he was contemptuously called "The King of Bourges." Only eight provinces recognized his authority!

But other forces were at work in his favor. The nationalistic pride of a few loyal nobles and of a few patriotic poets lent strength to his cause, despite his mishaps. At worst he was no foreigner by birth, even if his mother was Teutonic. And so Olivier Basselin, a patriotic versemaker of the day, exhorted his compatriots to rally round the dauphin and drive out the hated English foes—"those God-damned paunches full of peas":

Ne craignez point, allez battr
Ces godons panches à poys,
Car ung de nous en vault quatre,
Au moins en vault-il bien troys!

Moreover, the few so-called favorites of the dauphin's court knew that only through Charles could they accomplish their own objects; and thus it came about that the seemingly ill-fated dauphin once again found supporters, even among the unworthy. What they could not accomplish by force of arms they might bring about by subtler means.

No one knows exactly how it happened, but very fortunately for the hopes of Charles, the English king, Henry V, died suddenly at the end of August (1422) and his death was followed only a few weeks later by that of the simpleminded ex-king of France, Charles VI. Their deaths were attributed to disease—to fevers which came suddenly upon them. Disease it may have been, perhaps facilitated.

The dauphin, encamped at Meung-sur-Loire, heard the tidings of his father's death. Wrote Monstrelet, a chronicler of the time: "Great sadness took possession of his heart; he wept much and at once put on a black gown." But the next day he went to mass attired in red; and immediately thereafter the banner of France was raised by his standard-bearers and the heralds cried "*Vive le roy!* Long life to Charles VII, King of France!" But at these ceremonies his enemies only laughed, for was he not still the King of Bourges?

To rule England and France there was left an infant son of Henry V known to history as Henry VI, last of the Lancastrians. This child, only nine months of age, had inherited through his Valois mother the mental weakness of the late Charles VI. It was claimed that Henry V, on his deathbed, had prophesied that his son would be unable to retain the possessions won for him by his Lancastrian predecessors in England and in France. Meanwhile, it was necessary that two uncles of the infant king be appointed to govern France and

England respectively. These regents were the Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Gloucester.

Bedford, who governed France in the name of Henry VI, was a patriotic Englishman who had no intention of seeing the hard wrought prize of Henry V slip from his grasp. According to Thomas Basin, a chronicler of Charles VII, more than ten thousand persons were hanged in France under his rule. According to Bedford, these acts were necessary in order to restore law and order. But law and order were not restored! "The War accursed of God" still went on. At Verneuil, on August 17, 1424, Bedford's seasoned troops, supported by the soldiers of Burgundy, defeated the army of "The King of Bourges" in the greatest English victory since Agincourt. It looked as if the English conquest of France were a *fait accompli.*

Not all the English, however, were strong supporters of either Bedford's measures or his diplomacy. At least one English official—and he may have been representative of many more—wrote home to England: "Certes, all these ambassadors be double and false. Pray for us that we may come soon out of this unlusty soldier's life into the pleasant air of England." Before long, others would feel the same way.

Among the bloody sins and bitter strife of those days one fact emerges as significant. After 1422, the year in which Henry V and Charles VI both died, the Anglo-French position was, in reality, reversed. For, as time went on, it became noticeable that the English king, instead of the French, was imbecilic; as time went on, English towns, instead of French, were torn by faction fights at home; and as time went on, the Burgundians, half-Germanic and half-French, became more and more reconciled to the cause of France and more and more hostile to the aggressions of the English.

Meanwhile the young Charles had set to work to strengthen his own position. When he married Mary of Anjou, the powerful Angevin family was swung to his side. Owing to both private and public considerations, this new marital

alliance had further repercussions: the influential House of Lorraine also came over, and the instable Count of Foix then declared ("for the first time," so he said) that his conscience could no longer allow him to recognize any king of France other than Charles VII!

The next diplomatic maneuver of the dauphin may have come as a result of the advice of his mother-in-law. But in any event there was a man of marked ability, Arthur de Richemont, brother of Duke John of Brittany; and in 1425 Charles made him Constable of France. It was a wise appointment, for not only did Richemont prove the most able administrator, diplomatic adviser and military leader of the time, but his appointment also led to a reversal of Brittany's policy, and that large dukedom in northwestern France was lost to the English.

Thus far the pivot of English success had been the Burgundian alliance; and in 1425 that alliance began to crack when the regent of England, the Duke of Gloucester, married Jacqueline, Countess of Holland and Hainault. For England had conquered France only by aid of the Burgundian arms, and Gloucester, by marrying the Countess Jacqueline, now became English overlord of Burgundy's outlet to the sea.

Charles was quick to take advantage of the suspicions thus aroused in the mind of Philip the Good of Burgundy. At Richemont's suggestion, Du Chatel and the other murderers of the former Burgundian duke were "dismissed from the King's person," and ambassadors were sent out to work for a reconciliation between France and Burgundy. Philip the Good was assured that the new king of France, Charles VII, harbored nothing but good wishes for the House of Burgundy, and that together these two princes should work in harmony against the imperialistic designs of the English foreigners who, not content with endeavoring to crush and conquer France, were now bending themselves to the task of hemming in their own Burgundian ally by controlling Holland and the narrow seas.

Philip the Good was torn by conflicting emotions. Somewhat naturally his attitude toward the English cooled; no longer did so many Burgundian troops bolster the cause of Bedford and the infant Henry VI. But a sense of feudal chivalry which still survived in Burgundy, if in no other western country, prevented him from breaking his alliance with the English at this particular moment. Further resentment would be necessary. The English, meanwhile, would have to watch their steps if their continental ally were not to be lost. But the Duke of Bedford, by exercising a strategy equal to that of the French (and by denouncing Gloucester's action as a weak sign of personal—"purely personal!"—vanity) succeeded for a while in allaying Burgundy's fears and maintaining, at least nominally, the Anglo-Burgundian alliance.

The year 1426 came and passed. Charles VII, still called the dauphin, had succeeded in gaining the adhesion of several important dukedoms in France. He was not twenty-three years old. But he had spent all his money and pawned all his jewels; he was penniless. There were still many persons—far, far too many—who did not recognize his claims in France. Moreover, many were the voices that whispered evil stories of his birth and of his Germanic ancestry. He was, so they said, no *true* king of France. At best he was half-German and an illegitimate child. Too well did Charles himself know this to be a fact. He bore no resemblance to his reputed father, the late Charles VI. His tall figure, his blond features, his face thin and careworn by his years of struggle, his all too pronounced Bavarian ancestry, might well make his cause seem hopeless. His mind and soul had aged; yet he still seemed to his adherents to be no more than a boy king. What was twenty-three years of age—when he could have passed anywhere for a youth of eighteen!

But wealth and power were necessary for success, and these factors, and no others, caused him to seek new favorites. The early hangers-on at his court had been rebuffed in order to secure the adhesion of the all-powerful Burgundian Duke. Yet

that adhesion had not yet been gained and his fortune was dissipated. Somewhere he must find new financial reservoirs. This opportunity came to him through a man named La Tremoille—unscrupulous, but influential with the rising bourgeois merchant-princes of the French nation. He must make La Tremoille his new favorite.

There came now a period of disillusionment for Charles. For La Tremoille, the new favorite, quickly incurred the jealousy of Arthur de Richemont. The latter, detesting the wealth and the influence of La Tremoille, thereafter confined his activities to Brittany.

Hence, although Charles was able to maintain his court at Chinon through La Tremoille's efforts, he was unable to profit from the master strategy of Richemont. And so the English cause again prospered. In 1427 the British army captured Pontorron and in 1428 it laid siege to the city of Orléans.

The siege of Orléans was a moral atrocity on the part of the English. It defied all the rules of chivalry. For the Duke of Orléans, who had, from the beginning, supported the cause of French nationalism and of the French monarchy, had been an English prisoner since the battle of Agincourt; and his domains and rights were guaranteed not only by the rules of chivalry but also by treaty. (In the fifteenth century it was still regarded as a breach of chivalric behavior to attack the domain of a lord in prison.) But modern men were already learning to justify the means, if not the ends, and it was fast becoming a rule of strategy to kick an enemy when he is down. Moreover, Orléans was the key to French France! If it could be captured, resistance might be broken. At least it was the gateway to the south and west! And why not strike hard, now that the egomaniac, La Tremoille, had replaced the able Richemont as the new "favorite" of Charles? So the English invaders laid siege to Orléans.

But subtle factors were slowly fermenting and working on behalf of the dauphin's cause. Enraged if not aghast at the new rules of warfare laid down by the English to aid them in

the hour of fate, the provincial towns began to shift in their allegiance and rally to the support of the uncrowned king of France. Montgaris resisted a siege of three months and then, with the aid of a relief column, beat off an attacking English army. But Orléans controlled the surrounding territory of Poitou, Berry and Bourbonnais. If it fell, Charles VII would have left only the extreme south of France. This was the situation when the Duke of Bedford, in 1428, laid siege to it with an army of ten thousand men. The British war-lords, men such as William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, Lord Talbot, William Glasdale, the Earl of Salisbury and others, swore to put to death every man, woman and child in the city!

In this latest predicament, Charles VII summoned a States General of the nobility and bourgeoisie of France. But he was able to obtain from it only one hundred thousand crowns for a new army.

Red herrings were the chief article of diet of the English soldiers who besieged Orléans. Wagon trains brought them regularly from the coast. On February 12, 1429, the French made an attempt to capture the English provision train, and thus lift the siege. But their attack, known as the Battle of the Red Herrings, failed.

It must not be thought, however, that the French position was as hopeless as countless historians have made it appear. For Jean de Dunois, who commanded the French army in Orléans, was the most valiant of Charles VII's captains; and his forces slightly outnumbered the besieging English. But what the dauphin's cause most needed was national and whole-hearted assistance from the French nation. If that could be secured, an attack could be launched against the small English army which would drive it back to Normandy—perhaps even out of France.

In reality, what France most needed was a national savior; and France needed also new faith and optimism around which the nation could be rallied. Charles VII knew this; he knew that some phenomenon would be required; and presumably

he now took the necessary steps to produce the necessary phenomenon.

Meanwhile, the fact that a "savior" was not an absolute necessity for the defense of Orléans is indicated by the attitude of the citizens of that beleaguered city. They knew that they had artillery which was much superior to that of the besieging army; and they joked openly at the enormous cannon balls which were fired from the English guns, but which killed nobody and lacked the necessary impact to do great damage to the walls. Indeed, a story is told of a French boy who, walking on the city walls one day during the lunch hour (for in those days armies sometimes observed the amenities of "civilized warfare" and ceased firing long enough to eat) came upon a loaded cannon. The boy set a match to the fuse and the cannon went off. Its shot landed among a group of English generals and killed the Earl of Salisbury. (Doubtless a professional soldier would have known better than to do that.) In any event, the French garrison of Orléans was in no immediate danger, despite the threats of the British captains. And as long as that situation prevailed, it would not be possible to rally the nation. For the French people as a whole were not taking the war seriously enough; and, moreover, they were not taking Charles VII seriously enough. Something had to be done.

Now in France, for many centuries the troubadours had made famous the prophecies of Merlin, as transmitted by the medieval song-makers, of King Arthur, Lancelot, and the rest. And these prophecies of Merlin had declared that some day France would be saved by a woman! The French people believed it and said so. Moreover, Charles VII, then at Chinon, knew this prophecy very well, and he knew that the French nation knew it. Such a woman—such a savior—must be found; and he set about the task of finding her. She must be a woman of great beauty and of great faith, ordained, doubtless, by Heaven, and one of such simplicity that perhaps she would without persuasion accept unquestioningly the divinity of her guidance.

But, as a court jester remarked, one might doubt, indeed, whether, even if France were scoured, such a woman could be found. At all events it was a problem that would require a considerable amount of finesse, if the game were to be played at all.

But the woman was found!

Near Domremy, on the border of Germany, there lived a simple peasant girl of remarkable beauty. She was a shepherdess to whom visions came, again and again, and whispered suggestions which seemed to her to be the voice of God. For such voices had never come to her before. The voices told her that it was she, and she alone, who was predestined to drive the accursed English out of France, to establish the dauphin of France upon the throne of his fathers, and, in effect, to rule France, saving, by her grace, the nation—saving it from bloodshed and destruction. Some voice told her so and she believed it.

Miraculously enough, horses, guards, priests, benedictions —all the conveniences of safe and easy transportation over that muddy and rutted countryside which stretched between Lorraine and Chinon, where Charles VII was then encamped —were found for Joan of Arc. For Joan of Arc it was, born of Johann "Bonhomme," a peasant of the Domremy district, and of Isabelle Romée, daughter of a hardworking, God-fearing peasant family—or so the story goes.

The voice that came to her said: "Joan, (or perhaps it was, in those days, Johanne) you must go to France." (For presumably she was not a French subject.) But in any event she must "go to France and help the Dauphin-King restore his kingdom."

"But, my Lord," she replied, "I am only a poor peasant girl; and I could neither ride nor take command of the men-at-arms."

But the voice grew more insistent: "You must go to Maistre Robert de Baudricourt, Captain of Vauculeurs, and he will see to it that you shall see the king. St. Katherine and

St. Margaret will come to your aid, and they will serve you at your need."

It is said (if one may make allowances for due embellishments in the tale's telling) that Joan resisted these commands for several years. (Doubtless the years were more nearly months.) Her father said that she was out of her senses.

But one of her uncles—a French uncle, more susceptible to divine commands—"allowed himself to be persuaded"; and he it was who took her to meet Captain Robert de Baudricourt, a staunch defender of the dauphin's cause.

The story of what passed between them is, at best, unreliable. Some say that he recognized in her a supernatural force and followed her commands, others that she, with great difficulty, persuaded him to take her to his king. In any event he took her; and on March 5, 1429, Joan of Arc entered Chinon, preparatory to her reception at the temporary court of the dauphin-king.

Thus was the curtain rung up for a monumental comedy —and tragedy.

It was necessary to establish two things: first, that Joan was actually a divine representative, sent by God to save France; secondly, that this divine messenger would annihilate forever the evil stories concerning the birth and legality of Charles. Consequently a royal audience was arranged which would accomplish these essentials, and word was passed around that Joan would have an opportunity to identify and to deliver her message before the dauphin himself.

When the audience was granted, Joan was led into a hall where sat Charles and most of his courtiers and captains. As if by instinct the girl walked up to Charles and addressed him, to which the king replied: "But I am not the king; *here* (pointing to one of his lords) is the king."

But Joan was not deceived. She answered immediately and without hesitation: "In God's name, it is you, and you alone, gentle prince, who are certainly the king."

At this revelation of heaven-inspired foreknowledge the

members of Charles's court were duly impressed. They were at least willing to lend an ear.

So Charles asked of her her name, and what she required in his presence; and she replied readily enough: "Gentle dauphin, my name is Joan la Pucelle [Joan the Maid] and the King of Heaven has bid me to say to you that you shall be duly anointed and crowned at Rheims, and that you shall be the lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is the true king of France!"

Then she approached Charles and whispered in his ear several words; and at these words Charles seemed to be much astounded and waxed over-joyous. Thereupon Joan saluted him again, crying out in a loud voice: "I tell you, in God's name, you *are* the true heir of France and the *son* of the true king."

Thus ended the interview. But soon thereafter, at the king's command, Joan was questioned secretly by a committee of scholars and theologians, to discover whether or not she had spoken the truth. Need it be said that Joan passed this puerile test with great honor and distinction? Before long news was spread everywhere that Joan la Pucelle had proved her worth and was indeed the woman foredoomed by the ancient prophecies of Merlin to save France from foreign domination?

Next it became known that Joan still lacked a weapon. But upon her discovery of this need, one of her divine voices bade her go find the curious sword with the long hilt and the five crosses that lay concealed behind the altar in the Church of St. Katherine of Fierbois. And Joan did as the voice commanded her, and to the delight and awe of all the people she found there the very sword that had been described. In a somewhat similar manner she found also a white standard adorned with golden *fleur-de-lys,* on one side of which there was displayed a picture of the Almighty King of Heaven (seated on a cloud) and at His feet two angels. Beneath them was the device *Jhesu Maria,* a strange coincidence in view of the fact that these same words had appeared on a ring given her by her parents. But thereafter *Jhesu Maria* was

to be the war-cry of the followers of and believers in Joan of Arc.

The King then offered to the maid a smaller, less supernatural, banner—a symbol, perhaps, of his own limited but none the less honorable claims to temporal power—and on this banner there was represented a little angel offering to the Blessed Virgin a snow-white Lily of France. Could it be that this mute symbol represented a foreknowledge of that sacrifice which, in due course, was to be offered up for the welfare of France: that sacrifice which was to make Joan of Arc a saintly martyr for the sake of French nationalism? One can guess at this riddle, but one can only guess.

Now that the nature of Joan's divine mission had become an established truth, no time was to be lost. An army must be raised wherewith she should relieve the beleaguered garrison of Orléans. And this army had all the attributes which were best calculated to appeal to the superstitions of the French people. On the march it was preceded by a band of priests, singing hymns; then came the soldiers themselves, a specially converted group of thieves, rogues and mercenaries (especially mercenaries) filled with faith in "The Maid" and emotional devotion to the cause of France and of Heaven. No one of them swore; even La Hire, the real commander of the army, restricted his oaths to an occasional "*par mon bâton*"!

On April 29, less than ten weeks after the Battle of the Red Herrings, Joan's army reached Orléans; within ten days the siege was lifted, the little besieging army of the English retreating in good order to a safe distance in the face of its greatly augmented French opponents. And everywhere people were now talking of the divine mission of Joan la Pucelle.

Word was now spread that rapid action would be necessary if the king of France—the true king—was to be crowned at Rheims and the Maid's work accomplished. For how much longer would this new vicar of God remain among the followers of Charles? Had she herself not said: "I shall not live much longer—no more than a year from hence—and we must

think of toiling hard, for there is much that must still be accomplished"?

Under the inspiration of a new faith, a new army and a new driving power, the work of redemption was pushed ahead rapidly. In quick succession the towns of Jargeau, Meung-sur-Loire and Beaugency were recaptured from the English, and on June 18 the French won a decisive battle at Patay.

Charles's way was now well prepared, and a concerted drive was launched against Troyes, which was carried by assault after a two-day battle. Chalons was regained and on July 16 Charles VII entered the ancient city of Rheims, riding side by side with Joan of Arc. On Sunday, the next day, the coronation ceremony was performed and the situation seemed bright for France. Charles VII was no longer a dethroned and uncrowned king. He was now in his twenty-seventh year.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Bedford's army had become more and more demoralized. The soldiers, outnumbered and superstitious, fell easy victims to the whispering campaigns of their enemies. Joan, they believed, was a witch, an instrument of Satan, and what was the use of fighting?

The French citizenry, on the other hand, inspired by a new faith and a new confidence, were rising against the English everywhere. Crécy, Provins, Coulommiers and Chateau-Thierry drove out their foreign garrisons. Charles and Joan then attempted a drive upon Paris, against Joan's advice, it was afterward said, and this drive failed. The time was not yet ripe. But they did succeed, after a long struggle, in capturing Compiègne.

It is possible that Joan and her followers were attempting to do too much too quickly—for there is a limit, even to the efforts of inspired men; and as the weeks wore on either the French push weakened from sheer exhaustion, or else the luck turned slightly. In any event Charles's and Joan's efforts seemed to lack their earlier wisdom and drive. (Perhaps Charles and his advisers were running too far ahead of schedule, and their new plans were not so carefully thought out in ad-

vance.) Again it became apparent that something would have to be done to lend new fervor and momentum to the French cause.

Thus, before long, it also came about that Joan's voices began to warn her anew of her own impending doom. They said that before many weeks—even before the festival of St. John—she would be captured by the enemies of France. (And if she were captured, would the soldiers of France make greater efforts in order to gain back the Maid of France? Perhaps they would.)

Very shortly thereafter Joan led a sally against some Burgundian troops that had attacked Compiègne. But before she could re-enter the French lines the drawbridge was raised, leaving her to be captured by a band of Burgundian knights who had been riding in hot pursuit. Was this capture brought about by design, or by treason; or was it only a dreadful mistake? How could any soldier in the service of France and The Maid raise that drawbridge while Joan, plainly visible with her white banner on her white charger, remained outside to be captured by the enemies of France and, *ipso facto,* by the enemies of God? Surely that man must have been an ignoramus to act in this manner, unless the shadow of the swordsman hung over him while he strained at the block and tackle.

Despite an appeal from the University of Paris (why, in the name of the new lieutenant of God, only the University of Paris?), the Burgundians decided to turn over Joan of Arc to the English, receiving from Bedford ten thousand pounds. Ten thousand golden pounds, said the Duke of Burgundy, is worth more to us than the calumny of burning the witch; let the English have her, and the responsibility be theirs.

The English, however, did not care to assume all the responsibility for putting Joan beyond the possibility of doing them further hurt and harm. A neutral arbiter must be found. For they did not lack a sense of honor and legality, even in those days. Finally they decided that the Bishop of Beauvais, one Pierre Cauchón—an honorable man and a firm friend of

the Anglo-Burgundian party, who had already acquired great repute by condemning and putting to death some Armagnac clergy—should conduct the trial of Joan of Arc. For this religious zeal he was to be rewarded with a new bishopric.

The trial, as one might have expected, was a farce. What took place is well known. At first they promised her her life. They tried to prove that she was a witch and an instrument of Satan, but could secure no confession. Later, however, the court decided to declare her a "relapsed heretic" on the ground that she had resumed her male attire, and sentenced her to be burned at the stake. So, on May 30, 1431, the innocent dupe of men was led to her martyrdom.

On December 17, to cap their victory, Henry VI was crowned at Paris by the English. But the enthusiasm of the Paris populace had waned. The Duke of Burgundy had been alienated by two things: Joan's murder after she had once been "spared," and the conviction that his English allies were endeavoring to acquire power within his own dominions. Moreover, the English had had their coronation ceremony all their own way. No French lord was invited to attend the coronation; no taxes were remitted by the administrators of the new child king; no gifts were tendered; no prisoners were liberated. It was a miserly business all around. Not only that, but the English haughtiness grated; and the conscience of Philip the Good smote him. Joan of Arc had met a dastard's fate, which she had not deserved, partly at his hands. And as he grew in years, he tired of the pretensions of the English kings of France. Never in his own times of need had he ever received from the English either aid or encouragement; always, it seemed, Burgundian arms must support the idle and selfish claims of a corrupt Franco-English court. "To the devil with that arrangement"—let the English fight their own battles. He was almost ready to treat with the emissaries of Charles VII; it might be a *point d'honneur,* even a contrition, to undo some of the wrongs which he had helped to create.

Needless to say, Charles himself was quick to take ad-

vantage of the change in the attitude of Burgundy. Perhaps the hostile alliance could yet be broken; it was beginning to wear out of its own accord, or so it seemed.

Charles VII probably could not have prevented the death of Joan of Arc. This he made clear to Philip of Burgundy. He had not known that she would be condemned to die; but, now that she had died, the least that one might do was to recognize the fact that she had been a real martyr. Yes, he was willing to overlook all past grievances against Burgundy if Burgundy would be willing to overlook his own lapses. He would rid himself of certain favorites whom Burgundy did not like. Richemont, that very able man who had formerly done his best to treat with Burgundy, had already come back. Richemont would soon be able to take Paris, once Burgundy would be satisfied to give up his outworn friendship with the English. Negotiations continued.

Scenting what was in the wind, the English party in France now demanded that Henry VI be married to the daughter of Charles VII and a truce be declared. But the French party demanded not a truce but a permanent peace and the surrender of English claims to the French crown and to the French provinces. Meanwhile, the war was wearing itself out.

Then at Arras, in 1436, the Duke of Burgundy, partly through the intercession of papal envoys, agreed to sign an independent treaty with Charles VII. The Duke of Bedford had died and the English government had suffered; they were hardly worth fighting for anyhow. Isabella, the queen-mother of France, was approaching her last days and Charles VII, now thirty-three years of age, was showing signs of competence and of generosity in his dealings with Burgundy. It would be well for Burgundy to step out of this disastrous war with what she had already obtained—which had not been very much. Charles recognized this fact, and of course it would be only just for Burgundy to have something: he would pay her 400,000 gold crowns, denounce and disown the murder of the former Burgundian Duke; and, moreover, he would cede to

Burgundy the countships of Auxerre and Maçon, and the Somme district. Charles's ambassadors and counselors were opposed to offering so much, but Charles stood firm; he wanted to do the right thing, with a generous hand.

The Duke of Burgundy, not to be outdone, agreed to surrender all claims and power in Paris, and to recognize Charles's claims in and to that city. The Paris populace would be asked to support the lawful king of France. But Charles, on the other hand, was asked to guarantee, once more, the complete independence of Burgundy; and this he did willingly. So, on these terms, the Peace of Arras was drawn up and signed (1436).

On May 29, the Parisians opened the gates of Paris to the army of Richemont, and the English garrison was forced to take refuge in the Bastille. Lacking munitions for a siege, Richemont treated with the English, agreeing to let them and their friends retire without molestation and with all their possessions. These terms were duly accepted; the remnant of the English army went into camp at Rouen. Paris was redeemed.

With Burgundy out of the war, with all the center, as well as the south, and with part of the north of France now supporting him, Charles VII could really claim to be a king. Moreover, he had matured somewhat, and although still a youth outwardly, people had thought of him as their king for many years. This in itself lent prestige. Yolande, his mother-in-law, and Mary of Anjou, his wife, no longer were able to dominate his counsels and his councilors. He set about the creation of a more stable group of administrators. Jean Bureau was his master of artillery; Jacques Coeur, the richest merchant of France, was *argentier;* Guillaume Consinot was master of requests; and Etienne Chevalier was his private secretary. His leading captains, La Hire, Dunois, the De Brézés and Chabannes, were abler than their English rivals. All that remained was to forge a new army; reorganize the government and its finances; drive the remaining English out of the country; and then rebuild the country on a stable basis. This enor-

mous work of reconstruction was a mere bagatelle to one who had already gone through so many difficulties. What was the reconstruction of a government and a nation after a century of bloodshed, anarchy and devastation! For these small tasks he had twenty-five years of life yet left him. The great climax of his career had been successfully passed: he had established his dynasty; he had broken the hostile alliance; he had gained the support of most of his nation; he had made a martyr in so doing, but a martyr without whom French efforts might have relaxed at a critical moment and Burgundy might still have remained at war with France.

The one thing which Charles regretted most, however, was the death of Joan. One day he would try to redeem his own position in that matter, as well as hers. But, in any event, the welfare of the nation was more important than that of a single peasant girl. Joan herself had said as much.

Meanwhile, the English, faced with many new domestic difficulties and a scheming court, had to relinquish their efforts somewhat. After Bedford's death they had no strong leader, and ever since the murder of Joan of Arc the French countryside had seethed with conspiracies and rebellions against them. There was very little that they could hope to do. So the English government followed, for a while, a policy of watchful waiting.

It was this respite that gave Charles VII his opportunity to set about the erection of a strong national government. How he did it—by means better or worse, like the people whom he used to employ them—is less important than what he succeeded in doing. It was the end, and not the means, which he kept constantly in mind.

His first great effort at modern reform was the Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges, 1438. In this document he anticipated many of the ideas later carried out by Henry VIII's government in England. Following the ideas of the Council of Basle, Charles VII decreed that the claims of popes should be subservient to those of church councils, and that bishops and

abbots might be elected by local church chapters instead of appointed. The pecuniary profits of church benefices were removed from the control of the Church and placed under the control of the French government. Annates—yearly payments to Rome—were forbidden; direct appeals to the papacy on matters of legal and governmental policy were forbidden; and to the pope was left only the right of "confirming" local religious elections in France. In other words, the money which was being poured into the papal treasury and into the pockets of papal nominees was to be retained in France: in brief, the Gallican Church was to be a Gallican Church—and not a milch cow for the papacy. It was a bold measure in its time, and bishops and popes attacked it without cessation. But in 1452 a second assembly at Bourges confirmed its provisions and declared that the Pragmatic Sanction was the "immutable constitution of the Church of France." And in 1460, when Pope Pius II promulgated the *Bull Execrabilis,* which threatened damnation to any one who appealed against a decision of the Papal See, Charles VII again stood up for his own Church and issued an appeal to a general council against the Pope's attempted interference with the rights and liberties of the Church in France. He was no coward in matters of religion, at any event; and he was to set a precedent for future Church reformers throughout the western world.

Another thing needful to make France a strong national state, capable of maintaining law, liberty and order, was a standing army, and to Charles VII must go the credit (or discredit) of building the first modern standing army in world-history. This was developed out of the force which had originally been organized for Joan of Arc, and it comprised infantry, cavalry and artillery. In 1439 he persuaded the States-General of France to grant a subsidy of 1,200,000 livres, to be raised by a permanent tax and to be used for the creation of a permanent *gendarmerie.* Immediately there was a great movement in opposition to such a measure for centralizing the strength of the government. The feudal nobility and

the thousands of soldiers of fortune who had thrived on French anarchy broke out in rebellion—the famous rebellion of the *Praguerie*—but it was crushed, owing to the superior artillery and tactics which Jean Bureau had devised for Charles' regular troops. The last of the professional *écorcheurs* were run down by expeditionary forces which were sent after them into The Empire and Switzerland. Soon thereafter the old independent troops began to enlist in the new "companies of ordnance," and in the standing army were included many carefully picked and well drilled corps, commanded by able officers. In 1448 another ordinance provided for the regular enlistment and equipment of one regular soldier from each of the 16,000 parishes of France to add to the strength of the infantry. Three years later "levies" instead of "recruits" were called for, and 8,000 additional soldiers were thus raised by conscription.

Meanwhile, to gain further time, Charles arranged for a truce of one year between the French and the English. This truce, first signed in 1444, was extended in successive years until 1449. During the five years of peace, Charles continued to work on his military and financial reforms. Also, to gain other ends, it was arranged that his niece, Margaret of Anjou, should marry Henry VI of England. (But in England the people soon found out that instead of cementing interests this marriage tended to weaken Henry VI's policy and to assist in the final loss of France.)

The financial reforms of Charles VII really date from 1443, the year of the "extraordinary" financial levies—*gabelles* (salt taxes), *aides* (sales taxes), *tailles* (land taxes) and others tracing their origin to these measures. The chief source of revenue, however, was the *taille*, first originated in the Ordinance of 1439, which became a permanent tax levied annually on all land and accounting for some 1,200,000 pounds out of a total taxation fund of 1,800,000. And, of course, all sorts of new finance ministers and collectors and agents were appointed also, so that by the middle of the fifteenth century France

began to resemble a modern, bureaucratic state. It was the beginning of National Monarchy in Europe.

The governmental system evolved in France in Charles VII's time has been likened to an "inverted Magna Carta." For whereas in the English world control of taxation was in the hands of Parliaments, in France the erection of a powerful standing army, controlled by the king and his ministers, was to lead to the king's controlling both taxation and States Generals. In other words, while the English system of government rested on a decentralized basis, in France everything gradually came to be centralized. This, however, was the political result of more than one hundred years of civil and foreign warfare, with their accompanying anarchy, feudal rivalries and faction fights. In such a situation there was need of a strong and centralized government, and in such a situation it is difficult to see how any other system could have been made to work. Once again Charles VII was a victim of circumstances, and if his successors eventually succeeded in turning the governmental system which he erected into something approaching a stiff and unbending tyranny, that can hardly be attributed to him. Not until the French Revolution broke out in 1789 was the system to be essentially changed or modified, in so far as government and finance were concerned.

France was now in shape to renew the war against the English. At the expiration of the fifth year of truce, Charles's new army invaded Normandy and in two slashing attacks drove the English out of the region, crowning their achievement by a great victory at Formigny in 1450. The next year Dunois led an invasion of Guienne, capturing Bordeaux and Bayonne. The last English attempt to retrieve their recent disasters came in 1453, when Talbot attempted to make a new invasion south of the Loire. But he and his army were both cut to pieces before the French position at Chatillon.

On October 19, 1453, Charles VII entered Bordeaux in triumph and the Hundred Years War was ended. The cause of the deposed Dauphin was completely successful; a con-

quered France had risen to world power; the losses of century-old disasters had been redeemed. Only Calais on the Straits of Dover was to remain in English hands, a miniature Gibraltar of the northern seas, and Charles VII was content to let it alone.

The English, on their part, were now to face their own "Burgundian-Armagnac" confusion in the so-called Wars of the Roses which broke out in 1455 and swept periodically over their country until Henry VII instituted the House of Tudor and set about the same sort of tasks in England for which Charles VII had furnished so able an example in France.

Yet before the Hundred Years War was quite fought out there occurred one incident which must not be overlooked. When Charles recaptured Rouen in 1450, and with it the documents of the trial of Joan of Arc, his first act was to decree a reinvestigation of that trial. The verdict was nullified and a suit was then instituted for the rehabilitation of Joan of Arc's character. In 1455 Charles VII requested Pope Calixtus III to order a revision of the trial and on July 7 of the following year both Church and State announced solemnly the irregularity of the English trial, both in its constitution and in its procedure, and pronounced the solemnification of Joan's character. Everywhere throughout France the people rejoiced.

Throughout his years of struggle, Charles VII had many domestic difficulties with which to contend. His wife had become an old woman rather early in life, and that marriage, although satisfactory as most royal marriages go, had not been blessed with all the necessary appendages. Charles's son, the future Louis XI, turned out to be a miscreant. He has been called "a cruel, unscrupulous, superstitious tyrant" in character and in disposition. He hated his father, his mother, and his father's mistress. For Charles did have a mistress, like most kings of his time; unlike most of them, he had only one. Her name was Agnes Sorel, and in any court she would have been regarded as a beautiful and accomplished woman. It is said, however, that the new dauphin, Louis, often reviled her to

her face and on one occasion, at least, struck her. This enmity was not the result of filial devotion to his mother, but was rather his own peculiar way of showing his animosity to his father. As a result, in 1447, Louis was banished from the court. Thereafter he spent most of his time endeavoring to foment rebellions against his father.

Partly through Louis's activities, rebellions and conspiracies were fomented so successfully that in 1455 Charles found it necessary to exile the Count of Armagnac, and in 1456 he sent the Duke of Alençon to prison for life. Eventually, so successful was Louis's opposition, Charles was forced to send two armies against his own son. Louis fled to Burgundy. Here Philip the Good received him courteously enough, but forbore to lend him military aid. Because Charles aided Margaret of Anjou in her fight to save the Lancastrian dynasty in England, Louis aided the Yorkist opposition; and after the success of the Yorkist leader, Edward IV, Louis actively encouraged him to undertake another war against France. He said that it was impossible for him to wait for his father's death, so anxious was he for the opportunity to be king of France. It is also said, and with fairly good reasons, that from 1457 onward he spent at least part of his time plotting the murder of his father.

In view of these activities one can only guess at the amount of happiness which was vouchsafed Charles VII in his last years. He had, at the risk of losing his own name and reputation in history, made France a nation. He had succeeded in convincing many skeptical minds that he owed his crown to Divine Will; but he had made France a nation and he had instituted a stable government. The people had learned, first among the peoples of all the modern European states, that the true Messiah was the king. "*Le nouveau Messie, c'est le roi!*"

On July 22, 1461, Charles VII died. For days he had suffered from a necrosis of the jaw which made eating an impossibility. Literally, he starved to death. Servants said that the king would politely refuse food, up to the last. People

believed that through mental suffering, grief and fear caused by his son's conspiracies, he who had done "so many fine things for France" had seen fit, in the end, to starve himself to death so that his dissolute son might succeed him.

The death of Charles VII nevertheless plunged the nation into deepest mourning. There was a magnificent funeral: the royal cortège reaching Paris on August 5. Three days later the funeral ceremony was pronounced at the Church of St. Denis. As the coffin was lowered into the tomb a herald lamented in a low voice: "God have in His Holy Keeping the soul of Charles VII, the Most Victorious King."

Then, after a moment's silence, he announced with equal lack of animation: "Long Live the King." And the ignorant mob shouted "Long Live King Louis."

IV. HENRY TUDOR: Who moulded modern England

SOME TIME after the death of the ill-fated King Henry V of England, his widow, Catherine of Valois, mother of Henry VI, married Sir Owen Tudor, a simple Welsh knight in the service of the royal family. He was a man of ingratiating ways, and Catherine was a woman who loved admiration. Although Sir Owen Tudor was hardly so much as a petty noble, he traced his ancestry from a famous old Welsh hero-chieftain named Cadwallader, and that was fortunate. Moreover, like his ancestor, he knew how to get his own way.

What followed was that Catherine of Valois and Sir Owen Tudor soon afterward had a son—a half-brother, through Catherine, of the king of England, Henry VI. Somewhat naturally, in view of family pride and relationships, this son, named Edmund Tudor, was created Earl of Richmond.

The newly created Earl of Richmond was a man who greatly resembled his father in certain ways. In any event, he seized the earliest opportunity to make a highly satisfactory marriage of convenience with Margaret Beaufort, whose family belonged to the Lancastrian nobility. Margaret was very young at the time—she must have worn her first long dress at her bridal ceremony—and she was the only daughter of John, Duke of Somerset. She was, moreover, the heiress of John of Gaunt, who had founded the Lancastrian dynasty.

This couple also were to have a son, Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond; and he it was who was later to become King Henry VII, founder of the Tudor dynasty. It can be said that he, more than any other Englishman, moulded the destiny of his country and brought about the rise of England to the status of a world power.

This Henry Tudor, the second Earl of Richmond, was born in 1457—the year in which Lorenzo Valla died, and the year in which the Dauphin Louis initiated his most serious plotting against Charles VII of France. For the first half of his life young Henry was to live as a fugitive and as an exile; but for the second half (1485–1509) he was to rule England almost singlehanded—without being driven into exile, murdered or even calumnied! And when he died he left to his son, Henry VIII, a throne as stable as it was popular.

In order to understand the accomplishments of this remarkable king—and he was a remarkable king in almost every respect—it is necessary to turn back the clock for a short space and to examine the situation which confronted England prior to his accession. For England, like France and Italy, had been experiencing those revolutionary changes which had broken down the whole framework of medieval civilization.

Many generations before Henry Tudor was born the old medieval monarchic idea had prevailed in England, as elsewhere on the continent of Europe. It had stood for the unity of nations and for the interests of the people as a whole. But the dominion of the later feudal nobility—brought about by the rise of commerce and the onslaughts of wealthy bourgeois leaders—was less progressive; and so it came to pass that individual interests began to replace the interests of the people.

The rise of self-seeking, individual interests precipitated a conflict for power in England. A new nobility was rising, a nobility of wealth rather than of blood; and among members of the court as well as among those who controlled the land and the commerce, hostile factions began to struggle for supremacy. The old nobility supported the House of Lancaster —the ruling line—but the new nobility, dependent upon commerce, industry and public opinion, were not so loyal. Thus, English efforts in the Hundred Years War weakened, and the English court, like the French, became a battleground for opposing groups.

But England had no king like Charles VII who could play

person against person and faction against faction. Instead, she had a boy king, Henry VI, whose mental weakness served only to augment the desires and ambitions of scheming courtiers. This king, the last of the medieval rulers of Britain, lapsed into insanity in 1453, at the expiration of the Hundred Years War. It was as if he had succumbed finally to the anarchic forces of modern history!

But no strong regency could be established in England, for every now and again Henry VI regained his senses. Moreover, Bedford had died long before (in 1435), and his only able successor, the Earl of Suffolk, was murdered.

Gradually there evolved two rival factions—the Yorkists, followers of Richard of York, and the Lancastrians, supporters of the ruling family. Richard, Duke of York, as leader of the Yorkist faction and supporter of the bourgeois aims of the new progressive business interests against the feudal aims of the royal family and of the old nobility of blood, wanted to become Regent of England and successor to Henry VI. But when an heir was born to Henry VI and Margaret of Anjou, his queen, this became impossible by peaceful means; and so, in 1455, the civil Wars of the Roses—afterward symbolized by the White Rose of York and the Red Rose of Lancaster—broke out.

Richard of York was killed at the battle of Wakefield, early in the civil war; but his son, Edward, carried on the Yorkist claims and was eventually raised to the kingship (in 1461) by the mercurial influence of the powerful Earl of Warwick, called the Kingmaker, who changed sides with each new turn of his emotional disposition.

Edward of York, known as Edward IV, reigned in effect, although not continuously, from 1461 until 1483. He was strong, unscrupulous and dictatorial in attitude; whereas the Lancastrian kings had been weak and generous in policy, inclined to yield many real powers to Parliament.

During the intermittent struggles for power which marked most of Edward IV's reign, the Renaissance began to come to

England. In Edward's time Caxton set up the first printing press at the Sign of the Red Pole near Westminster Abbey in 1476; and scholars at Cambridge and at Oxford were receiving new ideas and developing the New Learning of the Italian Humanists. It was a seed time, however unpropitious, for modern thought in matters literary, political, artistic, economic and religious.

The policy of Edward IV and the Yorkists might have anticipated in England that of the later Tudors, had it not been that upon Edward's death in 1483, the wild ambitions and the even wilder crimes of Richard of Gloucester, brother of the late king, led to a renewal of the civil war. This villainous man swept aside all opposition and made himself first protector and then king. Undoubtedly he caused the murder of those who stood in his way, including Edward V, the child successor of Edward IV, and his still younger brother. The atrocious deeds and the tyranny of Richard of Gloucester, who called himself Richard III, raised up enemies on every side. The Lancastrian nobles, long submerged under the Yorkist dictatorship, saw their chance and proceeded to act. For the two short years during which Richard III reigned (1483–1485) rebellion and conspiracy seethed over much of England.

One indication of the feeling against Richard III is evinced by the activities of a man named Colyngbourne, a staunch Lancastrian both in his writings and in his activities. In the first year of Richard's reign Colyngbourne posted on the doors of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, the following bit of choice doggerel:

The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel our dog,
Ruleth all England, under a Hog.

The "Cat" referred to Catesby, a favorite of Richard III; the "Rat" to Ratcliffe, another favorite; and "Lovel our Dog" to the ambitious and ugly-tempered Lovel, who had gained the king's ear. The "Hog" referred to Richard III himself, whose escutcheon bore the sign of a boar. But Colyngbourne's activ-

ities, both in verse and in conspiracy, could not long be kept secret, and in 1484 he died on the gallows.

A later chronicler, referring to the reign of Richard III, saw fit to dilate upon the sins of England's most hated king in even more virulent words:

Here I do meane to declare how shamefully Richard,
That Duke of Gloster (but a younger brother of Edward,
Lately the king) did attain to the Crowne, and dignity regal.
Trewly my mind doth abhorre that I should here make a recitall,
What Machavile policies, what shifts, what crafty devises,
What tyranus strategemes, he devised, to crucifie Princes:
. . . . . .
First of all, here to beginne; he stab'd and killed with a dagger
Henry the sixt, when he was safe kept (as a prisoner) in the Tower.
. . . . . .
Next he, the Duke Clarence (his own brother) caus'd in a Malmsey
Butte to be drowned, as a duke (though guiltlesse) found to be guilty . . .
. . . . . .
O what a vile perilus serpent; what a cormoran helhound,
Is cruell ambition! which seeks mans glory to confound!

Surely this poet was a lineal ancestor of Walt Whitman and the subsequent manufacturers of free verse!

It was in the very midst of the factional anarchy of the Wars of the Roses that Henry Tudor was born. His family, allied with the Beauforts, who had opposed Gloucester and York, naturally supported the Lancastrians. Two months prior to his birth, his father, Edmund Tudor, had died; and his mother, Margaret Beaufort, was but a child, fourteen years of

age. Henry was born in Pembroke Castle, the house of his uncle, Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, on the Feast of St. Agnes (January 28) 1457. Under the circumstances which attended his birth it is almost needless to add that the child was delicate and somewhat undersized. But his devout child-mother and his Uncle Jasper Tudor took great care of his health and paid even more assiduous attention to his education. His tutor, Andreas Scotus, a learned man of the time, found the boy unusually intelligent and not a little self-centered.

Meanwhile the war went badly for the Lancastrians and Henry spent the first eleven years of his life under close protection at the castle of his uncle. But in 1468 Harlech and Pembroke passed into the hands of the followers of Edward IV of York; Lancastrian resistance seemed to be completely broken; Jasper fled; and Lord Herbert, by capturing Harlech castle—the main fortification of Pembroke—became the Earl of that fief. Henry and his mother were prisoners of the new Earl, who, recognizing the ability as well as the importance of his young captive, planned to make sure of his conquest by having Henry married to his own daughter. But fortunately for Henry the new Earl of Pembroke soon died; and, although his will declared that "Maud, my daughter, [shall] be wedded to the Lord Henry of Richmond," this provision was never carried out. For, owing to a new break between Warwick and the Yorkists, there came another change in the fortunes of the war. In 1470 Edward IV of York was driven from his newly acquired throne, and Henry VI, of Lancaster, temporarily in his right mind again, was restored.

Jasper Tudor now returned and saw to it that his protégé was duly taken to court and presented to the legitimate king. According to a story of the time, the king and his court were much impressed by the youth's manners and abilities, Henry VI remarking (in the traditional Shakespearean manner), "Lo, surely this is he whom both we and our adversaries shall hereafter give place." It was a true prophecy.

But once again the fortune of war changed, and in 1471

Edward IV regained the throne, capturing the king. Henry and Jasper Tudor fled, hoping to gain refuge at the court of Louis XI of France. But a storm compelled their boat to land on the coast of Brittany and here the two refugees were to remain, half guests, half prisoners, at the Castle of Elven, near Vannes, until the death of Edward IV in 1483. During these twelve years, Duke Francis II of Brittany, promised protection by Edward IV and full control of the Breton estates, saw to it that Henry had no chance to escape or to dispute the succession to the English crown.

The slim chance that some day the young Earl of Richmond might contest the English throne seemed remote indeed, as long as Edward IV ruled. But even as Henry was living the life of an exemplary exile, quietly studying and biding his hour, the individualistic age was producing the type of men who would work against the Yorkist domination. Most important of these was John Morton, an opportunist if there ever was one, and a man who worked for his own ends while working also for those of Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond.

Not much is known of the early life of John Morton; but by 1474 he had served the Yorkist cause so well that he had risen to the position of Master of the Rolls and carrier of the King's Seals. In that year he was sent by Edward IV on an embassy to the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire to concoct an alliance against Louis XI of France. In an attempt to rid themselves of the despotic Louis, the latter's discontented vassals had long been inviting Edward to reassert the ancient English claims to the throne of France.

But what actually happened was that Morton, instead of organizing an Anglo-German alliance against France, treated secretly with the French king. Louis XI hinted to Morton that he might marry his son to the daughter of the English king and conclude a perpetual alliance, if the English, in return, would be willing to guarantee peace. Naturally a little money would also have to change hands; so Louis agreed to pay Edward IV 50,000 gold crowns annually, and add to this amount

an additional 16,000 to be divided among his counselors. By this arrangement Morton himself stood to gain an annuity of 2,000 gold crowns per year. It was an opportunity that was not to be neglected. So, through Morton's arrangements, Edward IV agreed to bind himself to a policy of peace with France for the duration of his life.

This was a good bargain for Louis XI. That aspiring king could now proceed with his various projects for the suppression of his vassals and for the expansion of French power and territory, and he proceeded to do so. He had been careful, however, not to commit to writing his agreement to marry his son to an English princess; and before long Edward IV had the chagrin of hearing that Louis had found a more eligible bride for the dauphin. This mattered not at all, so far as Morton was concerned. He had lined his own pockets and, thank God, preserved peace—really a noble thing to do.

Another hint as to Morton's character is preserved in the report of the French embassy. When they appeared at Morton's English home to deliver the first of their "tribute" they asked for a receipt. To this request Morton replied: "I'll give you no receipt! I'm not going to appear in your public accounts as a pensioner of France! Put your payment here!"—opening the sleeve of his long clerical gown for the purpose.

Four years later, in return for his invaluable services, the worthy John Morton was made Bishop of Ely. He had grown exceedingly rich in the service of the English government.

But the English government, in Edward IV's time, was penalizing the rich with heavy financial extortions, extracted under the polite name of "benevolences." In order to avoid these benevolences, it was well to keep on the right side of the king. Morton, however, was a shrewd man. He knew that Edward would not rule forever, and he knew also that when he died he would leave two very young and weak princes to carry on the succession. In that event it seemed not improbable that many of the old aristocracy would rally to the support of the Lancastrian opposition in an endeavor to change

the policy of the government. Edward IV's brother, Richard of Gloucester, would undoubtedly be regent; and he was a man too hard and unscrupulous to be able to work with advantageously. So Bishop Morton, and certain other far-seeing individuals, began to put their heads together. Possibly it could be arranged that Henry of Richmond and the Princess Elizabeth of York, daughter of Edward IV and Elizabeth Woodville, might marry, thus bringing about a new dynasty and cementing Lancastrian and Yorkist aspirations in a new government.

In 1483 Edward IV died, leaving the young Prince of Wales, Edward V, to succeed him. In the same year Louis XI of France died also, leaving the French throne to Charles VIII. A period of crisis had arrived.

What might have happened can only be guessed at. But what did happen was that Richard of Gloucester, brother of the late king, seized his own opportunity—and at the famous "Strawberry Scene," immortalized by Shakespeare, Bishop Morton and certain other suspicious members of the King's Council were seized without warning and imprisoned in the Tower of London!

At this overt act on the part of the hard-boiled guardian and protector of the new boy-king, Morton's *alma mater,* the University of Oxford, sent out a prayer for clemency. "The bowels of the University were moved in pity," so it declared, "at the lamentable distress of her dearest son."

To placate the opposition of certain important personages, while he attended to more ulterior business, Richard agreed to release Morton from the Tower, but put him instead under the custody of the Duke of Buckingham, at Brecknock in Wales. By the time the worthy Bishop had arrived, however, the new king, Edward V, who had been nominally ruler of England for only one month, had disappeared, together with his younger brother. (Undoubtedly Richard of Gloucester had murdered them, or had had them murdered to clear the way for himself.) Gloucester then forced the remnant of the subservient government to declare him king as Richard III.

Never before had England known such an overt act. The mother and various other relatives of the murdered princes would now have their own revenge to add to that of the general public.

But this act was not the real cause of Morton's continued conspiracy. For, long before he arrived at Brecknock, and hence before he could have known that Edward V was no longer king, he had managed to communicate secretly with Margaret, Countess of Richmond and mother of Henry of Richmond, suggesting to her the marriage of her son to Elizabeth of York.

This idea was welcomed by the countess, and soon afterward both she and Morton managed to communicate with Buckingham and point out to him the rewards that might accrue if the Lancastrian-Yorkist struggle could be ended with the succession of Henry of Richmond and Elizabeth of York.

Buckingham's interest in the Tudor cause grew warm.

Morton himself took every possible means to be as friendly as possible with his jailer, watching his chances not only to escape but also to foment rebellion against the reigning king. Buckingham, he knew, was a weak and unreliable sort of man —as great an opportunist as himself, but without Morton's brains and strength of purpose.

However it happened, the worthy Bishop of Ely won Buckingham to the new cause. Communications passed back and forth between them and the Countess of Richmond. Other leading Lancastrian nobles were won to their side. Reginald Bray is thought to have acted as the chief agent.

The Duke of Brittany, now that Edward IV and V were gone, decided to change sides also. He promised fifteen ships and five thousand troops to Henry and his uncle.

Meanwhile, Richard III, suspicious of the conspiracies that were taking place on all sides and distrusting the Duke of Buckingham, summoned the latter to appear at Court. Buckingham naturally declined; and Richard immediately decided to march against him. Buckingham collected his levies and rose

in defiance. Simultaneous risings took place all over southern England on October 18, 1483.

Bishop Morton, meanwhile, was well aware that Buckingham was none too able a leader, or too trustworthy a man; and he decided, just before the storm broke, to have Henry and his Breton allies on the scene of battle. Consequently he fled to Ely in disguise. There he had many works in hand and could raise both men and money. He boarded his ships at Wisbeach and when Richard next heard of him, after learning of his escape from the Welsh castle, Morton was safely in Flanders and in communication with Henry and Jasper.

The cause of Richard III was saved by a storm. Great floods in western England prevented Buckingham from effecting a juncture with his allies, and that worthy was soon afterward betrayed into Richard's hands and summarily executed. Meanwhile Henry Tudor's force, after having been dispersed and delayed by the storm in the Channel, came in sight of the English coast only to find Richard ready to meet them with a strong army. Henry's fleet thereupon returned to Brittany. All that had happened was that the young Earl had lost "a weak ally, a dangerous subject, and a treacherous friend."

In England, Richard III now began to assert his authority with a heavy hand. His easy successes, thus far, seemed to make him careless both of public opinion and of all opposition. Daily his government became more odious and the cause of Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, more popular. Morton and Henry sent embassies and promises to all centers of opposition, both at home and abroad, and made overtures to all rival courts for support. Among the malcontents at home and the émigrés abroad they added constantly to their adherents. In Paris, at the University, Morton met Richard Fox and engaged him to add his voice to the Tudor propaganda.

In the spring of 1484 Richard III, alarmed by these activities, sent an embassy to the Duke of Brittany, demanding the surrender of the Tudor guests and promising a large indemnity for their safe delivery into his hands.

But just as the fickle duke was about to yield, Morton discovered what was in the air (through some spies in the King's Privy Council) and managed to get word to Henry and his uncle to flee to Angiers, in Anjou, where they could meet with friends and proceed to the court of Charles VIII in Paris. The new French king might be persuaded to aid them.

Meanwhile, to make doubly certain of his throne, Richard determined to forestall his rival and marry Elizabeth of York, his own niece, himself.

As soon as he heard from Morton of the disaffection of the Duke of Brittany, Henry directed his uncle to collect five dependable friends and servants and prepare to flee. Stealthily the seven men slipped out of Vannes, mounted horses, and rode quietly away. Five miles beyond the town the little group stopped in a small wood. Here Henry changed clothes with one of the attendants, and the group separated, following zigzag routes to Angiers. Henry himself is said to have crossed the frontier of Brittany only one hour in advance of his pursuers. At Angiers the friends met, joined with others of the Tudor-Lancastrian party, and proceeded to Paris to solicit the aid of Charles VIII.

While Henry Tudor sought French aid, Richard went ahead with his plans for marrying Elizabeth of York. But before he could do so, it was necessary, if his new plan of dynasty were to succeed, that his other family ties be severed. So, first his son died; and then, very opportunely, the Queen followed suit. The suddenness of their demises occasioned more suspicion than surprise.

It may have been that Richard's activities, unscrupulous as they were, aroused the fears of Charles VIII of France. Certainly his neighboring "cousin" of England was not a prepossessing ruler: one could never tell what he might do next. In any event, Charles VIII, at first indifferent, finally decided to assist the Lancastrian émigrés with some ships and men.

On August 1, 1485, Henry Tudor, now in his twenty-eighth year, embarked at Harfleur with a force of two thou-

sand soldiers to attempt his second invasion of England and his second bid for the English throne. A week later the little expedition landed in Milford Haven, on the Welsh coast. The enterprise was under way.

It had been Morton's idea all along that Henry Tudor's Welsh ancestry—as well as his French—would count in his favor. The Welsh, long disaffected and not yet entirely proud of the English domination of their country, would be glad to support a "Welshman" as king of both nations. They did; and as Henry's army marched swiftly toward Shrewsbury, in England, Welsh chieftains and their men flocked to his banner. Moreover, by many devious channels, word had been sent out among the English lords, both Yorkists and Lancastrians, that the tyranny of Richard III was now to be ended. And since both parties alike detested the new ruler, it was not long before many English lords were raising their retainers and marching to the support of the Tudor pretender.

The king, Richard III, engrossed with his own domestic schemes and overconfident of his prowess because of the ease with which the first threat of invasion had been stopped dead, had taken no adequate precautions. When, consequently, Henry with his French and Welsh allies pushed quickly into western England and began to join forces with many disaffected English lords, Richard III was taken by surprise. It seemed as if the whole countryside were rallying to the support of Henry. Not only that, but also members of the king's own court were seemingly averse to the idea of opposition. Richard suddenly found himself practically isolated. The English conscience, now fully aroused, resented his high-handed activities. Richard, it seemed, was no proper king of England; he was not even so much as an English gentleman.

But Richard, at least, was courageous. By dint of much personal intimidation he managed to obtain the nominal support of certain nobles. In the case of two lords he seized as hostages a son and a nephew and threatened dire things if the lords in question failed to live up to their feudal oaths of fealty.

In this way he managed to raise an army and marched off to the west to put to rout the invaders and himself have the pleasure of killing his upstart rival.

Henry's army had taken up a position on a great field near Bosworth, and here, on a hot August day in 1485, the two armies met in a battle that was to decide the fate of the English throne. After two hours of half-hearted attacks on the part of Richard's men, the king came to the conclusion that the only road to victory lay in the death of his rival; and since no one else could bring it about, he determined to make the attempt himself. He put his crown on his head—hardly any English soldier would dare to strike at a king!—and dashed into the thick of the fray with a small body of followers in an effort to single out his enemy. (His enemy, had he only known it, was very likely in a much safer place.)

But Sir William Stanley, who had been watching from a high vantage point the progress of the battle, saw how the tide was turning. Here was his opportunity, and at this crucial point he brought his men to Henry's aid. Richard III was surrounded and killed; but in the mêlée no one seemed to know it. When the half-hearted fight was ended they found his crown lying on the field and placed it on the head of Henry Tudor. "Long live King Henry VII!"

Although there had been no coronation ceremony, the crown of England had been placed on Henry's head; and once it was there he intended that it should stay there. He had fought an up-hill battle for twenty-eight years—ever since he had been born, in fact.

That up-hill battle had done something to Henry's character. A strong man of good disposition and good endowments might have become magnanimous. Henry had both qualifications, but he lived in an age and in a place where magnanimity was a young girl's dream. For thirty years, on and off, England had been torn by fratricidal wars and bickerings. Edward IV had been a despot; Richard III a tyrant. Weaklings such as Henry VI and Edward V had been shoved aside and mur-

dered, as he himself admitted. If Henry ruled at all he knew that he would have to exercise all the resources of law, religion, strategy and force. He began with "religion."

For religion had been an old Lancastrian tradition; and Henry's mother, the Countess of Richmond, had, like many of her contemporaries, sought the consolation of religion, perforce. Often there was nothing else for a woman, whether she were a queen, a countess or a commoner, to seek. And here was a tradition that Henry could perpetuate.

So, as Lord Bacon has related, "immediately after the victory, as one that had been bred under a devout mother, and was in his nature a great observer of religious forms, [the new king] caused a *Te Deum laudamus* to be solemnly sung in the presence of the whole army upon the place, and was himself with general applause and great cries of joy, in a kind of military election or recognition, saluted King."

The new king of England was taking no chances. Neither papacy nor people should be given cause to think that he came as a usurper, when, in truth, his acts had been inspired by justice and by humanity as much as by ambition. But the question of religion naturally carried with it the question of magnanimity—and on the horns of this dilemma Henry was later to find himself repeatedly caught. The question was: to whom should he be magnanimous? Certainly magnanimity could not be a general principle of conduct. But he determined to be magnanimous toward the Bishop of Ely, for one. The good bishop should, with his aid, become a cardinal. He must also be magnanimous, at least for the present, toward those Yorkists who had aided his cause and not fought against him. All this should be easy. At the moment he was popular enough; but one could never tell how long that popularity might last. England's past history had proved that no king's position was overly secure. He could trust no one absolutely. Henry's own experience had proved this to his own satisfaction; and it can hardly be wondered at, if, in the future, he decided to trust nobody. He had learned by this time, as Lord Bacon long ago pointed out, that

"one is one's own best preserver of wealth, power, friendship and knowledge."

In submitting to this cynical and skeptical view, Henry underwent a definite change of character. But hardly any one was aware of this at the time. Indeed, his contemporaries—including many of his most ardent supporters—knew little or nothing about him. He had lived in secret and in exile. He had presented a brave and a sorry spectacle; he had incurred much sympathy, in view of the acts of the despotic tyrants who had persecuted him. All that men knew of him, in brief, was what they saw and what they had been told by Morton and by others.

Here is what they saw: a dark young man of twenty-eight, of rather less than average size who seldom smiled (for his life undoubtedly was so sad, one thought). The young man whom they now saluted as their king was at this period of his life rather comely and serious of face, but slender, sinuous and dry. He played no games; he never laughed; work, study, religion and the exigencies of life were too serious to permit of that. Occasionally he hunted and hawked, all members of the nobility had to, in those days—but for the most part Henry was an observer of the fun of others rather than a participant in it. As time went on, he was to continue to be an intense student of his own affairs; for his mind had always been preoccupied with them, and from the cake of customary thinking he could never again free himself.

He decided that in the future he would entertain the fortune of the day, come what might, and make his plans accordingly. He would be England's greatest opportunist: he would create an opportunist government. (This principle of opportunism was to be called, centuries afterward, the art of "muddling through"—but it was sound in principle.) For Henry's past experiences had bred in him an almost universal suspicion of all men, and of most women. Once he got to Westminster and saw himself firmly installed in power, he would know what to do: he would make himself his own agent and his

own minister! His days of hardship were now past, he believed; but he had not known hardship for nothing. Moreover, he had known what it was to be penniless; and partly from this experience, and partly from his inherited traits, presumably, Henry Tudor had now learned to covet treasure. He would covet it and treasure it for the rest of his life. Although, as Bacon said, he was sometimes a little poor in admiring riches, nevertheless he was not slothful in collecting them. Before his death he would be a richer king than any previous king of England had ever dreamed of being.

It is necessary to understand these characteristics of Henry Tudor, and to know something of how they had developed, before one can hope to comprehend his future policy as a ruler. As yet, however, he was just beginning his new career and much remained to be accomplished.

The first important thing to do was to make sure of his position as king.

So the army pushed on to London, entering the city on Saturday, September 3, 1485. But the mental and physical strain of the past few weeks had been too much for Henry, and he fell victim to the "sweating sickness." His coronation therefore had to be postponed until October 30, and his marriage with Elizabeth of York did not take place until January 18, 1486.

Church sanction for these matters was essential, and partly through Morton's efforts, the chronicler of the court was soon able to report that "Our holy fadre Pope Innocent VIII . . . approveth, confermeth and stablishyth the matrimonye and coniunction made between our so'uayne lord King Henre the seuenth . . . and the noble Princesse Elyzabeth. . . . And in lyke wise his holiness cōfermeth, stablisshith and approueth the right and title to the Croune of England of the sayde our souerayn lorde Henre the seuenth."

It has been said that with his accession to the throne of England and his marriage with Elizabeth of York another change befell Henry Tudor. He was no longer a Lancastrian:

he became a *dynast*. In consolidating his power he aimed at consolidating the two rival factions of Lancaster and York. Hence his intention from the start to marry the daughter of Edward IV. Through her he hoped to produce a line of kings that would rule England as England had never before been ruled. He would found a strong family dynasty. In this project he succeeded only too well. The Tudor "strong monarchy" was to be the result.

How did he go about the task of establishing strong rule? His strength was in sitting still, rather than in showing his hand. He let his enemies show their hands; and when they did he knew when and whom to strike. Moreover, he realized that after the long turmoil of civil and foreign warfare, of proletarian stirrings and of religious dissent, it would be best for the nation to "sit still also" and catch up in the processes of material development.

For England needed reconstruction in many senses of the word, and there were innumerable opportunities to build up the nation, internally and externally. In commerce, in industry, in the creation of a new finance, in the maintenance of law and order, in the consolidation of rival factions and cliques, as well as in furthering England's position among foreign powers, there was much to be done.

But since there were few people whom Henry could trust, and since he was by instinct a cautious man, it was his intention from the start to refuse to trust ordinary law courts or ordinary ministers and representatives in his government. He would, instead, build up a veiled dictatorship.

So he created a new royal council and from among his own councilors he erected new royal courts to beat down opposition everywhere, whenever it lifted its head. The propaganda of the day declared that these creations were for the purpose of curbing the powers of the turbulent nobility. Thus, in the beginning, the royal courts which he established, especially the notorious Court of Star Chamber, a sort of supreme legal authority which did his bidding, were one and all very popular

with the nation. It required many years for the people to learn to detest such courts and their functions.

Thus also, his plan for seducing from the Yorkist leadership the friends of the House of York led him into a reversal of policy as regarded the old Lancastrian aims of retaining support from the landed and blood nobility. Henry determined to foster the new nobility of wealth and corruption, doing all in his power to help the commercial classes gain supremacy. They could be counted upon to support any strong government; the feudal nobility could not. Thus also, his marriage with Elizabeth of York can be regarded only as a beautiful gesture of friendliness toward the Yorkist leaders. And yet his prejudices against that House and its adherents made him rest his title to the throne upon his descent from the House of Lancaster, however slim that descent actually was, and keep his title separate from that of his new wife. Indeed, so suspicious was he of possible Yorkist claims arising from the queen's title, that he saw fit to defer for two years her coronation!

This policy, working at apparent cross-purposes, was not so successful as he had intended. For it gave encouragement and pretexts to all the discontented factions in England and occasioned insurrections which might otherwise have been foiled in infancy. Says Bacon, "He admitted no near or full approach, either to his power, or to his secrets: for he was governed by none. His Queen, notwithstanding she had presented him with divers children (after due course), and with a crown also, though he would not acknowledge it, could do nothing with him. His mother also he reverenced much, but heard little." For "he was of a high mind, and loved his own will and his own way." He was, says Bacon, "a Prince, sad, serious, and full of thoughts and secret observations, and full of notes and memorials of his own hand, especially touching persons. As, whom to employ, whom to reward, whom to inquire of, whom to beware of, what were the dependencies, what were the factions, and the like; keeping, as it were, a journal of his

thoughts. There is to this day a merry tale; that his monkey, set on as it was thought by one of his chamber, tore his principal notebook all to pieces, when by chance it lay forth: whereat the court, which liked not these pensive accounts, was almost tickled with sport."

In March, 1486, the new king made a progress through the east of England to Yorkshire, where he succeeded, with the aid of able informers, in nipping an unsuccessful conspiracy in the bud. Many persons were skeptical of his so-called alliance with the Yorkist party, and other attempts against him were soon to follow. In the following year there came the famous imposture of Lambert Simnel, who claimed to be Edward, the young Earl of Warwick, whom Henry had imprisoned in the Tower. Henry, in an effort to end the rebellion, had young Warwick paraded in the streets; but Simnel found support among the Irish and managed to gather an army. In Ireland, Kildare, Henry's deputy, supported Simnel and prepared to fight.

There was nothing for Henry to do but march against the opposition. Once again, however, he determined to have truth and justice on his side. So, with a moral conscience that was already beginning to become proverbial, he issued to his followers a royal proclamation "against robbing churches, ravishing women, or even taking victuals without payment for them" under pain of death. Nor was any man to venture to take a lodging for himself that had not been assigned to him by the king's harbingers, on pain of imprisonment and further punishment at the king's discretion. The strictest discipline was to be enforced throughout Henry's army. But needless to say, in those wild times, the stocks and prisons of every market-town in the wake of Henry's army were filled with miscreants, vagrants and other offenders against the king's proclamation.

In this noble fashion did Henry and his army repair to Nottingham, where they were joined by the Earl of Derby's men. Thence they proceeded to Newark, and shortly there-

after, on June 16, 1487, the rebel army was defeated at Stoke-upon-Trent and Simnel and Kildare were taken prisoners. It was an easy victory.

Afterward the king determined to give the Irish lords who had supported Simnel an earnest moral lesson. He summoned them to appear before the King's Council; and when they came he read them a long lecture on the subject of Irish readiness to acquiesce in impostures without due and necessary inquiry. He finished by adding: "My Masters of Ireland, you will crown apes at length!" Then the rebels were sent away—but the face of the axe carried before them was turned from them in token that they were not to lose their lives. That evening they were given dinner in the king's palace, and there Lambert Simnel, now a turnspit in the king's kitchen, was forced to serve them as cupbearer. But only one of the Irish lords would drink—the Lord of Howth, he who had turned traitor and sent information of the rising to Henry. The others, more loyal to Ireland and to Irish dignity than to their cause, all wished that Simnel "might have gone to the devil before ever they laid eyes upon him."

In order to strengthen the royal power, Henry had his next Parliament, November 9, 1487, institute the Court of Star Chamber and pass various other measures to prevent a recurrence of seditious activities. For a while he was to be free to turn to foreign affairs.

In France, Charles VIII was evincing the same sort of imperialist activities that had characterized the reign of Louis XI. He was, indeed, stirring up considerable trouble, what with one eye turned toward the acquisition of Brittany and the other toward an extension of French interests among the wealthy cities of the Lowlands. Moreover, Charles VIII, in these meddlesome ventures, was not befriending Henry. All that sort of friendship was past. Henry remembered now that Brittany had befriended him—or at least so it seemed to him now—and he determined to maintain the independence of that duchy. Maintaining independence was an extremely moral ac-

tivity; it appealed to Henry's high nature and to English sentiment.

So it soon came to pass that a subservient Parliament granted Henry a subsidy for raising ten thousand archers for the defense of British and Breton interests against the intriguing designs of Charles VIII. Yorkshire long resisted the new levies and in 1489 Henry had to lead an army into the recalcitrant shire to restore order.

Meanwhile troops were sent to the Low Countries to help the Emperor Maximilian defend these territories against further French encroachments. For Henry was very jealous of the Lowland trade; his advisers had their eyes turned there also, for possible trade and territorial advantages; and, moreover, a further French advance in that direction threatened the English outpost of Calais. So Henry's army helped raise the French siege of Dixmude, in Flanders. This maneuver forced Charles VIII to make a separate peace with Maximilian and then endeavor to buy off English opposition to the French annexation of Brittany. But Henry's moral nature rebelled against such a desertion of his ally (the Duchess Anne of Brittany), and instead he induced that noble lady to make a treaty with him by the terms of which *England guaranteed the protection of Brittany*. But from the possibility of further war Henry was saved by the marriage of Anne to Charles VIII and the amalgamation of the two states.

During the interval Henry had made new arrangements with Maximilian of Austria and Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and with these new allies he prepared to attack France. With this project his subjects were in sympathy, for they had heard many tales of French aggrandizement. Hence, Henry was able to raise a benevolence, though benevolences had been abolished since the days of Richard III, and to obtain another grant from Parliament. In October, 1492, he laid siege to Boulogne. It was not a serious siege, but Charles VIII, caught between an English, German, Spanish alliance was in a bad position and ready to buy off England. This, it can be pre-

sumed, was exactly what Henry wanted. So, on November 3, 1492, Charles VIII agreed to pay all Henry's expenses in "defending" Brittany and "two years arrears of a pension due the English by a former treaty at the rate of 50,000 francs a year."

A later chronicler remarked that Henry VII was much more subject to his "passions" (his opportunist genius) than to any prejudice; and that with his "passions" there ruled almost unrivaled in his heart "an insatiable avarice." "This made him demand supplies from his subjects under the pretext of defending Brittany," and this also made him "fall a victim to the peace of the French King, suffer that Duchy [Brittany] to be united to France, and employ by turns the authority of his own prerogative and of parliament to increase his treasures." For making the peace with Charles VIII, so this chronicler relates, Henry himself received 149,000 pounds sterling; and Lord Bacon says that great pensions were assigned by Charles VIII to all the principal English counselors in order to induce them to advise and consent to the Treaty of Étaples. In any event, what happened was that England withdrew from her continental alliances and her army returned home, greatly to the disgust of those business men who had raised money for the campaign. The situation on the continent remained unchanged. Charles VIII was still, thanks to Henry's moral conscience and business instincts, a free agent.

So far, as Mr. James Gairdner, a loyal patriotic British historian, has written, Henry VII had shown "remarkable skill and patience in the treatment of very serious difficulties." He had been "dragged into war against his will." (By what instrumentality he was "dragged" I have not been able to discover.) He had "lost most of what he had been fighting for," and had been "deserted by his allies" at the very moment when he was "about to exact reparation for his loss." But, fortunately, the Treaty of Étaples now made him really independent of foreign powers, for "France had been content to buy his friendship, and he had now no need to pay an exorbitant price for that of Spain." (!) Moreover, his subjects had learned an

excellent lesson, viz., that if they wanted to have war they must pay for it. (And they had paid.)

But, strangely enough, in view of these accomplishments, there were many voices now raised against Henry VII and his successful foreign ventures. These voices seemingly harmonized, for soon thereafter came the affair of Perkin Warbeck.

This Perkin Warbeck, supported by divers high personages both in England and on the continent—personages who had taken a marked dislike to Henry VII—landed in Ireland in February, 1492. He claimed to be Richard, Duke of York, and only surviving son of Edward IV. It was thought that Charles VIII had befriended him—perhaps underwritten some of his accounts—but Charles, faithful to his Treaty of Étaples' obligations, had forbidden him to remain longer in France. Perkin, finding no support in Ireland, had moved on to the Low Countries, where Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, received him as her nephew. Here he remained for two years, and here he was joined by a number of surviving and discontented Yorkist sympathizers from England.

Meanwhile, Henry VII, informed of what was going on, tried to persuade the Archduke Philip of Austria, nominal Duke of Burgundy and "ruler of those parts," to surrender Perkin Warbeck or banish him. When Philip did not acquiesce promptly, Henry resorted to economic pressure, endeavoring to end the trade between England and Flanders and establish, instead, a market for English wool at Calais. But he was also careful to set a close watch on Warbeck's movements abroad and on the movements of suspected Yorkist sympathizers at home. Thus it came about that two of the latter, Lord Fitzwalter and Sir Simon Montfort, together with a few lesser personages, were seized suddenly in a native "purge" and condemned for treason. Four of them were sent to the block: Fitzwalter, against whom nothing could be proved, because he "tried to escape." (It is an old excuse, time-worn and time-proved, among political aspirants.)

One of Henry's most astute informers, Sir Robert Clifford,

then went to Flanders, posing as a Yorkist. He gained the confidence of several intriguers and, returning to England, brought impeachment proceedings against Sir William Stanley, at one time Henry's staunch defender. On February 14, 1495, Stanley, having been declared guilty of treason, was beheaded, and Henry was no longer indebted to any man.

These various diversions caused the Yorkist conspirators to hesitate, and Warbeck's invasion of England was consequently postponed until July, 1495. He had obtained a small fleet from the Emperor Maximilian and Margaret of Burgundy, whose anger against Henry for his desertion of them still rankled, and, thus equipped, he attempted to land at Deal and conquer England. But the whole countryside flocked to the defense of the country against foreign invasion, and the invaders were driven back to their ships. Perkin then sailed for Ireland for the second time. But finding little support there—for the Irish had learned one lesson and were already suffering much because of special laws which Henry's officials had decreed against them—Warbeck sailed on to Scotland where the King, James IV, welcomed him. He stayed in Scotland for about two years, married a Highland lady of noble birth and finally persuaded James IV to invade England (September, 1496). But the autumn was already advancing and nothing came of this "border raid."

Meanwhile, Henry saw an opportunity for another venture into the diplomatic game. Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain were especially anxious to have England join a Holy League to keep France out of Italy. (Charles VIII, having failed in the Lowlands, had turned his attention to the rich renaissance cities of Italy and begun what might well turn out to be a French domination of that peninsula.) But before Henry could join in such a project it would be necessary to make sure of his rear; and the Scotch, what with James IV and Warbeck, were none too friendly. He succeeded in persuading Ferdinand and Isabella to send their best diplomat, Don Pedro de Ayala, to Scotland in an endeavor to guarantee friendly relations between

England and Scotland. Henry was willing to marry his daughter, Margaret Tudor, to the Scotch king, if James, on his part, would get rid of Warbeck. For Henry, at least, it was a fair bargain if not for James.

One cannot tell what went on in the mind of the Scotch king, but he made a clever move. He sent Warbeck away, allayed Henry's suspicions for the time being, and then invaded England and lay siege to Norham. Warbeck, meanwhile, went on to Ireland. But the Scotch attempt failed; Parliament once more granted Henry a large subsidy and the Earl of Surrey, leading a large army, was able to drive the Scotch back to Ayton, where, on September 30, James agreed to a seven-years' truce.

Meanwhile, Warbeck, evidently by some sort of prearranged plan, had gathered three thousand motley followers among the Irish and now invaded England, landing in Cornwall. He lay siege to Exeter; but the citizens defended the town bravely and at the approach of a royal army the pretender took refuge in Beaulieu Abbey, in Hampshire.

Henry himself led the royal army against Warbeck. Now was his chance to rid himself of his worst difficulty. To the mayor of Exeter he very gratefully presented his own sword in token of the loyalty of the city. Perkin's wife was captured at Saint Michael's Mount, but she was harmless and Henry set another noble example in sending her to his own queen, where she would be "well cared for." Perkin himself, safe from attack in the Abbey, must not be lost. So Henry promised him his life if he would surrender and confess the imposture. (Had not Richard's very bones been dug up and displayed to the people of London to assure them of the imposture?) And, since Perkin could not leave the Abbey there was nothing else to do but surrender. He surrendered. But since he also made an "attempt to escape," it was thought advisable to imprison him in the Tower. (Not for a long time had the Tower of London been needed so badly as under Henry VII.)

Shortly thereafter another imposture came to light. One

Ralph Wilford claimed to be the Earl of Warwick; but his cause received short shrift. He was hanged in February, 1499—a man of no importance—without compunction.

Meanwhile "his grace, the king, got great honour," according to an old chronicler, by going down to Canterbury to exhort a heretical priest, who was about to be burned at the stake, to recant. The priest recanted, but he was burned none the less.

Soon afterward it was discovered that Perkin Warbeck and the Earl of Warwick, who was still imprisoned in the Tower, had been attempting to communicate. Their jailor said that they had tried to use him as an intermediary, and his word was believed. Consequently, Warbeck was removed from the Tower and hanged at Tyburn; and a little later Warwick, whose imprisonment throughout had been unjustified and illegal, was tried for treason, adjudged guilty, and beheaded. These acts ended all hope of further Yorkist activities—the male line of that family was now extinct—and Henry could breathe easily for the first time since his coronation. Someone has said that the Wars of the Roses were now ended, and the country submerged under a popular dictatorship. The Tudor "strong monarchy" was finally triumphant.

But whether it was because of these matters, or merely on account of worries of state, Henry himself was beginning to weaken and age perceptibly. In one fortnight, so it is said, in 1499, his hair became quite gray. Perhaps his deeply religious conscience troubled him. In any event there would be no more executions.

Thus, when Viscount Gormanston, the new deputy of Ireland, and the Bishop of Meath accused Kildare of treason for his part in the Simnel uprising, Henry told the Irish lord that he might have any counsel in England. Kildare was a man of considerable charm, and he immediately grasped Henry's hand, saying that he knew the very fellow who could best defend him: "Shall I choose him now?" Henry, apparently amused, said "Yes, if you think it good."

"Well," replied the earl, "I can see no better man than you, and by St. Bride I will choose none other."

"A wiser man might have chosen worse," replied Henry, laughing.

For Henry was susceptible to charm, and he could recognize ability. Kildare he deemed an able fellow; and it is noteworthy that before long the latter was returned to Ireland as Henry's deputy, accompanied by "great gifts."

It should not be thought, however, that Henry was subject to flattery. He was far too clever for that. It is said that on one occasion, after listening to a flowery oration, largely about himself, he asked Archbishop Fitzsimmons of Dublin what he thought of the speech. "I thought it excellent," the wise Archbishop replied, "saving that I think he flattered your Majesty too much."

"In good faith," rejoined Henry, "we were greatly of that opinion ourselves." [1]

Meanwhile, subsequent to the Scottish truce, Richard Fox, now Bishop of Durham (for Henry knew how to reward his faithful adherents) was able to arrange for the long projected marriage between James of Scotland and Henry's daughter, Margaret (September 11, 1499). Henry VII could now turn his attention to foreign affairs.

The following year, to celebrate his own victories and partly, no doubt, in honor of the great Jubilee at Rome, Henry went to Calais and had an interview with the Archduke Philip, agreeing to confirm all the old treaties and remove all commercial restrictions between England and the Low Countries.

There was, of course, a reason other than economic for this new politico-economic agreement. Philip of Austria was the heir of Isabella of Castile; and Henry wanted no German-Spanish alliance against him. Moreover Louis XII, who had

[1] There is also a story of John de Gigles, Bishop of Worcester, who once called Henry "pastor" of the English flock in an elaborate classical poem stuffed with overdone compliments—to which the king promptly replied in equally good Latin (and, it has been suggested, in the same meter) "*Si me pastorem, te decet esse pecus.*"

succeeded Charles VIII of France in 1498, was a strong ruler, and Henry wanted to keep "the balance of power" (although as yet there was no such verbal expression) in good order.

Thus, when the Pope requested that Henry make a gift to and join a crusade against the Turks, Henry agreed to the gift, but he reminded the Pope that the Turks were still far away from England; and before he gave his modest donation (4,000 pounds) he saw fit to correspond with Ferdinand of Spain as to the best way in which the Pope might be prevented from wasting the money. This pleased Ferdinand, who was himself as penurious as Henry. But there was an ulterior reason why Henry desired to please Ferdinand.

For many years Henry had been thinking of a Spanish alliance, and it seemed about to be consummated. The king's oldest son, Arthur, Prince of Wales, was to be married to Katharine of Aragon, and by the autumn of 1501 the final arrangements were completed. The ceremony took place at St. Paul's Cathedral on November 14, and Katharine brought with her a huge dowry. But unfortunately the Prince of Wales died on his honeymoon, and Ferdinand and Isabella demanded the return of Katharine's dowry. This was a terrible blow to Henry. He procrastinated as long as possible, and when his own wife died of childbirth (February 11, 1503) he at once suggested that he would marry Katharine himself and keep the dowry. Isabella, amazed and considerably horrified, wrote the Spanish ambassador to drop the proceedings immediately and send her lovely daughter—for Katharine, even though ugly and past middle age, was still her lovely daughter—poste-haste back to Spain.

It looked as if Henry's best made plans were yet to be defeated. He had, however, an unmarried younger son, a boy of eighteen (the future Henry VIII) and he now countered with the suggestion that Katharine stay on in England and marry his younger son, Henry, the new Prince of Wales. Long and interminable negotiations followed: a papal dispensation was necessary to enable Katharine to marry the brother of her

deceased husband, but at length it was obtained; Isabella and Ferdinand, tired by their struggle and probably despairing of finding another husband, at last consented; and once again Henry VII's plans triumphed. In the end, Ferdinand and Isabella even consented to renounce their claim to the dowry.

When, in 1504, Isabella of Castile died, her Castilian inheritance passed into the hands of the Archduke Philip who had married the Princess Joanna of Castile. Henry at once sent envoys to Spain, ostensibly to seek a new alliance, but in reality to determine how much authority Philip would exercise in Castile. There were also two dowager queens of Naples living in Valencia. It was said that they had money; and it had also been suggested that Henry VII might marry one or the other. It would be well to appraise the possibilities. But the possibilities were nil.

There was another reason why Henry VII was desirous of keeping on the right side of Philip. After the death of Warwick, Edmund de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, had fled to the continent. He had been guilty of nothing more than the murder of an enemy in a drunken brawl; but he feared the king's justice despite his acquittal, now that he was obviously the next potential rival for the throne. Eventually Suffolk found asylum at the court of Philip.

One therefore understands why, when Philip and Joanna were obliged to land in Dorsetshire by a storm in the early weeks of 1506, Henry VII at once invited them to Windsor, made Philip a Knight of the Garter and proffered him an alliance, one of the terms of which provided for the surrender of Suffolk. As a result of these proceedings, Philip gave up his guest, and Henry lost no time in sending him to captivity in the Tower of London. There was no good reason for killing him; but later Henry VIII found one.

In the latter part of 1506 the king suffered from a long illness. But in 1507 his health was seemingly restored. England had been profiting for the past decade from her treaty of commerce with the Dutch, called the *Intercursus Malus* be-

cause it favored the English rather than the Dutch, and Henry was once more able to ride to hounds and hawks, as he had not done for several years. But later in the year he was badly troubled by gout and his health again seemed to fail.

In this stage of his career he became exceedingly generous and philanthropic. He finished the building of the Savoy hospital and provided for the Chapel of Henry VI—a shrine to his Lancastrian predecessor—in Westminster Abbey. He rebuilt the palace at Richmond (Sheen on the Thames) and encouraged music, scholarship and architecture. Foreign envoys were offered huge and dazzling receptions; and they were always amazed to discover how much Henry knew of the happenings—even secret happenings—in their own lands. Sometimes even his own subjects were amazed.

Henry's next to the last marital attempt was his offer to marry Joanna the Mad of Castile, after the death of Philip; but fortunately for both parties this attempt fell through. Henry then suggested the marriage of his daughter Mary to Philip's son, Charles (later Emperor Charles V of Spain and the Holy Roman Empire), but Ferdinand, still wary, rejected this proposal also. It was rumored that Henry would then invade Castile. A great embassy visited England at the end of 1508, and the marriage of the Princess Mary to Prince Charles of Castile was celebrated, by proxy.

Henry's last attempt at marriage was to offer treaties to Maximilian of Austria which would provide, among other things, for his own marriage with the Emperor's daughter, Margaret of Savoy. Through her he hoped to gain control of the Low Countries.

But nothing came of this, and whether from despair at the ill-luck of his projected marriages, or whether from great care and tribulation, Henry's strength now began to fail. Again his philanthropic spirit came into play. He discharged all minor debts of the London poor, and delivered from prison persons committed for sums of less than 40 shillings. Masses were said for his soul, and on April 21, 1509, he died, leaving to his son

Henry VIII, an instinct for power no smaller than his own, and an instinct for marriage no greater.

What is one to think of such a king as Henry VII? It has been said that a man is known by his works; and if we judge Henry VII by his works alone we can form only one opinion, not very high or noble.

But there is much that can be said in his favor. His laws, though severe, were usually just in so far as they affected the harmless classes. That was the chief reason why his reign was popular. He was a great patron of commerce, and hence the business interests usually supported him. It is said that he frequently lent money without interest to commercial and maritime activities, in an endeavor to encourage British commerce.

But throughout his reign he practised extortion of all sorts to redress such losses. The feats performed by Morton's fork (the worthy cardinal had a way of extracting benevolences from all sorts of wealthy persons by saying "If you live so modestly, you must be able to save something for the king," or, "If you live so prodigally you must be able to afford a gift to the king") were more than surpassed by the later extortionists, Sir Richard Empson and Edmund Dudley. Henry was always promising to abolish extortion, but it continued. He had the gift of attacking his own measures volubly and sincerely—while he continued them. Sometimes, one feels, he could even keep his one hand from knowing what the other was doing.

Henry was pre-eminently his own minister and his own judge. His measures were largely instigated by himself. As one chronicler has remarked: "Wines and woods from Gascony and Languedoc could be imported only in English bottoms, turning the antient politie of this estate from consideration of plenty to consideration of power." But he possessed a knowledge of financial and commercial customs that was far ahead of its time; and the advances which he made toward Navigation Acts may be considered as the chief commercial corner-

stone of Great Britain's later riches and strength. Statutes regarding commerce and agriculture passed in the seventh, eleventh, and twelfth years of his reign, and for the ascertaining and regulating of weights and measures, set England's permanent standards, revolutionized weights and measures, and rectified the currency.

For the most part he kept his court open to scholars, and it is said that the humanists, More and Erasmus, were once plagued during dinner by the requests of the younger Henry, then a boy of nine, for their autographs. The king himself, however, was more studious than scholarly. He read much, and was especially active in following the latest publications in the French language. On one occasion he recommended to Caxton the publication of *The Fayts of Armes and Chivalry.*

Henry VII may also be regarded as the founder of England's first modern navy. It was an age of new and larger ships, and Henry set a precedent when he spent 14,000 pounds in building the "Great Harry." Sailors still swear by her. It was England's first attempt to have the largest warship in the world; and it has been called the first real ship-o'-war in the royal navy.

He appointed Bernard André, a poet of the day, to be his biographer and poet-laureate. But André was a better poet than biographer.

His son's marriage to Katharine of Aragon and his daughter's to James IV of Scotland led indirectly to the break with Rome and to the eventual union of England and Scotland. And in his own time, Henry caused England's name to be known, feared, and hated over much of Europe. Princes bargained for his support and sought his friendship. No such endeavors had been made before his time.

But while Henry was feared and reverenced by his subjects, he was not loved. For he raised the position of the kingship into something little short of godlike. Hereafter people might well say, "God Save the King," with a new awe in their voices. For this king, when he died, was reputed to be the

wealthiest in Europe, and his position may well have been the strongest. He amassed a fortune of 1,800,000 pounds, an enormous sum in those days; and when he died he left in one of his notebooks the following expense item: "Ten pounds to him who found the New Isle." This man was John Cabot, who discovered Newfoundland for England in 1498; but Henry knew him only by his Italian name of Gabato.

V. NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI: Who brought political theory up to date

He who speaks of the People speaks of a madman: for the People is a monster full of confusion and mistakes; and the opinions of the People are as far removed from the truth as . . . the Indies are from Spain.

If one is brought to such a pass that he must either hurt another or be hurt himself, he ought, in my judgment, to take the initiative; for that defense which is undertaken to prevent an attack is as just as that which is undertaken after the attack has been delivered.

Experience has always proved, and reason confirms, that things which depend upon the efforts of many for their accomplishment, are never brought to a successful issue.

The nature of people collectively is like that of individuals; they are always eager to raise themselves from the station in which they find themselves; nevertheless, it is prudent to begin by denying them their first requests; for by making concessions to them you do not satisfy them, but invite them to ask for more, and with greater vigor than they employed at first.

Generally speaking, the stimulus of self-interest is incomparably stronger among men than consideration for the common weal.

It is not the duty of a wise ruler to bring war into his own dominions in order to remove it from another's.

The lower orders, feeling that they themselves are unable to lose anything by reason of their poverty, are always by nature inclined to revolution.

Infinite is the variety of dispositions and thoughts among men; therefore one cannot imagine any thing, however extravagant or irrational, that is not in accord with the ideas of somebody.

Diligently consider the history of the past, for past events throw light upon the future. The world is always as it has ever been. Everything which now is, and whatever will be in the future, has happened also in the past; for the same things recur, though their names and aspects change. All men, however, do not recognize them, but only he who is wise and ponders carefully what he beholds.

Whosoever spits against the wind spits in his own face.

DURING the last four centuries Machiavelli and his doctrines have been nice subjects for wordy argumentation. Almost everyone has heard of the man and of his most famous book, *The Prince*. Like *The Republic* of Plato and the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More, *The Prince* of Machiavelli is one of those rare brain-children with which all respectable minds claim acquaintance. But with respect to the author, the book, and the age that produced them, most mortals have been content to accept the views that prevailed "when we went to school." And the views that have prevailed have been laid down for more than four centuries by a host of liberal writers who have seldom failed to understand that the word "Machiavellian" is a suitable *abbreviatus* for diabolic underhanded or diabolic openhanded machinations. In any event diabolic! Finer points at issue have usually been blunted by scholarly hedging as to whether the man was representative of his age, or his age representative of the man.

And so the average reader will not be blamed if he presumes to suppose that the cynical assertions contained in the quotations at the head of this chapter come from the pen of Niccolò Machiavelli himself. Almost any one, even a college professor, might think so at first glance. As a matter of fact, however, the glib assertions which adorn this particular chapter heading come not from Machiavelli, but from the noble historian, Francesco Guicciardini. He, like Machiavelli, was a Florentine, although he was born thirteen years later than Machiavelli and died thirteen years after the death of his famous contemporary.

But the sentiments, our critics will tell us, are assuredly Machiavellian. Perhaps, also, they are merely representative of the spirit of that time. For these men were, after all, contemporaries.

And what was the spirit of the time in which Machiavelli and Guicciardini lived? Everyone knows that the age and the time were great; but did the people who lived then think so? It would seem that some of them did not.

Those who did not were the pessimists and defeatists of that great age; they did not believe in "progress." They did not believe in the spirit of "modern living" which the Renaissance was bringing to birth. They were averse to the ideas and the "mores" of an animalistic populace—as are so many of their intellectual descendants to-day.

But people as a whole, in the closing years of fifteenth century Italy, were becoming alarmingly modern. They liked to live happily; and also they craved excitement and danger. To aid them in this peculiar living-process the *sbirri*, the underworld of organized crime, depended mainly upon poison, dagger, rope and knife. But the dagger was their favorite instrument, and crime was never abhorred. A wood merchant along the Tiber, questioned as to the death of the Duke of Gandia, said that he had seen a hundred corpses thrown into the river and no questions asked. Why this sudden excitement about a mere duke? Yes, the world was certainly becoming quite modern.

Moreover, scientific and materialistic advancements were bringing the citizenry of Italy face to face with problems of life and death other than ethical, religious, economic or even political. The tales of Boccaccio, the songs of Lorenzo de' Medici—he who began to rule Florence in the same year that the infant Niccolò Machiavelli was born—and, of course, the plays of Machiavelli himself, as well as the scholarly writings of the gifted and urbane Bembo, were introducing the polite world of renaissance Italy to the "broadening influences" of fast life replete with sex interest. It was an advanced age, indeed, for all who could stand the pace.

As for the education of that time, it, too, was becoming alarmingly modern. Vittorino da Feltre, for instance, would have felt entirely at home in a modern educational convention. It is quite certain that nothing from abstract intellectual theory to post-midnight social intercourse, would have embarrassed him. His ideas of pedagogy, of coeducation, of no corporal punishment, and of plenty of educational games to

instruct child minds along "creative sources" helped to shape the old-fashioned schoolhouse into the new-fashioned "house of delight." (We do not know whether Machiavelli went to such a school, but presumably he did. For although he was able to read Latin after a fashion, he never achieved a mastery of Greek; and his education in general, we regret to report, was anything but sound.) But perhaps Socrates and Plato were nearly right when they said that in the long run the knave and the fool were just about the same. In any event, Italy, at the turn of the fifteenth century, was blessed, or damned, with many knaves and with many fools.

There had been great changes in Italy since the days when Lorenzo Valla had begun to turn upside down the preconceived notions of late medievalism; since those days when the Christian Monarchy—or the Christian Republic, as the case might be—with its supreme ruler and its final law, administered by Pope and Emperor, had reigned supreme.

In short, the old scholastic dogmas, with their theoretical abstractions (completely devoid of any relationship to the realities of the age) had gone glimmering down the sands of time; and social, moral, economic, political and religious chaos had begun to usher in a new Dance of Death.

For many years Italy had been the heart of a political jungle that extended over much of Europe. The old way of life had disappeared. The petty feudal wars, interspersed with the politico-religious appeals of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, had succeeded mainly in crumbling medieval faith, in bringing about dislike and disrespect for professed temporal and spiritual rights alike. Throughout the fifteenth century modern tactics, both in war and in government, were creating new situations and new precedents. A cosmic evolution was taking place which enabled only the possessors of instincts almost animal to prevail. New armies, new weapons, new tactics, and the ferocity engendered by new individualistic ambitions and rivalries, revolutionized the causes, the nature and the results of warfare. The disappearance of feudal princi-

palities and medieval communes and republics, replaced by military despotisms and national kingdoms, encouraged the new science of diplomacy in which embassies and ambassadors played their craftiest roles as spies and informers. Rulers who had to protect themselves against the insidious intrigues of non-moral and unethical men and states could not afford to be idealistic. The noble spiritual exercises of scholastic politics, as laid down in the writings of medieval theorists, seemed as far removed from the workaday world of political, military and diplomatic corruption as the mumblings of the insane. What was needed was a new theory of *Realpolitik* for a new world in which spirituality had, to all seeming, perished in the stasis of medievalism.

It is necessary, at the very beginning of an attempt to understand the period and the subject under immediate discussion, to realize the importance of the creation of national states and state rights, founded upon military force. Artillery and standing armies were the instruments that enabled patriotic and aspiring kings to crush the feudal nobility and erect a national monarchic principle to replace the old principle of feudal monarchy. Centralization and federal power were to be the new watchwords that took the place of aristocratic decentralization and a power that at best was merely confederated.

In France, under Charles VII, the famous Ordinance of Orleans, in 1439, had set a new precedent. It had established the military force—the first modern standing army—that had cleared French soil of English invaders and brought to a triumphant conclusion, for France, the long and exhausting Hundred Years War. It had, eventually, as we have seen, put Charles VII upon the throne of the first modern, national state of Europe.

Other countries—Spain, Switzerland, and the German states—had been quick to follow suit. In England, under Henry VII, a standing army was of lesser importance; and so England had evolved a principle of naval power—the first

really national navy—and, in diplomacy, the earliest known instance of what came later to be called Balance of Power.

Both France and England had attained to a new patriotic and national conscience during the long and fiery processes of the Hundred Years War, and, after due civil discord, had achieved national consolidation. By 1485 the ungovernable fiefs of the old nobility had been collected and unified, all subordinated to the Crown, and direct royal and monarchic authority established. In both countries the new kings allied with bourgeois powers and began the creation of a new materialistic nobility of wealth, stability, loyalty and corruption.

In Spain the confusion of eight centuries of foreign and religious warfare against the Moors had ended; and the petty Christian states of the Asturias, Castile, Navarre, Aragon and Catalonia were welded together under the joint monarchy of Ferdinand and Isabella. Very shortly the vast empires of the Hapsburgs in Germany and the Castilian-Aragonese kingdoms were to be united under the rule of the great Emperor Charles V.

Even in Portugal the sons of Duke Henry of Burgundy had received their reward for assistance against the Moors; and by the third quarter of the fifteenth century Portugal was not only an independent national kingdom, but also an expanding Empire—the first of the European national states to reach out beyond the seas and begin the establishment of an imperial overseas domain.

But in Italy, on the other hand, political disunion and military incapacity were the order of the day. In Italy there had been no single, individual power strong enough to overcome the joint anarchy of aristocratic and churchly holdings and claims. States and families warred incessantly—the Papal States playing their full part—but no one party was ever strong enough to achieve solidarity in more than one district at a time.

And yet Italy, from the artistic, intellectual and esthetic points of view, was far and away the leading nation of Eu-

rope, heading the vanguard of European culture. Strange and rare indeed was this phenomenon; for it had been brought about by the rise of a small, elect group of intellectual and artistic geniuses. The Italian people as a whole were sunk in a lethargy of corruption. In this most cosmopolitan nation of Western Europe, criminal and craven impulses were given free play. The Church, secularized and swamped in luxury, was no model for the laity to follow; and statesmen, lacking the wisdom and courage necessary for real leadership had fallen into the ways of gang chieftains and ward politicians, fostering schisms and intrigues, murders and conspiracies. It was a bad outlook.

Into a newly dawning world of bluff and power, where might made right, Niccolò Machiavelli was born, on the third day of May, 1469. He was born in the city of Florence, the city which, in the golden and fearful years of the fifteenth century, produced more geniuses than any single nation has since produced in any given century. Niccolò was to be one of those geniuses. He was outstanding as one of the "new men" of the Renaissance. Completely divesting himself of the ideas of a modest medievalism, he stood nude—among such spiritual relations as Benevenuto Cellini and Aretino—for the eyes of a new world to behold. He was one of the few men of destiny who said what he thought without equivocation.

The year of his birth coincided with the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella in Spain; it coincided also with the accession of Lorenzo the Magnificent, founder of the Florentine Academy, in Florence. It was a year which, in the eyes of some historians, marks the beginning of modern history.

Niccolò Machiavelli's ancestors were lords of the little castle of Montespertoli when the Medici were unknown upstarts. The family possessed a coat of arms: an azure cross, with nails at the corners, upon a field of silver. But long before Niccolò's time the family had fallen upon evil days. Their name was included among other "notables of the Popolani"—

the popular party—when the proscriptions of 1260 sent many into exile.

Niccolò's father was an opportunist lawyer of the time, anxious to improve his condition and that of his family. He owned several small buildings near the Ponte Vecchio and a small estate in the commune of San Casciano. The elder Machiavelli, named Bernardo, was a barrister who looked continuously for one or another public appointment in Florence to eke out his rather negligible private income. This private income was small, equivalent in Florence to what five hundred pounds might represent in London to-day, or perhaps $3,000 in New York.

Bernardo had married a widow named Bartolommea, descended from the ancient Nelli family of Florence, and by her he had four children. The elder son, Totto, sank quickly into a life of mediocre comfort and obscurity. Niccolò, the younger son, was never mediocre. There were also two younger daughters.

As a boy Niccolò was filled with brain-power and ambition, but he had too many ideas for his educators, and in school he did not fare well. As he matured he developed into a smart looking, rather optimistic young man, "of middle height, slender figure, with sparkling eyes, dark hair, rather a small head, a slightly aquiline nose, a tightly closed mouth." That tightly closed mouth was to remain one of his outstanding features and characteristics. It knew how to stay silent, behind the thin, straight lips. His eyes, too, behind their rather startling brightness, retained the searching, eager, sometimes winsome look of childhood. In some respects Machiavelli was to remain youthful throughout life.

He excelled in ideas and in observation, rather than in knowledge, and he knew how to reason both inductively and deductively. "The comparative restriction of his culture," said the great Villari in words that might well encourage every aspirant on the royal path to easy wisdom and modern education, "had the inestimable advantage of preserving the spon-

taneous originality of his genius and his style, preventing them from being suffocated beneath a dead weight of erudition."

Like many another bright and patriotic young man of his age, Machiavelli grew to manhood with a popular and humane sentiment toward politics. He was a radical, and that, in those days, meant a republican. He hoped with a blind hope that Florence, some day, would renew the glory and the fame of ancient Rome in the period which shone in his mind as the only real inspiration for the democratic utterances of Livy and Polybius. Livy and Polybius, the great liberal historians of republican Rome, he learned to love in school. Doubtless he was somewhat different from the average boy, with or without the new education. But in any event, through Florence, he hoped, and mayhap through himself, Italy would some day achieve unification and peace.

The Medici had been in power for a long time in Florence. By manipulating the election *borses* they ruled the Republic of Florence more skillfully than Themistocles or Pericles ever thought of ruling ancient Athens. (A modern parallel exists under the controlled electoral register of the Stalinist state in the U.S.S.R.) But under the Medici, as under the Athenian "democracy" and under the so-called republicanism of the Roman *equites,* evil overreached itself. Lorenzo the Magnificent had been clever enough to ally with Milan against Venice, and with Naples against the Papal State. For Italy, like modern Europe, had five "powers." But the balance of power collapsed in 1492. In that year Lorenzo the Magnificent died, and with him that first great wave of renaissance art and humanism which stemmed from the Middle Ages. A new generation was coming to the front: a generation that cried havoc and unleashed an entirely new chain of revolutions, in art, politics, religion, morals and philosophy. For a long time the social and political discontent, which had simmered below the surface of affairs, had been checked in infancy. Now it leaped into the ascendant.

Among those who tried to awaken a new sense and a

new conscience was the young Machiavelli. He and his father had already decided that he should try for public appointments. If he allied with the right parties it might be possible for him to work into a position where he could put his newly budding ideas of reform into practice.

Now it happened that a fanatical Dominican friar, named Girolamo Savonarola, had become the prior of San Marco in Florence in 1491. He, together with many other social and religious reformers, was preaching vehemently against the paganism and the materialism of the times. He denounced in loud and strident tones the foibles and the corruption of churchmen and princes alike: the Medici, the Papal curia and Pope Alexander VI of the infamous house of Borgia. It was his idea to create a theocratic republic in Florence and eventually bring about a moral regeneration of the whole Italian peninsula.

For a long time the young Niccolò Machiavelli played over these ideas in his own mind. Both the moral and the military weakness of the Italian people were pitiful to behold. The people were, he admitted, soft and effete, too much concerned with money-making and luxury; too freethinking and chaotic in philosophy—by virtue of the new humanism, philosophy and art. For a people depraved by sensuality and debilitated by skepticism, whose wars had degenerated into diplomatic games and military briberies, there was little hope left, save by virtue of some great moral and national awakening.

Machiavelli was strengthened in these notions by observing the events that followed the death of Lorenzo de' Medici. Immediately thereafter a crisis had emerged. Charles VIII of France had turned his attention to the rich cities of renaissance Italy; and the French invasion of 1494, which overran most of the peninsula, was followed soon afterward by incursions of Spanish, German and Swiss mercenaries, fighting for the new powers they served, both French and Imperial.

Of course the old "balance of power" was destroyed. To make that easier, Piero de' Medici, the son of Lorenzo the

Magnificent, had dropped his alliance with Milan and allied with Naples against her. Ludovico the Moor, who married Beatrice d'Este and ruled Milan, had turned to the French for aid, bringing them into Italy. The period of foreign domination for the Italian city-states now began. Naples allied with the Spaniards; and soon the old Spanish claims in the Two Sicilies were expanding to include most of Italy. French and Imperial armies hereafter were to spend their efforts devastating the center of the Renaissance and plunging Italy into the political and economic slavery that was to be its destiny for the next three centuries.

Strangely enough, Savonarola looked upon Charles VIII, the French king, as the avenger of God sent to scourge Italy of its sins and cleanse the Church of Rome of its iniquities. Machiavelli was, for a while, quite willing to admit that these things had to be done, and he joined the supporters of the loud-speaking "Fra Girolamo." But he joined with reservations in his own mind, for at heart he was neither superstitious nor religious. "Although the people of Florence," he wrote, "are neither ignorant nor uncultivated, nevertheless they let themselves be convinced by Fra Girolamo Savonarola that he spoke with God. I do not wish to form any judgment as to whether this be true or not, though I do not wish to speak of such a man without due respect."

But Machiavelli hated foreigners—he had no use for the French domination of Italy which was the hope of Savonarola—and before long he grew cynical of the latter's exhortations and fanatical outbursts. "Under the influence of his prophetical doctrines, certainly no unity can be achieved or even hoped for." Savonarola became, in his eyes, a self-seeking ignoramus.

But meanwhile the French invasion broke the power of the Medici, who fled from Florence in 1494. Savonarola, aided by his fanatical converts and his French allies, seized the government of Florence. "We have escaped the Medici and fallen into the hands of the Friar," wrote Machiavelli. And again

he wrote: "Fra Girolamo played the devil in Florence. . . . Today he is on procession from his convent, getting himself publicity."

For several years, during his early twenties, Machiavelli had watched the efforts of others to awaken sense and conscience, and came to the conclusion that it couldn't be done. He was becoming cynical. "Fra Girolamo" was nothing more than "a humbug and an opportunist!"

But meanwhile the drive for a theocratic state went on. In 1496, Savonarola, aided by his well-organized "youth-movement," decreed the Bonfire of Vanities, and at the notorious carnival of that year thousands of obscene books and pictures, cards, dice and cosmetics, went up in flames.

Thus far, in the realization of his political aims, Machiavelli had not progressed far. In 1494, the year of upset, he had become a Chancery clerk in the government of Florence. He was then twenty-five years of age. For the next forty months he was to watch conditions change—a silent but brooding spectator on the sidelines of national affairs. During these years, as he himself afterward related, he saw with his eyes, heard with his ears, and pondered all these things in his heart.

Only for a short while did Savonarola, sweeping everything before him, make of Florence a city of penitents and ascetics. It is true that Christ was proclaimed "King of Florence," but it was soon felt that "the vicar of Christ" was engaging in too much political activity. He, like the head of every other theocratic republic, soon began to become dictatorially minded; he dreamed of establishing a Gonfalonier for life. Moreover, the French who had gained Pisa, had not seen fit to restore that city to Florence, and the populace, quick to feel dishonor, soon became the unconscious instruments of those who felt other losses. These others found in the rival Franciscan order a natural enemy of the puritanical friar. Religious excesses were regarded more and more askance.

Meanwhile, Savonarola, having failed to reform the

Church, soon enhanced his denunciations of papal turpitude with more and better burning words. Pope Alexander VI sent warnings. Savonarola took no heed. The party of the Arrabiati, opposed both to the Medici and to Savonarola, gained new courage and new strength. They succeeded in having him silenced as a public preacher. But the friar continued to preach. Then, in May, 1497, he was excommunicated.

This represented the only action which the Pope cared to take. But the death of Charles VIII of France and the accession of Louis XII brought new dangers to Savonarola's political opposition and the Florentine Signory began to consider means of ridding the city of the troublemaker.

Savonarola had often claimed that he would walk through fire to affirm the truth of his statements and convictions, and he was now challenged by the Franciscans to submit to this test. When he failed to do so his enemies had him accused of heretical and false prophecies; but it is significant that he was arrested by the State and not by the Church. It was the Florentine State that condemned Savonarola and two other Dominican supporters to violent deaths on account of the "enormous crimes of which they had been convicted." Although nothing, in actuality, was proved against them, he and the others were hanged and their bodies burned on May 25, 1498.

The extinction of Savonarola's life and cause was viewed by Machiavelli not without approval. The friar was weak, in his opinion, and was, moreover, a liar. But others had been weak, and liars also; why, then, had Savonarola failed after so auspicious a rise to power? This question Machiavelli pondered deeply and came to one definite conclusion: Savonarola's movement had collapsed because it lacked force of arms. After the original frenzy had subsided there was nothing with which to check either opponents or populace. What Savonarola had needed most he had not secured. And what he had needed most was force backed by craft and cunning.

The new modified constitution of the infant Florentine Republic of 1498 gave Machiavelli a chance for office. He

now sought an appointment in the government and obtained one as Secretary to the "Second Chancery," sometimes called "The Ten"—an administrative body that was to concern itself primarily with diplomacy and war. As a Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs he would at last have a chance to put into practice some of his own ideas regarding the conduct of government. And when, in 1502, his friend, Piero Soderini—he who was later to befriend Raphael—was made perpetual Gonfalonier, Machiavelli's chances seemed unlimited. He became a confidential secretary, adviser and agent of the Florentine administration, and treated with all the powers then represented in Italy and in adjacent states.

But Soderini and Machiavelli, who now controlled Florentine affairs, were forced by circumstances to repeat the same blunder that had been made before them by both Piero de' Medici and Savonarola: having no other strong power with which they could ally, they allied with France. Their opponents, the Medicis, retained Imperial backing and succeeded, shortly after the death of Alexander VI, in gaining control of the Papacy.

It seemed afterward to Machiavelli, and to several others as well, that during the early years of the modified Florentine Republic the real intelligence of the peninsula was apparent only in the person of Pope Alexander VI. Through his instrumentality Cesare Borgia almost succeeded in driving out the foreigners and unifying the Italian states. After the Florentine reaction against Savonarola it seemed also, for a while, as if Cesare might succeed. But the Pope's death happened inopportunely, and Cesare fell from power and incidentally from Machiavelli's high regard when he committed the "incredible folly" of trusting the words of Pope Julius II and Cardinal de' Medici (later Pope Leo X).

Among the numerous missions which Machiavelli made to the courts of various powers, four are of primary importance, not only for their results but also for the influence they had on the views and ideas of Machiavelli. These four missions,

respectively, were to Louis XII of France (1500); to the camp of Cesare Borgia (1502); to Pope Julius II (1506); and to the Emperor Maximilian of Germany (1507).

Louis XII and France were, of course, important for Florence. It was the French who had driven out the Medici and made it possible for the new Republic and the new Signory to function. It was France with whom the Florentines were forced to ally. It was the French who represented their chief hope of aid against the rebellious city of Pisa; against the claims of the Borgias, both Cesare and the Pope; and against the machinations of the Medici, who were anxious to return to Florence and regain their lost power. Indeed, Florence really could exist only at the sufferance of France, and the court of Louis XII was well aware of this. The French treated their lesser allies with contempt, defrauded them in financial matters and heaped insults upon their begging heads. Four times was Machiavelli to plead for better treatment; he came away each time with vindictive anger rankling in his heart. Once again, he asked himself, why was it that France was strong and Florence weak? The answer seemed obvious: Florence, like the rest of the Italian states, lacked force and craft. There was no political concentration; no powerful authority; nothing behind which the people and the state could be rallied. What was needed were strong men and military power. If Italy could be unified she might yet become such a power —but perhaps under one rule alone, perhaps that of a Caesar! He looked at Cesare Borgia. If that man were only working for Florence, instead of for the Borgias!

That was how it seemed to Machiavelli when he visited and treated with Cesare in 1502, at Urbino, Imola, Cesena and Sinigaglia. Cesare, the son of Pope Alexander VI, was then engaged in trying to reduce the Romagna. He was forced to depend largely upon Swiss and Gascon mercenaries, for the Italians could not be trusted. Machiavelli was sent to negotiate in order to prevent an attack upon Florentine territory. The two were enemies, of course, yet Machiavelli could not

help but admire the force, the energy, the élan and the intelligence with which Cesare went about his tasks. The fifty-two letters of Machiavelli's correspondence in this year show that he could not help but contrast the efficiency that prevailed among the followers of the Borgias with the "inept feebleness" which prevailed among the executives of the Florentine Republic. It was possible, thought Machiavelli, although he could not yet say so, that in a man like Cesare Borgia, and in methods such as the Borgias utilized, there might be found the one effective way to drive the foreigners from Italy and achieve national unification, dignity and honor.

The mission to the court of Pope Julius II merely served to confirm Machiavelli's already strong conviction that the temporal powers of the papacy were a menace to Italian unity and welfare. By any means, even by that of an autocratic power, the abasement of the Church, politically at least, must be brought about. Unwittingly, Machiavelli had arrived at the same conclusion as that reached by Lorenzo Valla almost three generations earlier.

Machiavelli's embassies beyond the Alps, both to France and to Germany, brought him for the first time into contact with free and virile peoples. They gave to him new concepts of the meaning of nationalism, patriotism and unity. Here were moral states, organized under strong princes, where the people exemplified all those virtues which were notable in Italy only by their absence. Governments and populations, must, he concluded, be homogeneous factors: his beloved Italy, on the other hand, was then at the height of heterogeneous corruption. In Germany Machiavelli was able to catch the faint stirring sounds of national revival and of united opposition to the papacy which were shortly to bear fruit in the Teutonic Protestant Revolt. The Emperor, he saw, was striving to strengthen central authority; and Machiavelli believed that he would shortly be able to do so, in spite of his lack of craft and cunning, because he possessed "the advantages of a virile and virtuous people back of him."

In brief, all of Machiavelli's diplomatic experiences brought him to one inescapable conclusion: viz., that patriotism, unification and satisfactory government in Italy could be secured only by military power and strongly centralized authority, backed by force and cunning.

But the idea of centralized authority and force was in itself repugnant to him; for all his life he had loved and served republican principles of government. Had he not, for that very reason, opposed the authoritarian advances of Cesare Borgia? Had he not served honestly and efficiently as a responsible civil servant for the new Florentine Republic? It must be possible for him, therefore, he thought, to effect some compromise that would serve the purpose of force and craft, working in the best interests of Florence and of Italy. And so it came about that in 1506 he announced to the Florentine government, through an open letter to his friend Soderini, a plan for the financing of a citizen army—a Florentine militia. This, he believed, would bring about the military regeneration of the populace: a preparatory step to all other regeneration: a monument of civic virtue.

Machiavelli had great hopes for his militia. It was, he felt, a logical step—much better than that of depending upon the unreliable *condottiere*, who usually sold out or ran away when they encountered stubborn opposition. But a true militia would have the real interests and the entire morale of a people back of it. Moreover, all the evidence of history—at least all that Machiavelli knew—supported his theory. The evidence contained in the history of the Roman Republic showed that "mercenary soldiers were unprofitable." Livy and Polybius said as much, and their words, in history, were law. Machiavelli considered further. It certainly seemed that Rome decayed when she placed her reliance upon barbarian soldiers. One had only to contrast the successes of the rising Republic with the disasters of the dying Empire. Again, he himself had seen all too often the weaknesses and the perfidies of Italian and French soldiers of fortune. "If Italy," he said, "had not

trusted so many years to mercenary troops she would not now be ruined."

For six years Machiavelli labored to build up a military machine that would represent the backbone of the Florentine people. He worked against great difficulties and suffered much from lack of co-operation; but he persevered. He himself set out to be a military planner and strategist, and became, in effect, the chief director of operations against Pisa, regaining that recalcitrant territory for his native city. He began to be an authority upon the art of war and planned a pioneering treatise dealing with the subject. Infantry, he declared, always constitutes the backbone of an army; artillery has not yet proved itself an efficacious instrument of warfare.

But history—or was it destiny?—worked against him. In 1512 a new war broke out and a host of German, Swiss and Spanish veterans, fighting for the claims of Spain and the Empire, drove the French out of Italy. The hostile Pope, Julius II, whom men called depraved, supported the Medici against Florence. Papal and Spanish troops descended upon the city. The Florentine Assembly "unanimously declared for the maintenance of the popular government against the Medici," and the militia were called to the colors. It would be a great triumph for Machiavelli. The morale of the citizen army would make chaff of the foreign hirelings.

At almost the first blast of the enemy artillery, the morale of the citizen army withered like scorched flowers; the six-year-old people's army dropped their weapons and ran like jack-rabbits. The seasoned veterans of Julius II and the Medici walked into Florence in orderly formation, looking in vain for the ardent champions of freedom. Machiavelli, it seemed, was on the wrong side of the barricades.

Although the capitulation of the Republican Government —there was nothing else that it could do—decreed that the Medici were to be reinstated only in the capacity of "private citizens," the very idea was a fantasy. Without apparent effort they once more assumed their former hold. Two ring-

leaders of the opposition, who survived long enough to conspire against them, were put to death. Early in 1513 Machiavelli was accused of having conspired with Boscoli, and he and three others were imprisoned. Later they were stretched upon the rack. But in spite of this torture they confessed nothing, and were finally pardoned and released, but only as exiles from Florence. So Machiavelli went away, in considerable disgrace, to his little country home at San Casciano. "I am really pleased with the fortitude with which I have borne my afflictions," he wrote to his friend, Vettori.

Niccolò's forced disappearance from the political scene woke him to forgotten realities. He had a wife and four children to support, and a very limited income with which to do it. The matter of a family had not pressed heavily upon him hitherto, so busy had he been in dealing with the weighty problems of political states and theories. He had, of course, always been a moral man, certainly a moral and respectable husband as husbands went in those days; and although he had, on one or two occasions, yielded to some passing affair, for the most part he recalled well enough that politicians should not suffer their amorous and domestic relationships to infringe upon the nobler tasks at hand. But Machiavelli now felt real regret at the way in which he had, seemingly, not remembered to provide better for his famliy. An ordinary politician would have made a better job of that, if of nothing else. Now he must provide for them adequately. But still, he could not rid his mind of politics and war.

It was this mental turmoil that turned his attention to writing. He was a military theorist and a skilled political observer. He would make money by writing instructive books dealing with the arts of war and of government.

For the next twelve years, from 1513, when he wrote *The Prince,* until 1524, when he wrote the semi-obscene satirical drama, *Mandragola,* his books came out at periodic intervals. Had it not been for the ruin of his political career these writings would never have been achieved and Machiavelli

would have been remembered only as one of history's minor failures.[1]

By instinct Machiavelli's political principles were always republican, and he could not rid himself of them. He was, however, beginning to despair of republican hopes for Florence. Yet his *Discourses on Livy* were redolent with democratic sweetness. When the liberals of Florence met, in 1522, in the Oricellarii Gardens to read them aloud, these discourses so appealed to their better instincts that they led immediately to the formation of the Soderini conspiracy against the Medicean dictatorship. It was another shot in the dark, and it went wide.

In the main the *Discourses* were devoted to a revaluation of the simple, pure virtues of the Roman populace in the days of republican Rome. Italians must copy those virtues and that love of freedom; only then could they rise to be a nation comparable with the Germans and the French. The ideal state of future Italy would be a republic, moulded along the lines that had been immortalized by Livy and eulogized by Polybius.

But this book came years after his exile began. In the immediate heat of his exile Machiavelli was resentful—he was resentful even against the Republicans of Florence, and the way in which they had let him down, as well as their native city. It was in the heat of his conflicting emotions of 1513 that he wrote his one philippic against the virtues of the people. This was the world famous *Il Principe—The Prince.* It was addressed to any prince who might rise to be another Cesare Borgia. Perhaps the Medici themselves, in the persons of Giuliano or Lorenzo, might provide one. So to them he dedicated, successively, this work.

Before judging such a work as *The Prince,* it is necessary to read the book. Also it is necessary to remember that it was intended to be a manuscript—really a portfolio—of secret

[1] Voltaire declared that *Mandragola* was worth more than all the comedies of Aristophanes. Pope Leo X built a special theater for its enaction. Nineteenth-century ladies who attended the play, when it was presented in Milan, wore masks.

advice, addressed to the Medicean rulers of Florence, and to no one else. His critics say that Machiavelli intended by this work to secure another government appointment. Perhaps he did; it is not easy for political appointees to rid themselves of old habits, and in Machiavelli's case, as in that of his family, the habit was well established.

However that may be, the manuscript was published and unloosed upon an unsuspecting world. What a turncoat the ardent Republican of Florence had become! How the public loathed him! The man was, evidently, unscrupulous and eminently self-seeking. Ever since then such persons have always been called *Machiavellian.*

Moreover, the principles contained in *The Prince* were eminently unrespectable. Everyone of brains or intelligence knew that they had always been in practice among renaissance rulers; but they did not like to have attention called to it so openly. People were offended.

Of course, what Machiavelli aimed at, among other possible aims, was to have somebody, even a Medicean prince, establish a sound and a strong government. What Italy needed, he believed, was a despot; but the line of policy which he laid down for that despot to pursue was enlightened and benevolent—once the authority of the despot was achieved. Most persons, however, did not care to read that far. They merely saw that here was an instance of saying, in effect, "the end justifies the means." Although Machiavelli himself never used that expression, and disclaimed it in principle, he admitted that the end was of greater importance than the means, and that was sufficient to condemn his work. Moreover, it was diabolic to make the difference between the practice and the theory of government a thing of no importance. Political theory should remain a theory; why should any one attempt to make it accord with practice? Why should treachery and terrorism be advocated as a means of obtaining authority? It was enough that men practised them; the theory should, of course, be a different thing. Old appearances ought to be maintained, along

with the harmless old medieval theories of brotherhood, universal Christianity, fellowship, communal and democratic government, and other well-sounding abstractions.

Machiavelli regretted, among other things, that Gian Paolo of Perugia had "neglected" to massacre Pope Julius II and his twenty-four cardinals when they paid a rash visit to that city; and this weakness, went on Machiavelli, was all the worse in that the papal retinue had "the best of all their jewels with them."

Now it is noteworthy that this particular Machiavellian sentiment occasioned less resentment. For it appeared in *The Discourses*, an avowedly Republican paper aimed against tyranny. But in *The Prince* the author showed how a tyrant could twist the public into accord with his wishes, in one way or another; and that sentiment hurt. The author himself was evidently a would-be tyrant. Moreover, Machiavelli lauded the hated Pope Alexander VI, adding that "he never did anything else than deceive men, and never meant otherwise."

Thus Machiavelli was placed in a double position. The people renounced him. The Medici did not trust him. Eventually, however, he succeeded in securing one hundred florins (!) for his unfinished *History of Florence;* and under the second Medicean Pope, the weak Clement VII, he became once more a Florentine official.

But Machiavelli's fate was still perverse. For Clement VII repeated the old mistake, already classical, of allying with France; and in 1525 came the disastrous French-Papal defeat at Pavia.

Once more Machiavelli set to work to save Florence. He used his utmost energies—those that were left him, for he was now an old and worn out, disappointed man—to arm the citizens of Florence and mount cannon on their walls; and he himself took part in those negotiations which induced the Imperial army of Charles V to attack Rome instead of Tuscany.

In the spring of 1527 the Imperial army sacked Rome,

and the Pope was a prisoner. Upon hearing news of this event the Florentine citizenry rose in rebellion and proclaimed once more the formation of the Republic.

But Machiavelli, who had done so much to aid the cause of Florence and the Republic, was once again on the wrong side of the barricades—at least the people thought so. Was he not in the employ of the Medici? Had he not written *The Prince,* which the Medici themselves had published? Was he not an arch-traitor to the cause of that republicanism which he now wanted to serve? Out upon the man!

Machiavelli, fortunately perhaps, did not live to see the quick overthrow of that new Republic—the final triumph of the Imperial forces, the Spanish Domination of the peninsula, and the final restoration of the Medici, not as rulers of a city-republic but as Dukes of Tuscany. He had, indeed, completely sickened under the accusations hurled against him by his old Republican friends. He took to his bed, broken-hearted, and died on June 22, 1527.

Niccolò Machiavelli, the demonic iron man of fictional history and politics, was primarily an Italian patriot of the new age, interested, above all else, in defeating the demagogy of his day and in living the typical life of the responsible civil servant. He was able to struggle out of his own sloughs of despond and able to take the kind of medicine he advocated (according to popular belief) for "enemies of the state."

But besides being an Italian patriot he must remain also the hard-boiled idealist of political theory. And although his own judgment was far from sound, in matters of practical politics certainly; and although in his own political relationships he lacked the hardness of a real leader: nevertheless thousands of future strong men and even stronger thinkers were to take over his "new view of politics"—or what they thought was his new view—for the revamping of a future world.

And thus Machiavelli, whether wittingly or unwittingly, becomes one of the great renaissance moulders of destiny.

Could he only have known how far his life and his words could be misconstrued by subsequent generations, he might have lost some of his liberal faith in the proficiency of the people. Yet, after his own life-experiences, it is probable that neither goodness nor baseness, intelligence nor unintelligence, would have surprised him. For the psychological basis of society, he believed, never changes. In that idea, at least, he was Platonic.

In conclusion we have space, perhaps, for a few Machiavellian precepts, to offset those at the beginning of this chapter:

"*Once more I declare this to be true, and every page of history confirms my words, that men can assist Fortune, but they cannot resist her; they may weave her webs, but they can not break them.*"

"*He who, blinded by ambition, raises himself to a position whence he cannot mount higher, must thereafter fall with the greater loss.*"

"*Any monarch, who has any feeling of humanity in him, cannot entirely rejoice in that victory which has brought secret sorrow upon all his subjects.*"

"*As good morals need good laws to maintain them, so the laws can not be maintained without good morals.*"

"*Where a matter works well without the interference of the laws, a law is unnecessary.*"

"*Fortune chooses a man, when she wishes to bring about great events, so full of mettle and merit that he is able to discern the opportunities which Fortune offers him.*"

"*I judge the world always to be the same, and always to have as much good as evil in it.*"

"*Idle folk are instruments ready to the hand of a revolutionist.*"

"*The end and the purpose, for which magistrates are sent to administer a city, is that they shall govern the inhabitants in a kind and just manner.*"

"*In a well-constituted state the laws are made to further*

the interests of all the citizens, and not to serve the ambitious projects of a minority."

"In a well-constituted government the consideration of war, peace and alliances is conducted, not with a view to the advantages of a few, but in the interest of the common welfare."

"An appeal to war ought to be resorted to last of all, when all other methods have failed."

"The ruin of states is brought about because they do not modify their institutions to suit the times."

"In giving rank and dignities the ruler ought to go in quest of merit . . . without considering the high or lowly birth of the recipient."

"It is never a wise plan to drive an enemy to desperation."

"It is not he that first begins a war who is necessarily blameworthy, but he that has given cause for fighting."

"That sovereignty only is lasting which is in harmony with the wishes of those who are ruled."

"Where all is confusion beforehand, the less that remains of what has existed before, the less there is left to remedy."

"An evil principle is sure to produce results of a similar character."

"From excessive [governmental] expenditures discontent arises, and discontent provokes complaints."

"In the execution of public works we ought to treat the workmen in so kind a manner, that they will work as though willingly, and not through compulsion."

"In the exaction of taxes, compassion ought to be shown to the misery and the sufferings of the people, in order that they may continue . . . to be preserved in the country."

"A good and wise ruler ought to love peace and shun war."

VI. RAPHAEL SANTI: Who modernized art

In the celestial city of the artists there are many mansions. There is Michelangelo's huge somber hall where Titans and heroes are held in captivity, or go down to death. There is Rembrandt's dark . . . house, wherein the sorrows of the human soul and the ways of God with men are nobly expounded. The palaces of Titian and Rubens have a material splendor. . . . Leonardo's home is a studio, a museum and a workshop, to fascinate us with scientific speculation as much as by sheer beauty. With Velasquez we may live again at the Spanish Court; Goya will exhibit the life of the Peninsula in its more savage aspect. But not one of these houses of fame has the amplitude of Raphael's airy building, with its pillared arcades and an outlook . . . upon a country that is more fair and more serene than ours. . . .

Yet that great mansion lies somewhat apart from the main channels of popular activity and is less familiar, to those who travel in haste, than is another and far smaller edifice, so placed at the very nucleus of affairs that it cannot escape notice. This narrow house, filled with gracious images of mothers and children and sacred personages, hallowed by tradition and by the devotion of simple folk, also bears Raphael's name, and quite correctly. But to judge his artistic rank by such minor products only, is to do Raphael a grave injustice, so long as those other walls endure, whereupon he has interpreted the noblest aspirations of man with a clarity, beauty and power that remain unrivaled.

AROME that worshiped Raphael for what he was, that knew the man and the man's spirit, inscribed to him the following epitaph:

Ille hic est Raphael, timuit, quo sospite, vinci
Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori.

(For it was said that while he was living, great Nature feared he might outvie her works; but when he died she feared only that she herself might die.)

"If," says M. Ollivier in *La Chapelle des Medicis*, "we call Leonardo, Correggio, Michelangelo, or Titian king, a part of the artistic world is excluded. Not so when we salute Raphael

with such a title; for then each one can say, 'You are my son or my father.' "

"It would seem," wrote Frank Stearn in *The Midsummer of Italian Art,* "as if Nature, dissatisfied with the caprice of Leonardo and the wilfulness of Michel Angelo, wished to try her hand again, and moulded an image in some respects superior to either." And, added Charles Perkins in *Raphael and Michelangelo:* "Raphael was in truth the greatest of artists, because the most comprehensive, blending as he did the opposing tendencies of the mystics and the naturalists into a perfect whole by a reverent study of nature and of the antique."

Among some critics, however, the fame of Raphael has been held in lesser esteem. They have pointed out that, unlike many a true genius, Raphael began as a student of the works of other painters, scrupulously imitating them and seeming not to care about original contributions of his own. He lacked, say these critics, the originality, the caprice and the precocity that one associates with the natural-born genius. In brief, Raphael was a "heavily gilded mediocrity," lucky enough to profit, because of his imitative and assimilative qualities, from the greater genius of the greater painters of his day.

Raphael also has been called the "pliant courtier," because of his easy and fluent mastery of all the techniques and arts of contemporary painters and of the ideas and suggestions of the most learned humanists.

Moreover, his life is said to have lacked the picturesque incidents and the romantic freedom and *virtu* which seem to typify the lives of the truly great men of the Renaissance. Had he possessed the looks, perhaps, of a Cesare Borgia!—had he lived the life of an Aretino!—then, perhaps, one might be justified in saying that here were the indications of true genius!

For such critics have seen in Raphael's external life no magnificent display of variety, adventure, and of overwhelming, overmastering physical experience which could enchant them by some pleasing anticipatory titubation of the nervous re-

flexes. To them he was only a mild youth—as free from vigor as from sexual attraction—whose life, like his paintings, possessed a sweetness as uniform as it was monotonous. He himself was mere sweetness and light—just as these qualities were personified in his paintings. And, of course, they lacked novelty, reverting rather to some ancient order, examples of which, for lack of better words, we call neo-classical. Away, say these critics, with machine-made classical types.

Furthermore, many such critics have blamed Raphael for the obscurities and absurdities of the degenerate Baroque artists who followed him. (The fact that these artists lost completely the central geometric simplicities that characterized Raphael's design, as well as the simplicities that characterized his rhythmic and well ordered decoration, is all too easily forgotten.) The paintings of Rubens and of Poussin, lacking entirely the infinite variations of Raphael's work, but bringing typical and dominating influences to bear upon the Baroque style, can all too superficially be regarded as finding their wellsprings in the works of Raphael.

Hence there gradually arose, among later art critics, a tendency to divide renaissance art into two branches: that which came before Raphael and that which came after. For example, the early nineteenth century in Germany brought to light a school of romantic artists who, like the romantic writers and singers, looked back to the Middle Ages for their inspiration and for their Germanic roots. When Julius von Karolsfeld followed the founders of the new school of German Pre-Raphaelites in their pilgrimage to Rome in 1818, this movement was already well under way. Abjuring all "modern art" which had, for centuries, been corrupted by seventeenth and eighteenth century eclecticism, they sought a return to pure principles. But they did not abjure Raphael.

Later, as everyone knows, a superficial knowledge of Pre-Raphaelitism spread to England. And so ardent were the defenders and disciples of this new "natural romanticism" that by the close of the century everything which stemmed from

or was thought to have stemmed from Raphael was held in somewhat lesser repute than the facts in the case might warrant.

The defenders of British Pre-Raphaelitism held that Raphael was the central and supreme figure in formalizing renascent art, in bringing back to life all the rigid and academic rules of the classical style. They said that in making art formal, he helped also to make it restrictive: that he limited it to a small caste of followers and imitators who used the exclusive "rules and formulae" of classical art as a springboard to their own success and fortune, thus bringing about not only the decline of popular art but also the rise of courtly paintings with all their *nouveau riche*, bourgeois snobbery.

But before considering what Raphael did or did not do in his own life and in his own painting, let us glance briefly at the situation with which art was confronted in the Renaissance.

Generally speaking, it is true enough that art is a reflector of the direction of thought and interest among the people of any particular epoch. But the dominant thought of the fifteenth century was *conflicting!* Among philosophers and learned men there was the conflict between the outworn views of the medieval schoolmen and the glib imaginings of the neo-Platonists. Both views were products of medieval culture. And early renaissance art, like early renaissance humanism, may be regarded as a home-grown and true development of that culture. For the mixed Byzantine-Gothic influences of the late Middle Ages shaped the work of Cimabue, Giunta, Margaritone, Duccio, Gaddo Gaddi, Giotto, and others.

But this does not represent the whole story, for the conflicts which existed in art and in learning are to be found also in the rising vernacular literatures and in the scientific knowledge of the time. Realism, mysticism and romanticism existed everywhere, side by side. Even the historians of the fifteenth century, men such as Chastellaine, Basin and Commines, drew realistic portraits that sounded a new note among the chroniclers of that age. For it must be remembered that everywhere

throughout Europe there was a growing awareness of the difference between true aims and professed aims; and the *professed* aims of the time, whether in regard to religion, morality, politics, literature, or art, seemed provokingly unreal. So it had come about that the Church, feudalism, chivalry, the Crusade and asceticism received a homage more and more formal, and less and less sincere. Everywhere new forms, new moulds of thought, were working themselves out. Everywhere the thoughts and works of men were making more and more manifest the fact that they were harbingers of revolution, of change. It was above all an age of infinite variety and of turbulent, never-ending flux.

In such an age it appears unlikely that one artist could reform everything singlehanded. But what are the facts in the case?

The facts are that for many years prior to the birth of Raphael there had been a gradual restoration of the classical tradition in Italian art. And despite the prevalence of Byzantine art in Italy, Rome herself had not forgotten her own classical tradition, though it had been largely obscured. Thirteenth-century painters, increasing in number because of the revival of church building, were often torn between medieval and ancient memories. And when, at the end of that century, a large group of Italian artists was engaged to decorate the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, there were traces of a traditional and half-forgotten classicism in their work which corrupted that Byzantine style which was, supposedly, employed in those "medieval" times.

It is true that while many of those early artists, including Cimabue, Giunta and Duccio, must remain pre-eminently Byzantine, there is noticeable in the work of the latter especially a slightly different majesty and drama in his color and in his design. This hints at what was to come afterward.

The young Giotto of Florence was with these artists, and in his work also there now appeared the faint beginnings of a new classicism. His figures are robust and alive; his treatments

of human forms have a bulk and a weight which resemble the sculpturesque vigor and sincerity of later renaissance painters.

But Giotto's art was ahead of its day and many years were to pass before the new tendencies began to emerge in full bloom under the genius of the young Masaccio. This artist, unlike the medieval forerunners, displayed a new knowledge and appreciation of the anatomy and beauty of the human figure, especially in the nude. His backgrounds also displayed realism and naturalism in contrast to the flat and formless painting of most of his predecessors. Masaccio was the first Italian painter of the newly dawning Renaissance to realize that the classical example, however imperfect, might offer to a new generation of artists new possibilities. His contemporaries did not fully understand his principle, but they copied assiduously his frescoes (particularly the *Carmine* frescoes in Florence) so that the Brancacci Chapel became in reality a Florentine academy of design.

A little later Donatello, the sculptor, introduced new experiments in style for the obtainment of more marked vigor and emotion, and his examples influenced not only sculptors but also the younger Florentine painters whose works now tended to become more sculpturesque. Thus, Fra Lippi produced new naturalistic effects by creating broken tones; and Uccello began to perfect geometric patterns and designs into a new perspective that is more nearly classical than anything done by his predecessors. This new geometric and mathematical technique reached its almost complete development in the work of Piero della Francesca, who built pictures into veritable reproductions of statues, giving to his figures a solidity, a depth and a massiveness that carries the observer immediately to the classical realm.

In brief, through this entire age of new trials and new experimentations, the painters and sculptors and architects, inspired by their own efforts, by remnants of classical tradition and by the findings of the humanists and the archaeologists, were bringing to life again the elements of classical art—and

they were accomplishing this experimental revolution *before the birth of Raphael.*

Finally, with the closing years of the fifteenth century, when Raphael was born, the neo-classicism of Florentine painting, combined with the naturalistic efforts of the painters of northern Europe—in Germany and the Lowlands—were together working a revolution in art. Moreover, it is this constant change and flux that most easily accounts for the changes which Raphael's own genius was to undergo before it finally emerged into full bloom, making of his work the most perfect illustration of the spirit and the tendencies of the time.

Having thus briefly caught a glimpse of Raphael in relation to the age in which he was born: in relation, that is, to the epoch of mental and spiritual unrest which had thus auspiciously been precipitated into history; let us turn to the man himself and his works; and then, at last, look at the results of those works.

First of all it will be well to remember that the ostensible "tameness" of Raphael's life is deceiving. For there is a great difference between the reasons and the dreams which prompt genius—just as every man lives an inward existence of the soul which may be consumed in a far more fiery orbit than any external aspect of the man might lead one to suspect. When the fires of genius have burned brightly within a man's soul, there may come a period of quietude and of reflection in which all excitable and picturesque manifestations, having been consumed, are replaced by almost uninterrupted contemplation and thoughtfulness. It is in such a mood that Raphael glimpsed his own external semblance in the deservedly famous *Self-Portrait* that everyone knows. It shows to the superficial eye of the careless observer a mild and passive face, apparently the face of a youth still youthful, but beginning to be tired. To the more careful observer the eyes of this youth are the somber and recessive eyes of one who looks through rather than at an object or a person. You can assume that even in the portrait he sees much more of you than you of him, and,

moreover, that he has comprehended what you stand for and what you symbolize. It is like the face of some young deity who contemplates and comprehends without emotion and without reproach. But in the brief interval of that glance, the fabric and the threads of which one's life is woven have been instantaneously laid bare. Thus did the young Raphael look at objects and at men—we have this for a certainty, not only from his own *Self-Portrait,* but also from the words of his contemporaries. It was this power, despite his slight physique and his lack of egotistic *virtu,* that made him appear even to the eyes of the blustering Benevenuto Cellini as "the mighty master" of them all.

There was born in Raphael something of the poet and of the visionary, as well as of the artist. These qualities he had inherited, in all probability, from his father.

His father, Giovanni Santi, was born in the Umbrian mountains, the son of a dealer in corn and oil, from whom Giovanni had inherited a house and a modest sum of money. But Giovanni's tastes turned always toward poetry and art. He was not a good business man, and after one of the innumerable petty wars of the period, in which his native village was raided, he took refuge in the city of Urbino. Perhaps also it was the attractions of this city and of the court of Duke Federigo Montefeltro that brought Giovanni there.

For in the mid years of the fifteenth century Urbino had attracted great and honorable fame. Its Duke, Federigo, was a famous and successful soldier and one of the most enlightened princes of his time. In disposition he was kind and beneficent; he loved art and learning and the men who produced them as much as he loved and was beloved by his subjects. Into his court, where paintings, statues and manuscripts abounded, came many hopeful young men seeking patronage. Giovanni must have been one of them; in any event he succeeded in obtaining it.

At Urbino, when Giovanni was about forty years old and occupying himself with poetry and with painting perhaps

more than with the affairs of his grain and oil business, he met and married Magia Ciarla, the daughter of a business friend. It was a union both happy and unhappy, for all their children died, except one. This child, Raphael, was born to them on April 6, 1483, only a few months after the death of Duke Federigo.

Federigo was succeeded by his son, Guidobaldo Montefeltro, a man much like his father. He had married the beautiful and famous Elizabetta Gonzaga of Mantua, and in their court the father of the young Raphael was destined to receive friendship, recognition for his poetic and artistic efforts, and many commissions. The members of the Montefeltro family were celebrated by Giovanni in a long poem. Some of his paintings, though none was great, evinced superb architectural design and the deep sympathy and tenderness towards motherhood which he himself felt. His *Madonna and Child* have been compared with the work of Bellini.

When Raphael was seven years old (in 1491) his mother died, and in the following year he obtained a stepmother, Bernardina Parte, the daughter of an Urbino goldsmith. One year afterward, while the father was accompanying the Duke and Duchess on a visit to the Duchess's home in Mantua, he contracted a fever from which he never recovered. He died early in 1494, leaving Raphael a complete orphan at the age of ten.

But as a very young boy in his father's house Raphael had been taught to love poetry and art. Here he read the poetry of Dante and of Petrarch, and from his father heard of the paintings of Perugino, whom Giovanni had likened to Leonardo da Vinci. During Raphael's young boyhood these two famous masters were approaching middle age, but their reputations were already achieved. From his father also Raphael must have obtained the rudiments of a sound literary education. Even in youth his writing was characterized by elegance and by correct usage. But he was primarily an artist and a poet, and not a scholar. The taste for poetic composition was to continue, and years afterward, even while engaged in

his most ambitious and arduous artistic compositions, Raphael liked to scribble sonnets on the margins of his notebooks and repeat them to his female friends.

After the death of his father the young boy was left to the care of his stepmother, Bernardina, and of a maternal uncle, a priest named Bartolomeo. In accordance with his father's wishes, he determined to become an artist and, if possible, to study under the great Perugino in Perugia. But first additional training would be required. Fortunately, the court at Urbino was open to him as the son of the well-loved Giovanni.

To this court, in 1495, when Raphael was twelve years old, returned a former resident, Timoteo della Vite, a young painter who had been studying under Francia at Bologna. For the next five years, until he was seventeen, the boy Raphael was the most promising of Timoteo's pupils.

It was during this period that Raphael's early and individual traits began to develop, free from outside influence. It is believed that the *Venice Sketchbook* belongs to this period, as also the *Three Graces,* which was purchased in 1885 for the then tremendous sum of 25,000 pounds—almost as much money as Raphael himself accumulated during his whole lifetime, and all for the work of a boy less than seventeen years of age.

These early pictures had a life and a vigor that was in marked contrast to the languid, lifeless and ethereal beings that Perugino created; and from these intrinsic differences one is forced to conclude that Raphael did not begin his painting career by imitating the works of other masters. He had, however, the Umbrian touch; but it was something that was native to his environment and to his hereditary influences. It was a kind of simplicity and tenderness of touch; it breathed of the mountain air, and of a purer life than was known to the cities of the south.

In 1500 Raphael was granted a commission to work with Evangelista di Pian di Meleto. Together they were to execute

a large altarpiece for the church at Città di Castello, midway between Urbino and Perugia.[1]

From this work it was relatively easy to proceed to Perugia, there to work with Perugino. Perugino was not only an acknowledged master, but a genius in rendering light and air effects; and in his workshop Raphael set himself to labor scrupulously and to profit from the master's teachings.

Much has been written of the effect of Perugino's art upon Raphael. But the actual time which Raphael spent with him was short, and no doubt the reverence in which the older man was held by the younger accounted, to a large extent, for the opinions of later writers concerning Raphael's indebtedness to him. At that time the workshop of Perugino was the best patronized in Italy, and it is significant that from among the versatile achievements of his many admirers and pupils, Perugino quickly recognized the genius of this new pupil. Before long, Raphael had become almost the head of the studio—a sort of master in charge of the workers—and himself supervised the making of the countless *Madonnas* for which the workshop was famous.

It is true, and it is only to be expected, that during this period the young Raphael, not yet of age, should have adapted himself to the ways of his master. He was by nature sweet and kind, ever willing to accommodate himself and his work to the desires of his friends and benefactors. And what Perugino desired he was willing to undertake. Thus his painting of *The Crucifixion* bore so great a resemblance to the qualities of Perugino's own work that only the finest experts could tell the difference. But on the other hand the more important and interesting *Coronation of the Virgin* shows only an outward resemblance to the peculiar art of Perugino, possessing as it does a far more vertebrate structure and a more intense feeling for architectural design—the same sort of exact, orderly design which had been the outstanding quality in the work of

[1] The only two surviving fragments of these paintings were shown at the Italian Exhibition (1931) in London.

Raphael's father. In this work Raphael deliberately suppressed the more ethereal nuances. Still other pictures, which Raphael executed later, show how he incorporated certain qualities from the work of Perugino, but at the same time retained something of his own. On the other hand, when Raphael, during the years of his association with Perugino, drew the older artist's portrait, he did so in his own native manner, with the result that the masterpiece is distinctively Umbrian both in style and in essence.

Perugino, on his part, learned also from Raphael. For some time he was undoubtedly as much under the influence of his pupil as vice versa, and such a work, for example, as his *Madonna Adoring the Child* might easily have passed for one of Raphael's paintings. Both here, and in other pictures of Perugino's later years, there is a more instinctive and natural tonal effect, brighter color and stronger form, both in design and in decoration.

But it is easy to overestimate the influence of each artist upon the other. For they remained together less than three years; that is, only until Raphael had passed his twentieth birthday.

Meanwhile, as Raphael was working in Perugia, the army of Cesare Borgia, intent upon unifying the Italian city states, had sacked Urbino. The Duke Guidobaldo and his family had fled. Only after the death of Pope Alexander VI in 1503, and the accession of his uncle, Julius II, was the Duke able to return.

After the passing of that winter, and the return of peace, Raphael also, having learned all that he could learn at Perugia, decided to go back to Urbino.

But there was little that Urbino could do for Raphael. The city and the court had both been impoverished in the recent war, and there were no commissions of note. But the widowed sister of Duke Guidobaldo, Giovanna della Rovere, remembered the boy's father and determined to do what she could to help the son. She it probably was who directed young

Raphael's attention to Florence, which seemed, in those years, to be the most important center of art in all Italy. There the fame of Leonardo da Vinci, now an old man upwards of fifty, and of the young Michelangelo, who was then twenty-nine (not to mention the wealth of munificent patrons), was attracting a large number of artists and humanists.

So it came about that toward the end of the year Raphael went to seek his fortune in Florence, provided with a letter of recommendation from the Lady Giovanna to the Florentine Gonfalonier, Piero Soderini, friend of Machiavelli and co-master of the Republic. Raphael was then twenty-one years of age, yet already his fame had begun to outweigh the handicap of years. He had done good work; perhaps he would receive a chance to do more.

At the time when Raphael arrived in Florence, the Medicis were, of course, in temporary exile, but the Florentine Academy which Lorenzo the Magnificent had founded (prior to his death in 1492) was active. Leonardo was then engaged in preparing his cartoon for the great painting in the Palazzo Vecchio, and his young rival, Michelangelo, was busily at work on a companion piece. By the works of these acknowledged masters Raphael was naturally and duly impressed. Their work, affecting as it did his unduly observant eyes with a new insight into pictorial possibilities, was to influence his coming endeavors.

Soderini received him kindly. Raphael was undoubtedly a young man of promise, and eminently suited to be the protégé of such families as the Gonzagas and the Montefeltros. He was accordingly introduced to various men of note, who also received him hospitably. At the home of the architect, Baccio d'Agnolo, he met socially many of the great artists of Florence. He met also Fra Bartolommeo, with whom he formed a friendship that was to endure for the remainder of his life.

Now and then he was received into the studios of various artists, where he obtained his first practice, presumably, in making life drawings from the nude, as well as in studying

anatomical drawings from dissected corpses. Gradually the ideas and affectations which had characterized the works of Perugino began to appear less significant: he would soon learn to slough off those mannerisms. Here also he had opportunity to visit the galleries and churches in which the works of Leonardo and Michelangelo, the carvings of Ghiberti and Donatello, and the frescoes of Masaccio and Masolino appeared.

But these opportunities were opportunities for observation and learning rather than for practice and for recognition. His earnings were nil. He might be a young man with a good future, but that future seemed still to be ahead of him. For Florence was a great city filled with talents of all sorts, long recognized. His new acquaintances treated him cordially—they were, of course, interested in him, to a certain extent—but they did not become too intimate; neither did they interest themselves on his behalf to the extent of helping him secure commissions. He was, consequently, still an outsider. It seemed that commissions, both big and little, went to those artists who were already "established." Nothing came to him; and so, despite the good wishes of his new friends, Raphael was left more and more alone and dependent upon more and more dwindling resources.

So, in the autumn of 1505, being considerably in want, he was, perforce, obliged to return to Perugia. Here he was known, and here he obtained a number of commissions, among others that for the famous *Ansidei Madonna* (now in the Pierpont Morgan Collection).[2]

In 1506 Raphael was back in Urbino, having profited from his experiences, if not financially. The Duke of Urbino was now in a better position and could afford to aid the young

[2] In 1884 this painting was purchased from the Duke of Marlborough by the National Gallery in London for the sum of 70,000 pounds—at that time an amount which represented more than three times the highest price ever before paid for a single picture. Its present valuation can only be guessed at. In 1506 the artist made it—yielding to the necessity of imitating the style of Perugino—to earn his daily bread. A quite materialistic enterprise, his supercilious critics would, I suppose, have little compunction in declaring! But what would the huge sum at which the picture is now valued have meant to Raphael in those days?

man. (He was still only twenty-three.) Several pictures were painted by Raphael for the Duke, among others one of *St. George,* which was to be sent as a gift to Henry VII of England. A friend of Raphael's, Baldassare Castiglione, author of the famous *Courtier,* was the bearer of the gift to the Tudor king.

Toward the end of the year 1506, Raphael, now with a considerable sum of money at his disposal as the result of his "secular efforts," was able to return to Florence. Here he was to remain for the next two years, completing, as his critics have announced, his "Florentine period." And here, during these two years, he was to paint some of his finest works in oil.

Under the influence of the Florentines, particularly that of Andrea del Sarto, creator of the most colorful hues in the Florentine galaxy, Raphael was to discover a new warmth and a new feeling of humanity which were to take him farther away from the milder ideas of Umbria and Perugia. Here in Florence, during the years 1507 and 1508, he created his *Madonna of the Meadow,* an effort that "pays tribute" to the technique of Leonardo da Vinci; and also the famous group known as *La Belle Jardinière,* which in design of planning, charm, gesture and drapery, is excelled by nothing else in the Louvre. Here also he completed his most famous masterpiece, the *Sistine Madonna,* now in the Dresden gallery.

Much of the success of these Madonna paintings is due to the influence of Raphael's father and of the Umbrian painters. They had a sense of delicacy and of humanity which they translated into the visual symbol of mother and child with such charm of design and tenderness of feeling as to appeal both to untutored and tutored minds. With the general public these paintings, which represent, in the quotation at the head of this chapter, the "smaller edifice" of his work, determined Raphael's fame.

Another Florentine painter, Raphael's best friend in Florence, Fra Bartolommeo, had a strong influence upon Raphael's work. He had a remarkable gift for the arrangement of mate-

rials in the most graceful and harmonious manner. It was a single great accomplishment, but Raphael learned from him.

Toward the close of his Florentine period, Raphael received two important commissions from Perugia: a fresco of the *Trinity* and a painting of *The Entombment*, ordered by Atalanta Baglioni for the chapel of her son, Griffonetto. The latter was a particularly important commission and one to which Raphael devoted much time and trouble in an endeavor to incorporate in it, perhaps by request, all that he had learned of the Florentine art. In his quest after all the new technical perfections, however, he lost his sense of feeling, and the resultant picture possessed every merit except that of spirituality. The work was a failure, from the artistic standpoint, but by people at large it was hailed as a masterpiece. (*Sic semper.*) Raphael was now one of the truly elect artists of the Florentine School. Great things were prophesied for him.

He was to live up to those prophecies. He was now but twenty-five years of age, and in the twelve remaining years of his life he was to produce so large and so marvelous an output that it has often been doubted whether such genius ever has been or can be equaled.

At this time Pope Julius II was the uncle of the Duke of Urbino; and either to the Urbino Court or to Urbino's fellow-countryman, the architect Bramante, the Pope now turned for advice as to where he could secure an artist to decorate some rooms in the Vatican. Certainly Bramante recommended Raphael: whom else, we do not know; but in the late autumn of 1508 Raphael was journeying to Rome with a new commission that was to make his greatest reputation among the greatest artists of his time, and to revolutionize his own ideas of art. A dividing point in his own development and in the history of renaissance art was now reached.

For in Rome Raphael was no longer the student; no longer was he forced to follow the wishes of his masters and the commands of his patrons. He was, in effect, an independent artist, carrying out the suggestions of, but at the same time

himself advising, the papal authorities. For the first time in his life he was relatively free. Relatively, we say, because there was ever in Raphael's nature a kindliness and a desire to please, which kept him from being entirely independent of the wants and wishes of other persons. In that sense, his time was not entirely his own: he was always at the beck and call of those to whom he felt obligated, of those also whom he respected or loved. It was this quality—a weakness only in lesser men—which prohibited, perhaps, the complete realization of all his aims. But in this characteristic lay his charm and much of his sincerity.

And what was the ideal which he now hoped to achieve? To comprehend it one must realize what hopes and ideals had stirred in his father, and what hopes and ideals stirred also in the son. For the elder Santi, art had lived side by side with business; he began too late in life to achieve genius. Yet there must have been in him some finer urge which prompted a quest into the infinite reaches of poetry and of art. Perhaps he also had been in search of some great secret, the finding of which would lead to visible and artistic truth, to a realization of the infinite possibilities of some spiritual world: a glimpse, perhaps, of that road to ultimate truth of which some men eternally dream. To acquire this secret, however, there was needed a more stable foundation than the erratic and shaky world of the fifteenth century had provided. Yet undoubtedly the hopes and the dreams of the father—with regard to art, tradition and truth—lived on in the son; and when Raphael now came to Rome it seemed to him that all the best traditions of ancient Italian life were thrown open to his gaze; that there was, at last, a possibility of his finding a stable foundation from which one could measure and project artistic excellence. This world lay before his eyes in Rome, where classical perceptions and traditions had lingered and, in recent times, been encouraged by the efforts of the Humanist Popes.

But Raphael was also a young man and therefore recep-

tive to the influences of the social life in which he found himself suddenly plunged. And so, as was customary in those times, he lived, now that he was earning munificent sums, as prodigally and with as much luxury as was common among the better known artists of his day. But he never forbore to save a certain amount of money—perhaps his past difficulties had taught him self-control, perhaps he had inherited some thrifty traits from his mountain-village ancestors—and as time went on, he grew relatively well-to-do. But he was always kind and generous. The pupils who came, all too quickly, to his door, he received with consideration and courtesy; he maintained more than fifty in all, and two of them he took into his own house, into the Palazzo di Bramante, near St. Peter's.

A letter written to his uncle, Simone Ciarla, in 1514, indicates that the new success which came so suddenly to Raphael during his years in Rome did not go to his head. He wrote modestly, but not boastfully, of his successes, of the money which was being paid to him, of the "work in hand," and of a certain more or less "advantageous match" with Maria Bibbiena, which had been suggested to him by Cardinal Babbiarii. Maria Bibbiena, it seems, was a niece of another Cardinal, Bernardo Divizio, and for matters of policy Raphael was engaged to her for six years, although he never married her.

For there was another girl to whom Raphael's heart was more sincerely attracted. She was called "Bella Fornarina," but her real name was Margherita Luti, and she was the daughter of a relatively poor baker from Siena. Her baker father was named Francesco Luti, and he lived in one of the many houses that belonged to the Sassi family, according to a census report of 1518. Agostino Chigi, Raphael's banker friend, "the Rothschild of his time," referred to her and evidently knew of her, as well as her relations with Raphael. It was this girl, loved by Raphael, who undoubtedly served as the model for the *Donna Velata,* for the most beautiful head in the *Saint Cecilia,* and probably for the *Sistine Madonna.*

But little is known of either of these women, although we

shall come to them again; because for the most part Raphael lived quietly and kept his inner thoughts very much to himself.

In Rome Raphael knew and corresponded with the great poets and humanists of his day, as well as with the artists. The greatest Italian poet since Dante, Ariosto; the Pope himself, Julius II; the humanist author, Pietro Bembo; and Raphael's more intimate friends, Cardinal Bibbiena and Count Baldassare, befriended him and aided him in his artistic, historic and archaeologic activities.

Raphael was deeply interested in the history and the archaeology of ancient Rome. Tired, perhaps, of his efforts to assimilate the genius of varied artists, he turned to the classical bases of art that were being brought to light by the efforts of Roman archaeologists and scholars, and found there a flexible structural criterion for future efforts. Far from seeing in classical principles of art the cold and rigid formulae of academic regulations, Raphael, with as keen an artistic eye as any genius has ever boasted, looked through the efforts of the past ages and saw in them a mode of accomplishing that ideal formula for which all artists seek. To him the classical principle appeared as a malleable and constantly revealing medium upon which one might graft countless forms, in never-ending variety. And in that manner he proceeded to use it, not in the restricted, hidebound sense in which his ceaseless imitators ever afterward utilized it, but as something fresh and new, which could be adapted and readapted to new and changing systems of expression.

The Stanze (the rooms in the Vatican) which Raphael had been brought to Rome to decorate, were the half-finished creations of the Humanist Pope, Nicholas V, the same man who had befriended Valla more than a half century before. It was here that great medallions of Theology, Philosophy, Jurisprudence and Poetry—symbolically expressed—were fixed in the ceiling, and on the four walls beneath great frescoes were painted. To the right, as one entered the first room, Raphael executed his *Disputa,* representing Theology and the dispute

over the sacrament. Next to it was the lunette of *Prudence, Temperance* and *Fortitude* (the three cardinal virtues) corresponding to the idea of Jurisprudence. Opposite the *Disputa* he painted *The School of Athens,* under the figure of Philosophy; and lastly, to the left of the entrance, the *Parnassus,* beneath the symbol of Poetry.

These frescoes were at once recognized as the most remarkable allegoric paintings that had ever been made; and to modern eyes they seem no less remarkable than they did to the eyes of the Papal Court more than four centuries ago. But here we can not be concerned with a pedantic examination of works that have been treated by countless critics and authors. Suffice it to say that while the frescoes were created along classical lines, no such compositional science had yet been seen, combining, as it did, the gigantic and monumental qualities of Michelangelo at his best, and the portraiture of Raphael at his best.

In 1512 Raphael undertook his work upon the second chamber, the Stanza d'Eliodoro. Influenced, perhaps, by the Venetian masters, Giorgione and Del Piombo, Raphael, in his first great fresco here, the *Mass of Bolsena,* planned to recreate in Rome the "Venetian secret" of coloring. He did so in a manner that was never rivaled, either by Giorgione or by the later Titian. Many critics hailed it as his best work; all are agreed that in some respects it rivals the *Parnassus.* In this work it becomes apparent that Raphael had learned one secret concerning classical treatments which his imitators have apparently not learned: viz., that colored decoration was not in keeping with monumental or sculptural forms. So he discarded his former ideas of volume and projection and set about the creation of vigorous and lifelike depictions by depending upon sharp and crisp color and tonal contrasts.

All of Roman society was delighted and astounded by the amazing versatility and proficiency evinced by Raphael in his gigantic frescoes. By 1513 he had verified, a hundred times over, Bramante's praise of him, and when that famous archi-

tect died in the following year, it was discovered that he had nominated Raphael to be his successor as the architect in the rebuilding of St. Peter's.

Meanwhile, Raphael's painting in the Vatican had still to be carried on; and all the while his friends, the Pope himself and other rich and powerful personages, were pressing him with all sorts of requests and demands.

Thus he was led to paint a number of small portraits, the *Unknown Cardinal, Julius II, Castiglione,* a number of *Virgins,* and other works, besides studying architectural plans and even, at the request of the Pope and papal secretaries, designing models for statues.

Leo X, the next Pope, who succeeded Julius II, was tremendously concerned with his "golden court" and with the creation of new artistic works. He was a man of strange enthusiasms and often besieged Raphael with all sorts of outlandish requests, such as the painting of scenery for a temporary theater, or the painting of a life-size portrait of his pet elephant, a present from the King of Portugal. Incidentally, to add to Raphael's difficulties, this portrait had to be painted after the animal was already dead.

All these requests and obligations Raphael, in the kindness of his heart, felt obliged to accede to. He even attempted, probably to his own dislike, to direct a group of workers in the engraving of precious metals; he himself making designs for pieces of silver and for examples of wood carving which others were to execute.

But even after he had attained to this new popularity and prestige, there was nothing in Raphael's attitude to detract from his inherent modesty and charm of manner. He used many of his newly acquired funds to support needy scholars; and yet his ready and kind disposition led him into no mild acceptance of principles that were in themselves utterly foreign and distasteful to him. Thus, the story is told by Castiglione that once when two cardinals were looking at one of Raphael's works, as yet unfinished, they objected because the

faces of St. Peter and St. Paul were, to their eyes, considerably too red.

"Be not concerned, my lords," answered Raphael. "For I painted them so with full intention, since we have reason to believe that St. Peter and St. Paul are just as red in Heaven as you see them here. A pity it is, indeed, that their church should be governed by men like you!"

Ever since he had first seen Rome, a passion for antique and ancient things had laid hold of Raphael. "I wish," he wrote to Castiglione, "to rediscover the principles that underlie the beautiful forms of the antique." From the first, he had been among the most indignant in his protests against the destruction of ancient buildings and monuments. He was especially indignant against those builders who had, for many years past, used the stones and marbles of ancient Rome to secure lime for their new structures. And so in 1515 he was given authority in a special Papal Brief to forbid by law, wherever he saw fit, the destruction of antique monuments and inscriptions. Moreover, he was appointed official inspector of all excavations in the city of Rome and for ten miles roundabout. With the help of his friend, Castiglione, he planned a formal survey and measurement of the entire city, in which the size and position of every important building of classical times would be registered. This monumental report was to require most of his time and energy from 1518 until his death two years later; and it may have been that owing to the strain of this overwork he contracted the fevers and chills which led to his death—possibly while working in some malarial quarter of the old city.

Meanwhile the newer frescoes and many of the later portraits had to be carried on with the aid of assistants. *The Expulsion of Heliodorus, The Meeting of Leo I with Attila* and *The Deliverance of St. Peter* are more or less clumsily executed; and Raphael has been blamed by artists and by critics who never attempted to produce one-tenth as much as he did, for having yielded to the desire for gain or to the desire for

ease, or to both, and for having endeavored to make a name and a fortune out of the works of other men.

While these works were progressing, under as much of Raphael's care and direction as he could afford to give to them, he was also concerned with reinforcing the fabric of the Church of St. Peter, the piers of which, erected in too great haste by his friend and benefactor, Bramante, were already in a state of collapse. To add to his difficulties his wealthy friend, the banker Chigi, was urging upon him the execution, long promised, of two great frescoes, the *Galatea* and *The Sibyls:* works which undoubtedly influenced the later productions of Correggio.

Raphael from this time onward found his work more and more subject to criticism. The fact is that he was attempting to do too much: literally, he was working himself to death. But even at that, altogether too much of the work was, in the eyes of his detractors, being done by assistants; or else, according to them, the genius was losing his powers.

Meanwhile, the hangers-on, assistants and pupils of Raphael had developed into a small army, and the little palazzo built for him by the architect Bramante was too small to accommodate them. It seems that the Pope also had been talking of making him a cardinal. A larger palace would, in any event, be necessary.

On March 24, 1520, Raphael signed a contract to purchase the site for a larger residence. Less than a fortnight later he was dead. Fevers, chills and nervous exhaustion had seized upon his overworked and overwrought body; and the power of resistance was no longer there.

Margherita Luti, the baker's daughter from Siena, was with him to the moment of his death. According to Vasari, Raphael had already provided for her future, leaving her a large sum of money; but according to the records of the Congregation of Sant'Apollonia in Trastevere (a home for fallen, but repentant women) about four months after Raphael's death there was the following entry: "August 18, 1520. Today has

been received into our establishment the widow Margarita, daughter of the late Francesco Luti of Siena." [8] It is possible that death came too suddenly for him to make adequate provision for the only woman whom, it can be assumed, he ever really loved. But his total estate, when audited, was valued at the equivalent of 30,000 pounds. His fortune went to his relatives; his drawings and sketches to his favorite pupils, Giulio Romano and Francesco Penni.

Raphael died on his thirty-seventh birthday, April 6, 1520. It is said that immediately after his death the earth trembled and the walls of the Vatican cracked so alarmingly that the Pope was forced to leave his apartment. The superstitious declared that these natural portents were similar to those which had happened at the death of Christ. And less than a week afterward Agostino Chigi, Raphael's wealthy friend and patron, followed him to the grave. Meanwhile, grief and consternation filled the city of Rome and special prayers were offered as the body of Raphael was laid to rest in the venerated Pantheon.

Some time afterward Raphael's fiancée also died; many declared that she died of a broken heart. On her tomb there was inscribed the following epitaph, said to have been written by Raphael in his last illness: "We, Baldassare Turini da Pescia and Granbattista Branconi dell' Aguila, testamentary executors and recipients of the last wishes of Raphael, have raised this memorial to his affianced wife, Maria, daughter of Antonio da Bibbiena, whom death deprived of a happy marriage." One cannot help wondering about the authenticity of its authorship.

Raphael left the harshness and rigidity of the old classical method behind, giving to his work a fluency and a grace that differentiate it from that of all his predecessors. His early frescoes cannot have been influenced by Michelangelo, for they

[8] *A di 18 Augusti 1520. Hoggi e stata recenta nel uro Conservaloris ma^a. Margarita vedoa, figliola del quondam Francescho Luti da Siena.*

were done before the older painter first displayed his Sistine ceiling. Like any scholar he had learned what he could wherever he could; but in the last analysis his own work was not dependent upon method, but rather upon genius. For his principles and methods have been ceaselessly imitated, but the results have never been the same. That genius, moreover, came as the result of intense and unrelenting study and effort that led to a new proficiency and to a new artistic construction in which classicism itself entered only as a means to an end.

This "weak and frail creature" designed and executed more than forty major compositions in the last few years of his life, in addition to the monumental work entailed by his great frescoes. The *Galatea* was completed within a fortnight; each of the great figures in the *School of Athens* was painted in less than a day. It has been claimed frequently that Raphael's sense of order and design was equaled by no other artist; and it should also be pointed out that what has so frequently passed as imitation in his paintings is rather the result of what was perhaps the greatest possible degree of versatility: a versatility that could produce works that resembled in all respects those of the other great masters of his day and that could produce also works unlike those of his rivals, surpassing them both in precision and in power of execution.

When his passion was aroused he could say exactly what he meant without equivocation. In this respect he was certainly not a weakling. Thus, in reporting the condition of ancient buildings to Pope Leo X, he declared hotly, and in contradiction to the claims not only of his own contemporaries but of many of our own as well:

With what justice can we complain of the Goths and the Vandals . . . when those who should defend these poor relics of ancient Rome, as fathers and guardians, have been the most active ones in destroying them! How many pontiffs . . . have permitted the destruction of former temples . . . and other glorious monuments of the founders of our country! How many among them have allowed the foundations of ancient

buildings to be laid bare for the sake of the pozzolana. . . !

Here were words worthy of a Morris.

It may well be doubted whether William Morris, himself an active man in the preservation of the ancient buildings of Britain, and all the other staunch defenders of the Pre-Raphaelites, would have condemned Raphael and his influence as much as they did, if they had but known the real facts concerning his life and his accomplishments. Just as the fame of Morris himself has been in part blackened in relatively recent times by the crude endeavors of his artistic imitators to reproduce his efforts; so also was the fame of Raphael blackened by the corroding influences of imitators who lacked his perception, his comprehension of basic principles, his understanding of what classical art really signified, and were capable only of trying to produce ostensible external likenesses of his work.

But those ostensible external likenesses were to set a new trend in all the arts, helping to usher in that decadent neo-classicism which throve for three centuries after Raphael's death: a classicism which was to show its worst features under the mistaken notions of a Gainsborough,—or of a Reynolds, who, forgetting or ignorant of Raphael's real principles, once declared that contemporary military uniforms could not be introduced into the painting of *The Death of General Wolfe* "without offending the proprieties of classical art." As if Raphael himself had not used contemporary costumes and decorations!

So it came to pass that a mistaken view of Raphael's real notions led to the modernization of art, which has been glibly attributed to the influence of Raphael. Yes, Raphael modernized art; but the classicism and neo-classicism (so-called) of the Post-Raphaelites was not the art of Raphael.

VII. PHILIPPUS PARACELSUS: Who fathered chemistry and medicine

Meanwhile, I have done well, though not all well,
As yet men cannot do without contempt;
'Tis for their good, and therefore fit awhile
That they reject the weak and scorn the false,
Rather than praise the strong and true in me:
But after, they will know me. If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendour, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.

THE closing years of the fifteenth century produced more geniuses than any comparable score of years in human history. Then were born all sorts of modern men—astronomers, religious reformers, humanists, artists, poets, philanthropists and many others—filled with virtue and with *virtu,* gifted, it would seem, by the gods themselves. Among so worthy a constellation fame shone so brightly that even genius itself was sometimes obscured. Among men such as Aretino, Ariosto, Rabelais, Reuchlin, Agrippa, Ficinus, Luther, Zwingli, Melanchthon, Cardanus, Vesalius, Raphael, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Machiavelli, Copernicus, Sir Thomas More, Erasmus, Colombo, Loyola, Xavier and many others, one is apt to forget that this age also produced the man who revolutionized science, fathering both modern chemistry and modern medicine. Yet this man was one of the most gifted and most typical of renaissance geniuses. He had the egotism, the generosity, the *virtu,* the independence of spirit and of mind, that made the greatest men of the Renaissance what they were. And he was among the bravest of those courageous innovators

who helped to slough off the thousand-year-old cake of custom that had held the civilization of the Middle Ages in thrall.

His real name was Aureolus (a star among stars) and the rest of it was Philippus Theophrastus Bombastes von Hohenheim. He usually called himself Philippus Theophrastus Paracelsus: Paracelsus signifying that in medical knowledge he surpassed the physician Celsus. He was as outspoken as he was honest. The treatment of human suffering he regarded as the highest vocation of man; and his most dominant aim in life was to bring about the purification of the medical profession, both in practice and in ethics.

Because Paracelsus did not "turn up his nose" at "humble learning" and at "humble people," and sometimes paid overmuch attention to alchemy, astrology and superstition, his enemies have accused him of being a victim of the superstitions of his age. But who, in that age, was less a victim? Who else, in that age, placed himself above the knowledge and the "authenticity" of his contemporaries? Their learning, somewhat rightly perhaps, he despised. And above all, he, more than any other man of his day, made the greatest advance in the practice of medicine that had been made since the wise men of Alexandria flourished in an age more than three times as remote from his as his age now is from ours.

There can be no question that the doctors and natural scientists of that age—if there be any that can claim such names —were victimized by the superstitions of their time, and that none other, of consequence, fought against the "authenticity" of his contemporaries. Indeed, if the truth be told, chemical and medical knowledge in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was suffering a decline rather than a rebirth. The doctors of the Renaissance were often more ignorant than the doctors of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The majority of them were more superstitious. Belief in the supernatural and in the occult, credence of witchery and of devil worship, had again come into the ascendant.

If one turns to any of the scientific treatises of the Middle

Ages, e.g., the *De Proprietatibus* of Bartholomew Anglicus, written in the middle of the thirteenth century, he will find a good deal of information on the subject of mental therapy, diet, quiet and rest. Cancerous and leprous wounds should be cut out, and the corrupted parts burned with a torch for purification. Among the veins there are some called the great arteries, needful to bring healthful blood and heat "from the heart to all the other members" and these "arteries are made and composed of two small clothings or skins, called curtels . . . the inner have wrinkles and folding overthwart, and their substance is harder" than the outer. Madness, we learn, is an infection of the foremost cell of the head, which comes, sometimes, from passions of the soul: too many "great thoughts"; too much thinking of business; too much sorrow, study, or dread; and the medicine for madness is that the person be bound, so that he hurt neither himself nor other men. "Such shall be refreshed and comforted and withdrawn from cause and matter of dread and busy thoughts. And they must be gladdened with instruments of music, and to some extent be occupied with thoughts and acts of other things." For fevers, one's diet must be "full scarce," and the patient's head "be wet with lukewarm vinegar. . . . All that be about him shall be commanded to be still and in silence."

Of course, in addition to the common-sense cures of the Middle Ages there were many remedies that had been handed down in the writings of Avicenna and Galen—as "when holy men telleth that the spittle of a fasting man slayeth serpents and adders, and is venom to venomous beasts." Or, in order to cure a fever: "The head is shaven and plastered with the lungs of a swine, or of a wether, or of a sheep; the temples and forehead shall be anointed with the jouice of lettuce, or of a poppy. If after these medicines are thus applied, the woodness endureth three days without sleep, there is no hope of recovery."

A cure for madness that had circulated for more than a thousand years was to swinge the victim on his bare back with a whip made from toad-skins or from the skins of porpoises.

This remedy persisted well into the eighteenth century in England. As late as Cromwell's time, an official of the Presbyterian government named Matthew Hopkins obtained the rank of *Witchfinder General* and went about the country with a "pricking needle" to ascertain whether or not people had been bewitched by Satan. All persons who reacted unfavorably to his "prickings" were, with the full consent of the House of Commons, tried and hanged. It was not until the reign of George II that a stop was put to witch persecutions.

In France, witch burnings persisted until well into the reign of Louis XIV, and in Spain they lasted until the nineteenth century.

In the sixteenth century, long after the time of Paracelsus, it required special training and skill to distinguish a "white witch" from a "black witch." Prophesying mystics and Flagellants, who hoped to purify their bodies and their souls by mental and physical self-maceration, respectively, flourished throughout the Renaissance.

Occult arts were especially frowned upon, although the despots of all the renaissance countries, from Italy to Sweden and Scotland, employed occult practitioners, just as they would employ body-guards. In the seventeenth century "the Galigai" was indicted for exercising occult influence upon Marie de' Medici, and in England the homicidally inclined Countess of Somerset was accused of obtaining mystic and occult knowledge from the notorious Dr. Forman. Joan of Navarre, the widow of Henry IV, was formally accused in the Parliament of 1420 of having wrought the death of her stepson, Henry V, "in the most high and horrible manner that can be conceived" —by virtue of "the unholy incantations" of Roger of Salisbury—and was imprisoned on this charge in the castle of Pevensy for two years. In 1441 the Duchess of Gloucester, one Marguery Jourdain (an English "witch of the eye") and an astrologer named Bolingbroke sought the death of Henry VI, the last of the Lancastrians, through astrological means and by melting his image in wax over a slow fire made of a

dead man's bones in order to enable Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, to succeed to the throne. The Duchess was banished to the Isle of Man; Bolingbroke was hanged; and the witch, Marguery Jourdain, was burned at the stake because of having exercised "the evil eye."

When Joan of Arc was tried, the prosecution claimed sorcery and dancing with village maids around an ancient fairies' oak-tree—a custom common over all Europe in the fifteenth century. Even Shakespeare, more than a century and a half later, in his *Henry VI,* represents Joan of Arc as a witch attended by fiends from hell—fully believing the propaganda of the chroniclers. In Richard III's reign, that fiendish ruler found it convenient to accuse Edward IV's widow, Elizabeth Woodville, mother of Elizabeth of York, and his own mistress, Jane Shore, of having utilized sorcery to compass his own ill-health in the hope that he would lose control of his "political rights." James III of Scotland, a superstitious coward and a victim of all the sorts of sexual debauchery known to the initiated members of his court, believed in demons and incantations—a trait that was perpetuated, and perhaps inherited, by his descendant, James I of England. One of the main charges of Henry VIII against Anne Boleyn, mother of Queen Elizaabeth of England, was that she had "practised witchcraft" against him; and a few years later, in 1541, he persuaded Parliament to pass the Statute of Witchcraft, forbidding spells, invocations, image making and prophecies under penalty of "death without benefit of clergy."

Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft,* published in 1584, admitted that poisoners, cozeners and soothsayers were frequently termed witches. But he believed in natural magic, in the properties of things, such as toads, snakes and precious stones, and admitted that such inventions as the compass, the telescope and gunpowder, although in an earlier age they might have been deemed "diabolical inventions," could only be regarded, in the enlightened sixteenth century, as "natural magic." But Reginald Scott's book was far too enlightened for

its age, and when the superstitious James I—"The Wisest Fool in Christendom"—came to the throne, one of his first acts, 1603, was to have Parliament order the burning of *The Discovery of Witchcraft.*

In 1489, three years before Paracelsus was born, Pope Innocent VIII issued a Papal Bull against all members of both sexes "who have intercourse with the infernal fiends; or all who blight the marriage-bed, blast the crops, or wither the grapes." There ensued a magnificent witch-hunt, and almost two hundred "allies of Satan and the infernal fiends" were burned in northern Italy. In 1524 more than one thousand persons were burned by the Bishop of Como. Nicolas Réni, in France, said that he sent over "800 wizards and witches to the stake in . . . sixteen years of office."

Many were the stories that were circulated about the injudicious use of poisons. Every modern reader knows some of the stories about the poisons of the Borgias. Pope Alexander VI and his illegitimate son, Cesare Borgia, were supposed to employ the most death-dealing concoctions known to history; but these stories, despite the credence of twentieth-century readers, are mostly fables. Enemies of Catherine de' Medici in France stated that her machinations enabled an Italian named Montecuculi to poison the Dauphin Francis in 1537, by giving him a glass of poisoned water after a tennis match. (The Italian was hanged, drawn and quartered—but Francis died, no doubt, from natural effects.) An even wilder Huguenot tale was that Catherine arranged to poison Jeanne d'Albret, queen of Navarre, in 1572, by giving her a pair of poisoned gloves. The poison, however, was never brought to light. But it required a good deal of human credulity to believe that so uncertain a means of poisoning would be employed by a clever assassin.

All the rulers and nobles of Europe, from the despots of Byzantium to Eric of Sweden, were the victims of superstitious beliefs regarding medicines, incantations, sorcery, witchcraft, and occult practices in general. Many noblemen, as well

as physicians and doctors and common persons, sold their souls to the devil. Under such conditions it might only be natural for a man who sought to understand something about the chemical and medicinal properties of things to associate with lowly persons. They could know no less than the highest—and perhaps, depending upon their occupations, they might know much more. Intelligent miners and farmers might know more about the properties of minerals and herbs than learned doctors, who had learned nothing new since "the dark ages of a now happily forgotten medieval past." It is this thought which brings us back to Paracelsus, the Swiss doctor who fathered modern chemistry and medicine.

Paracelsus was a pioneering physician who not only encouraged but also popularized (in a few limited circles) the uses of opiates and preparations of antimony, arsenic, iron, mercury and gold. No wonder his contemporaries regarded him as a practitioner of evil. It is certain that after Paracelsus lived, the legends of Dr. Faustus (who was, by the way, an historic character)[1] received a new impetus in many parts of Europe, from England to Transylvania. Paracelsus founded the modern practice of homeopathy in medicine. He popularized anew, for almost the first time since the days of the Romans, the uses of *Spas, Pfaffers,* baths and health-resorts. And with an energy and a spirit unlike those of the true mystic practitioners of the black arts and magic cures, he emphasized the desirability of spontaneous recovery from disease—nature being the strongest medicine, and medicine itself merely nature's ally in the battle of the life-organism against the inroads of disease.

The life of Paracelsus was filled with movement and adventure. Like many another rebel against the notions of his own day, he experienced the most odious persecution. Hunted from Basle and from other cities, he scoured Europe and the Near East. He frequented many universities, from Prague to

[1] Cf. Professor George Madison Priest's *Faust* (New York, Covici, Friede, 1932), pp. vii—ix.

Montpelier, from Naples to Copenhagen. Welcomed by nobles and by wealthy notables who secured his services and afterward threw him into prison, he revenged himself by recounting their deeds and foibles in his writings. In the rapidly dawning bourgeois world of sixteenth-century Europe, filled as it was with the materialistic strivings of aristocrats and commoners, he had the courage to call himself the doctor of the poor. For wherever he went he cared for the humble in spirit, as his father, another physician, had done before him. But he refused the least credit to the rich. He was, indeed, as Dr. Gaston Baissette has called him, "the Hippocrates of the Renaissance," but an Hippocrates with more passion than serenity: in effect he was "*un mèlange d'Hippocrate exalté et d'Aristophane sérieux.*"

The medical teaching of Paracelsus is set forth in his many books, from the *Archidoxa,* written at Basle, early in his academic career, to the monumental doctrinal treatise written at St. Gall in 1531. Besides these, he wrote many other manuscripts, but most of his texts, together with several which were only attributed to him, appeared after his death. During his own lifetime he published only a few treatises, among others the world famous *Prognosticatio.*

In each writing he opposed the medical knowledge that had come down through the Middle Ages from Galen's microcosmic theory. Paracelsus, like Hippocrates, and like all other minds that comprehend chemical syntheses, thought macrocosmically, i.e., of man's organisms in relation to the larger external world. Man inherits from the macrocosm, from the larger world, the habits, the organs, the substances that he needs. A disturbance in this internal-external harmony causes disease. Thus man can receive, or inherit, poisons. But, says Paracelsus, "other poisons may be used as a remedy"; and he sought to determine their proper uses as antidotes.

He affirmed that all matter is the combination of substances that possess three attributes, the properties of which, *in regard to destructibility,* he likened to the properties of

sulphur, mercury and salt. Herein, he believed, lay the basic principles, the limits and the sources, of all creation, mineral and organic. If, said he, you hold in your hand a piece of wood, you are apparently only in the presence of a single body—even a peasant can see that much. But you must learn to penetrate deeply into the constituent parts of this body, so that you may perceive the separate parts, harmoniously blended. When you perceive these constituent parts separately, and learn to distinguish one from another, you will have acquired *at last* the eyes through which any doctor must learn to see. In this wise did Paracelsus seek to lay a foundation for bio-chemical analysis.

So many writings have been attributed to Paracelsus, so many things have been said about him, and so little has actually been known about either the man or his life, that one must approach an understanding of the real man and of his real work with the greatest of caution. Among the French writers, his name has conjured up stories of the Kabbala and of necromancy: they have overestimated, perhaps, the Hermetism of his texts. Among German writers he has been hailed as the great therapeutist of the Renaissance: for it was he who pointed out almost four centuries ago the possible uses and the common origin in the Black Forest of the springs of Widbad, Lieben-Belks, and Baden-Baden, discoveries which were not widely acknowledged until the last century.

Erdman, in his *History of Philosophy,* states that he inaugurated the era of the modernist revival of a Philosophy of Nature—impregnating it with ideas that were later to find a rich sprouting-ground in eighteenth century Europe. Paré, sometimes called the father of modern surgery, is said to have acknowledged his indebtedness to Paracelsus. Goethe scholars have discovered in his writings, so they believe, much material and inspiration for the Goethean *Faust.* Mystics and quacks have turned to him as an infallible source for revelations of the occult. Other students have found in his works the earliest recognition of the need for modern methods in the natural

sciences. Every reader of English poetry knows how his life and thought inspired the studies of Robert Browning and led to the achievement of the short masterpiece, *Paracelsus.* Other men, on the other hand, are always ready for a dispute against any or all of these various claims.

The greatest difficulty in determining the true ideas of Paracelsus lies in the authenticity of his attributed and known writings. For they, like the writings of Socrates, Aristotle and Confucius, are known largely through the collections of his students and of later admirers. The original manuscripts have disappeared and most of those which are now in print appeared twenty years or more after his death. In a letter of Bartholomäus Schobinger (dated April, 1576, thirty-five years after Paracelsus died) it is stated that "Theophrastus, whom I knew well, and who lived in the house of my late brother-in-law for twenty-seven weeks, left behind him many books . . . in part occult [*verporgelich*] and a part of which he himself, in truth, did not understand or attempt to understand. . . . There are also many books now printed under his name, which Theophrastus himself neither saw nor made. For I knew well the mannerisms of Theophrastus, and his style of writing."

So one must proceed cautiously, using whatever critical judgment is most dependable; for in this spirit only can one look at the great Paracelsus.

Paracelsus, for one must use the name by which the world has best known him, was born in the ancient German-Swiss canton of Einsiedeln. From this birthplace he evolved the first of his many pseudonyms, *Eremita.* (In his early life he was indeed something of an eremite, but hardly in religion.)

The father of Paracelsus was a Swiss doctor, thought to have been the natural son of a German noble named Philip von Hohenheim. The father, although an excellent physician in his own time, never made any money, probably because his conscience rebelled at the thought of collecting fees from the poverty-stricken Swiss, Austrian and Slovenian peasants among

whom he spent his life practising. To them the elder physician was known as Doctor Wilhelm Bombast von Hohenheim.

Doctor von Hohenheim had married an honest and virtuous woman, well loved in Einsiedeln, and for Philippus, her only son, she designed a great medical future. The father must teach the boy all that he knew; experience and books must be provided at whatever cost; on many a walk around Lake Zürich the small boy, hardly able to walk and talk, must be instructed in the names and properties of all plants and herbs, both harmful and beneficial.

Far from the sterile erudition of the outer world, he was plunged into the study of natural phenomena; and thus early in his life the rearing and the education of the small boy begin to bear the marks of revolt. Curiosity regarding all earthly *forces*—rather than objects—was instilled in him from his earliest years. Around Zürich many people said that some of the natural forces of nature had been born in him: for he was brought to life in the ancient, haunted house that faced the Devil's Bridge, a wooden covered structure built on Roman arches over the roaring cataract of Einsiedeln. (A print of this house, made in 1577, is still extant.)

When Paracelsus was about nine years of age his father moved to Villach in Carinthia, then a center of learning. Here the father was to practise until his death in 1534, and here the family of von Hohenheim was well loved.

In Villach the wealthy family of Fugger—the richest in Germany—had caused a school of mines to be established; and what with the local interest in mineralogy and the paternal and maternal interest in medicine, there can be no doubt that the young Theophrastus early became fascinated with the possibilities of mineral and chemical learning.

Another wealthy family that possessed large mining interests was that of the Fügers of Schwatz (in the Tyrol). For some reason, perhaps medical, perhaps because they recognized the boy's genius, this family befriended Paracelsus. Years afterward Paracelsus wrote that he had learned much from "the

noble Sigmund Füger" and from a number of his employed artisans. Besides his associations with these people it is definitely known that Paracelsus actually worked as a laborer in their mines during his twenty-third year.

Among the Alps and the Dolomites the young Theophrastus grew to a sturdy and vigorous manhood. For the most part he lived an outdoor life; and though he was not much above the medium stature, he developed a hard and tough physique and enormous resilience. He had the hardihood of all the Alpine peoples and he learned the bluff, straightforward manner of living and of speaking which characterized them. To the French and Italians of the Renaissance, the Swiss and Tyrolese mountaineers spoke a barbaric tongue—coarse with oaths—and lived a barbaric life. At that time the young men from these mountains, often unable to make a decent living at home and filled with a natural wanderlust, took to soldiering. Swiss mercenaries were the most famous and reputedly the best soldiers in Europe.

The parents of Theophrastus emphasized to him the fact that he must travel far, learn much, and understand the world in which he lived. They had not money enough to send him to the universities, or to enable him to travel. The only way in which these things could be accomplished was by soldiering. And thus, early in his life, Paracelsus became a soldier and a wanderer.

For he was a soldier who was always on the move. He lived in the streets and alleys of many towns and cities; he served under no single feudal captain; he made no effort to follow duty, but rather went where his inclinations led him. When he had earned enough money to study, he stopped at this or at that place and studied medicine. He served frequently as an army surgeon, with Swiss and German mercenary troops as far south as Venice and Naples, as far north as Scandinavia. Between 1516 and 1526 he lived the sort of life which has been made famous for English readers by men such as Sir John Hawkyns, Captain Smith, Sir John Hawkwood, and by many

another adventurer. These men were the *condottiere* of the Renaissance.

During these years Paracelsus stopped now and then to practise medicine when soldiering failed, or when opportunity for greater earnings in medicine came his way. Thus, he was, for a while, a private practitioner of medicine in several parts of Scandinavia and presumably in several parts of France and Germany. But he saw and learned to know Europe, almost every mile of it, from Turkey to the Atlantic. England, Spain, Italy, Hungary and the Netherlands contributed to his experiences; but they did not know that they were harboring a great doctor and a great scientific radical.

There were two sides to the nature of Paracelsus. Outwardly he was none too prepossessing. His eyes were shrewd and sometimes passion flamed in them. His face had become coarse and hard. His temper was irascible. Like his Swiss and German forbears, he hated hypocrisy; he loathed the social ambitions which then characterized so many of the new bourgeois and petty nobility. He loved lowly people, seeing in them the virtues of truth, generosity and sincerity. For them he lived, giving his own knowledge and services in return for theirs, and asking nothing else by way of recompense. They said only what was in their own hearts, he wrote, and Paracelsus said only what was in his. Thus, despite the outward hardness and bluffness of manner, there lived in him a kindly spirit, a spirit that went out to meet humanity and sought sympathy and friendship. He despised all formalism; and while he studied with learned doctors in many cities and universities, there were few among them who won his own admiration or respect. He had no use for academic and intellectual veneering; he preferred to work hard in his scientific undertakings; to work, in fact, until the mind and body rebelled; and then to drown his sorrows and his weariness in some inn or tavern where lowly people sang and drank and loved.

But Paracelsus had no petty amours. Aside from his almost platonic affection for those who were simple and true, he loved

only his own chosen goddess of knowledge, of scientific and natural wisdom, and upon her he lavished all his affections. Some of his enemies said that he had no mistress because he was a eunuch. As a matter of fact Paracelsus had no mistress in all probability because he loved too deeply the simple and the pure of heart, and loathed too deeply those who were superficial in mind and in social and intellectual aspirations.

Thus, he came to associate with the vulgar herd—with soldiers, peasants, roustabouts, bar-maids, with everyone, in fact, from the great physicians of the great universities to the street-urchins and the executioners of the great university towns and cities. From one of his executioner friends, it is believed, Paracelsus received as a gift the great two-handed Swiss sword which he always carried in after years. But he kept his mind steadfastly upon that career which his mother and father and he himself had planned for him since his earliest days. And of this pursuit Paracelsus wrote:

I went in search of my art, often in danger of my life. I have not been ashamed to learn those things which to me have seemed useful—even from vagabonds, barbers and executioners. For we know how a lover will go a long way to meet the woman that he loves! How much the more, then, will the lover of wisdom be tempted to go in search of his divine mistress!

Somewhere between Copenhagen and Venice, Paracelsus received a doctorate in medicine. An official record of the city of Strassburg, where Paracelsus came to practise medicine in 1526, states that "Theophrastus von Hohenheim, Doctor of Medicine has purchased his citizenship [*Burgrecht*] and serves with the *Luzerne*. Wednesday, December 5, 1526."

Although at this time Paracelsus's speech was characterized by the brutal harshness of the average soldier who served in the Luzerne mercenary forces, he had learned, in his writing, to use a rich and almost esoteric language, full of symbolism, ideas, movement and force. This "secret vocabulary," the envy of the occult thinkers of all time, he had gleaned in part from one of the few masters whom he loved; viz., Master Trithem-

ius, Abbé of Wurtzburg, alchemist and occultist, who had for many years worked at the task of plumbing the depths of telepathic and magnetic knowledge. The glossary of Trithemius enabled him to interpret texts from the Chaldean prophets, from the Persian and Greek men of knowledge, down to the fathers of the Holy Scriptures. How much Paracelsus learned from Trithemius, or was influenced by him, we do not know; but we do know that by the time Paracelsus arrived in Strassburg, he had become a master in chemical, medical and occult knowledge. Moreover, he had developed a tremendous amount of magnetic power, almost hypnotic in effect, which lent confidence to his patients and aided nature, no doubt, to help effect the cures which his medicines were designed to bring about. At this time Paracelsus was thirty-one or thirty-two years of age.[2]

Strassburg was one of the metropolises of Germany in those days; and it was filled with intellectuals and with doctors who practised the medieval cures of the age. So, almost inevitably, Paracelsus quickly gained the ill-will of other medical men, men who knew nothing of the remedies and cures utilized by the "new physician." "In Strassburg," he wrote, "I pleased no one but the sick whom I cured." By his enemies he was much criticized for having led a vagrant life. To these accusations he replied:

The wanderings that I have thus far accomplished have proved of advantage to me, for the reason that no one's master grows in his own house, nor his teacher behind the stove. Also, all kinds of knowledge are not confined to the fatherland, but are scattered throughout the whole world. They are not in one man, nor in one place. They must be . . . sought and found where they exist. The stars bear witness that their inclinations are scattered wide. So; not for each man is his own village, but

[2] While it is known that Paracelsus died on September 24, 1541, his age at death has been variously placed at from 47 to 51. But a portrait, from which two medals were afterward struck, gave his age as 45 in 1538. This point has led to a fairly general assumption that he was born in 1493. It would be more exact to say that he was born sometime between October, 1492 and April, 1493.

according to the nature of the higher spheres. The radii pass on to their goals. Is it not proper, then, for me to seek out these goals and to find out their effects? If I should fail in this respect I should not be the Theophrastus that I am. Is it not true that knowledge pursues no one, but must rather be sought? Therefore, I have right and reason that I should go to seek it, and not it me. . . . Thus, if any one wishes to see a person or a city, to learn their names and customs . . . he must pursue them. . . . How can a good cosmographer or geographer develop behind a stove! . . . Not merely is it a matter of describing countries, as, for example, how people wear their pants, but courageously to attack the problem as to what sorts of diseases they possess. . . . The English humors are not the Hungarian; nor the Neapolitan the Prussian. Therefore, you must go where they are; and the more you seek them, the more you will experience, and the greater will be your understanding of your own fatherland.

Also, it is necessary that the physician be a chemist [*alchemist*]. *If, now, he wishes to be such, he must seek out the matrices in which the minerals grow. But the mountains will not come to him; he must go to them. For, where the minerals are, there also are the experts who know and understand them. . . . That which is written is investigated through its letters; but Nature, from land to land, remains Nature in its diversity. And as often a land, so also a people. This is the Codex of Nature!* Thus *must its leaves be turned!*

Ordinary people of the "higher education" of that day could not appreciate Paracelsus. He was recognized only by the superior minds, by superior men of genius, and these, unfortunately, were not scientists. But men of learning, humanists and laymen alike, heard of him and sometimes sent for him. Paracelsus himself never sought his clients.

In 1526 Herr Johann Froben, the famous publisher of Basle—not far from Strassburg—was suffering from a strange malady. Erasmus, the great Dutch humanist, and Oecolampadius, the most learned humanist of Switzerland, both of

whose works were published by the Froben press, were frequent visitors in the Froben household. Froben called upon Paracelsus to come and cure him. Erasmus also was ill at the time, and stood in need of medical attention. Paracelsus came, and it is notable that these learned men—the most learned men of their age according to the best consensus of opinion—were favorably impressed with Paracelsus. Johann Froben was quickly cured; and Erasmus also gained new health and energy from the medicines of Paracelsus. Erasmus himself wrote, in the late autumn of that year: "I cannot offer thee a reward equal to thy art and knowledge, my dear Paracelsus, but I surely offer to thee a grateful soul. . . . May fortune favor that you remain in Basle."

Through the efforts of the learned Oecolampadius and of the famous Froben, the City Council of Basle was persuaded to offer Paracelsus the post of City Physician (*Stadtarzt*) which included, among other privileges and duties, a professorship in medicine at the University of Basle. This offer Paracelsus accepted with alacrity; for his relations with the physicians of Strassburg were decidedly disagreeable.

Paracelsus assumed his new duties with his usual enthusiasm and self-assurance. He greatly underestimated the difficulty of reforming the medical notions of his confreres in the university, and trouble after trouble was soon to pursue his best efforts. Within a few months every patient who failed to be cured immediately at once became an example of his false zeal—in the eyes of jealous fellow professors and physicians.

Among the conventional scholars of that day the prevailing natural philosophy was a degenerate Aristotelianism which had been transmitted, modified and obscured by Saracenic interpreters. In brief, it had been corrupted by much more mysticism than had ever existed in the original Greek. But now, during the epoch of the Renaissance, there came a revival of neo-Platonism. Its originator was Nicholas of Cusa (1401–1464), but its chief propagandists were in the Florentine Academy, notably Giovanni Pico della Mirandola (1463–

1494) and Marsilius Ficinus (1433–1499). Through the writings of the latter scholar this somewhat fantastic natural philosophy gained new adherents in Germany, where Reuchlin (1455–1522), Trithemius (1462–1516) and Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim (1486–1535) were prominent exponents. In France, Bocillius (1476–1553) also expounded the doctrines of the neo-Platonists.

From Trithemius, a friend of Reuchlin and a profound student of Hebrew and of the Kabbala, as well as from Ficinus and from Agrippa, Paracelsus had probably attained some of his more mystic notions concerning a philosophy of nature. And these he now proceeded to expound in his own inimitable, flat-footed and argument-defying manner.

There was a great deal in this neo-Platonic philosophy to appeal to sixteenth-century minds. The idea of unifying a philosophy with the phenomena of nature, the unearthing of the mysterious and the supernatural in a new "natural magic" which should raise man superior to his environmental and hereditary influences, in short to a new mastery of life and to a new comprehension of the unknown—all these ideas had an appeal religious as well as material. For under them man would emerge slightly above his microcosm of medieval inferiority and establish himself as a part of that great natural macrocosm of the external universe. Through an understanding of the "*occult* properties of things" the new man of the new age would begin to shape destiny instead of merely playing a part therein.

But instead of following the usual formulae of the humanist and Hermetic philosophers of his day as popularized by Agrippa, Paracelsus substituted in his system of thought *Philosophy, Astronomy, Alchemy* (meaning *Chemistry*), and *Virtue,* as the four ennobling pillars of the science of medicine. He threw into the discard all the natural philosophy that involved the science of numbers and neo-Platonic theology (upon which was formulated the science of natural magic). He rejected outright the forms, ceremonies and mystical won-

ders which the miracle-working neo-Platonists so largely emphasized. Moreover, he rejected the four Aristotelian elements (fire, earth, air, water) which had heretofore been regarded as the sole constituents of all material bodies, and substituted therefor his new scientific elements: mercury (symbolically expressive of the principle of liquidity and volatility), sulphur (embodying the principle of combustibility), and salt (signifying that principle or element which resists combustion and which symbolizes, therefore, an element in all solid matters which possesses permanency).

In short, it appears that Paracelsus's great aim was to break the chain of superstition and of tradition that had held medicine and science in bondage for more than a thousand years. But it was no small task. He hoped to give science an empirical foundation, based upon observation and experience, or, as he said, "Nature's own light." This point of view entailed more than the modern view of experimental and inductive scientific expansion; it entailed also a mastery of the psychic, a mystical and a psychological insight into the hidden properties—even the *quinta essentia,* as he called it—of all things and of all life. For to Paracelsus the phenomena of nature made manifest a revelation of God's will regarding all material experience. The "new science" or "new philosophy" of Paracelsus and, therefore, of all true medical knowledge, which he now sought to expound, represented the true physician (i.e., a man like Paracelsus himself) as the highest human instrument of God. And Paracelsus regarded his own image with pride!

To his detractors this was enough; it was, indeed, more than enough. Here was "the highest human instrument of God"; and how they abominated him!

For nature, to the minds of the traditionalists who had outlived the days of Scholasticism, was a closed book; and on it Mother Church had placed her unbreakable seal, safeguarding the souls of men from its profanity, from its evil, and from its wicked properties. As Dr. Windelband has said, with perhaps a slight suggestion of exaggeration: "True scientific in-

vestigation was hated, despised, oppressed, anathematized, anything but known, investigated or understood."

Paracelsus recognized that the neo-Platonists of the new world stood superior to the Aristotelean thinkers and to the Galenic philosophers of medical knowledge—but he, Paracelsus, stood superior to them! He would become a new reconciler of philosophic and scientific knowledge. In this light, as Van der Bruck has intimated, Paracelsus must appear as a forerunner of Copernicus. Because his ideas were aimed at practical realization in chemical and medical understanding, they were destined to have a powerful effect upon the common thought of subsequent generations and to justify his name as the Father of Modern Chemistry and Medicine.

The *quinta essentia* of Paracelsus was the chief *spiritus* of his mystic doctrine of life-giving properties in things. This *quinta essentia* pervaded all things, in greater or lesser quantities, and made for life. To it even the minerals of the earth owed their virtues. To it all human beings owed their spark of life. This it was which died, or disappeared, from the corporeal body, when the spark of life became extinct. When this property comes finally to be extracted and administered by scientific men, then will human life be freed from disease and desiccation; and eternal life will, in some future day, be attained by god-like men.

Azoth—the Panacea of Paracelsus—was the closest that he himself could come to the determination of his *quinta essentia;* and this *Azoth* it was, so his friends and enemies alike affirmed, that he carried in the rounded glass pommel of his great Swiss sword. (In all his portrait-medals Paracelsus is seen holding this sword, with the word *Azoth* inscribed thereon.)

To Paracelsus, disease was a foreign enemy (like a germ, although he had never heard of one) which entered into the human organism and fought the battle of life and death, with human life as the prize. Admit the mysticism attributed to this doctrine in his own age; admit the fantasy of his words and literary style; but admit, too, the bravery of this idea in

an age which did not permit men to suggest too vividly that life was neither preordained nor determined solely by God's will.

Paracelsus did not go so far as to suggest a "germ theory" or even a "microbe theory"—that was to await the last century of progress. But he certainly foreshadowed, by intimation, the future doctrines of modern medical men, and the discovery of the invisible microbe enemies which afflict the human race. Unlike good Christians of a later age, however, he did not add of these foreign enemies that "God put them there."

Naturally Paracelsus was regarded as a great radical, and as a quack doctor of new panaceas. Not only was he aiming at a fundamental reform in the theory and practice of medicine; he was also advocating fundamental changes in the philosophy of scientific knowledge. He would cast overboard, at a single heave, the teachings of the Arabian and Hellenistic authorities, teachings which had stood almost as inviolate as the word of God among the virtuous scientific men of the day. Hitherto, medical knowledge had been, indeed, a veritable book with seven seals, from which the vulgar were carefully excluded. And this Paracelsus was vulgar—definitely vulgar!

Surely Paracelsus was a new menace, a revolutionary in thought and in action, who led the vulgar of all lands towards a new scientific haven, even while other vulgar ones, like the unspeakable Erasmus, were suggesting (as in the *Praise of Folly*) that all was not well in the spiritual realm of the Written Word, as interpreted by theologians rather than by humble students of the will of God.

And so, after a very few months of lecturing at the University of Basle, Paracelsus's lectures were interrupted and interfered with, probably by persons in the pay and under the influence of certain officials and colleagues who feared his revolutionary views. Very shortly his colleagues on the medical faculty invoked an old rule that a new incumbent must withstand the approval and the investigation of the other members

of his department (or college). Before long, Paracelsus was forced to appeal to the City Council of Basle; and they sustained his objections to this treatment.

A new storm arose in June, 1527, when he announced in formal Latin that his medical courses would *not,* hereafter, be based upon any of the ancient Greek or Latin works of antiquity. To this outburst on the part of his colleagues, Professor Theophrastus von Hohenheim, as he called himself at this period of his career, replied that "He only may judge who has heard Theophrastus!" He then decided to carry the battle further.

Fearing that Latin was not so expressive to the ear of sixteenth-century man as it may once have been (and quite rightly so), Paracelsus now began to lecture in the German vernacular. It was an unprecedented innovation: a new standard in the education of the vulgar had been achieved. Were this to go on, students and teachers would soon seem alike.

Also, if we are to believe the words of his detractors, he now took to drink more heavily than ever—and he had always been a heavy drinker. Perhaps alcohol may have helped him to face his inquisitors and interrupters with more steadfast *élan!*

But when everyone in Germany drank, only Paracelsus could be wrong. When he came staggering into his lecture hall, the students—and he had a large following among the students—usually applauded. Of course Luther could drink, or any of the humanists, but never before among the temperate Swiss citizenry of Basle had a professor so profaned his academic robes. Moreover, although Oecolampadius, the most learned man in Switzerland, could introduce the singing of German (instead of Latin) hymns among the members of his congregations, never yet had a professor been permitted to think aloud in any language but Latin. In brief, Paracelsus's conduct was daily becoming more grievous, more scandalous, and more insulting to the intelligence and to the positions of his colleagues. Something drastic would have to be done. As another

professor remarked, "It would seem that the early termination of his academic career is inevitable!"

More difficulty was created because of the popularity of his lectures. For not only did regularly enrolled students from the entire university come to hear the "charlatan," but also literally dozens of the most undistinguished visitors from the streets. (Perhaps they wanted to learn some cure for the "French Pockes" that was then beginning to afflict them most bitterly, and on the subject of which Paracelsus's learning was unrivaled.) But in any event the ambitious citizens of Basle, now that Paracelsus was speaking in their native tongue, could afford to indulge the newest modern fad; and public lectures on "the equivalent of a university education" thus enjoyed their sprightly infancy!

In one of Paracelsus's more enthusiastic moments (perhaps in a moment of slightly intoxicated ardor over his successes with the students and the citizens) he took part in a students' celebration, a parade in honor of St. John's Day, and wound up his festivities, and incidentally put one of the finishing touches upon his academic career, by heaving into a student bonfire a huge and costly copy of the divine medical authority of that age, no less a book than the celebrated and revered *Canon* of Avicenna! Undoubtedly this was the first time so precious an inheritance had been wantonly burnt since the Alexandrian Library was accidentally (?) set afire by a mob in the days of Julius Caesar.

Such an overt act, such a wanton insult and flagrant transgression of the most sacred traditions of Germanic education, was worse, far worse, than Martin Luther's burning of a Papal Bull. After all, many a Papal Bull had gone glimmering in the hands of a powerful German Emperor or French King, and even the Popes themselves had now and again been made to suffer some personal wrong or insult. But Paracelsus's act was unprecedented! The whole medical world of Basle, and the whole political world as well, which, after all, didn't give a tinker's dam, could now afford to be righteously indignant.

And thus it came about that the learned Professor Theophrastus Bombastes von Hohenheim again fell victim to the most scurrilous attacks.

So again he notified the City Council of Basle: "If these noble gentlemen cannot satisfy my petition—if such unwonted attacks upon my name, my reputation and my body [for it would appear from these words that a few rough men had been hired to maltreat him] be again repeated—then I, Theophrastus, must not be blamed if I cannot endure them and should, in anger, take unwarranted action."

But this time the City Council paid no heed to his protest. Paracelsus had to content himself by writing a few scathing polemics against his ignorant detractors. And then came the final break.

As city physician Paracelsus was called upon to administer to the rich Canon Lichtenfels, who had long been suffering from a practically incurable disease. The Canon had been offering, for many months past, one hundred gulden for a cure. Other physicians had tried and failed. When Paracelsus was called in (for he never sought any patient) the cure was effected promptly. Paracelsus then sent in his bill for one hundred gulden, but the Canon, now completely recovered, replied with a thank-you note and six gulden. Paracelsus then brought legal action. But the Court of Basle refused his plea. So he turned his thunder against the laws and the officials of Basle, using words that blended happily with the current Swiss vernacular of that day. (It was a day when men said what they thought whenever they thought it.)

And so, in February, 1528, Paracelsus received notice that his services would no longer be required. Not only was he expelled from the university, but also from the city.

In his indignation Paracelsus wrote his most famous polemic and invective, the *Paragranum,* which he introduced with especially virile words, saying: "I am called a rejected member of the universities, a heretic of the profession, and a misleader of scholars."

As such he was hereafter to face the world, and his years were to be hard ones. He was, in all truth, a medical and an academic outcast. "Unfortunately," he wrote, "I shall not, in my own time, be able to overthrow this structure of fables."

The *Paragranum,* in its main context, went in part as follows:

That they are angry at me for writing otherwise than is contained in their authors, results not from mine, but from their ignorance. For I, as my writings prove, am not outside of, but well grounded in the foundation of medicine and in the proper May-time the evidence will come forth. That they grumble at such timely writings does not result from slight causes: for no one cries out unless hurt, no one is hurt unless sensitive, no one is sensitive unless transitory and not permanent! These men cry out because their art is fragile and perishable. Now nothing cries out unless it is perishable; therefore, they are perishable, and therefore they cry out against me.

But the art of medicine does not cry out against me. . . . Why, then, should I let myself be disturbed by the crying of these perishable physicians? . . .

As I claim these four pillars for myself, so must you accept them and follow after me—not I after you! You after me, Avicenna, Galen, Rhasis, Montagnana, Mesue. . . . Ye of Paris, ye of Montpelier, ye of Swabia, ye of Meissen, ye of Köln, ye of Wien . . . thou Athens, thou Greece, thou Arabia, thou Israelita—after me, and not I after you! There will, in good time, more of you remain in the furthest corner of future knowledge, on whom not even the dogs will urinate. . . . For I shall yet be monarch, and mine shall be the monarchy!

But such decorous words were lost upon academicians.

The wanderings of Paracelsus were now recommenced—over much of Europe and the Orient. Yet the attacks of his enemies still pursued him. By them he was hailed as a eunuch, because, at Basle, he had worn no beard. His bitterest enemy, Thomas Erastus, physician-theologian, wrote of him: "*Eu-*

nuchum fuisse, cum alia multa, tum facies, indicant et quod, Operino teste, feminas prorsus despexit." [8]

"The stars did not make me a physician," wrote Paracelsus, when his enemies called him a quack astrologer. "God made me. . . . Could I protect my bald head from the flies as easily as I can my monarchy, and were Milan as safe from its enemies as I from you, neither Swiss nor mercenaries could enter in."

In the final analysis the estimate of Paracelsus as a coarse, ignorant man is typically modern and myopic. Egotistic he was, like all men of *virtu,* crude and outspoken in manner, intolerant of ignorance and hypocrisy. But notwithstanding these human failings he remained a man of great essential integrity, earnestness and sincerity. He was more moral than were most of his contemporaries. He sought neither fame nor fortune, merely believing that fame, sooner or later, would claim him for her own. He never became very drunk, he was merely *gemeiniglich lustig,* as he himself said. Above all, his character and personality were always open and friendly, if they had a chance to be, and to the end of his days he remained kindly, charitable and sympathetic toward those who used him half decently.

He was certainly the creator of modern therapeutics—the first to introduce metallic tinctures into the human body, and the first to apply treatments of gold. He is the inventor of aurotherapy; and by his judicious use of opiate extracts, called by him *labdanum,* he obtained cures and results that were attributed by his enemies to magic. Many attempts were made to

[8] Erastus's real name was Liebler (1523—1583). Some time after Paracelsus left Basle he became a professor there and founded the doctrine of excommunication known as Erastianism.

Oporinus was a printer at Basle who later became a professor of Latin in the university, and in 1537 a professor of Greek.

Paracelsus's own writings, especially those which are definitely known to be his, are at variance in all respects with the claims of his enemies. Moreover, his only reliable portrait, the painting by Tintoret, as well as two portrait medals, show that Paracelsus wore a beard. He could not justly have been termed either a eunuch or a fornicator, the latter of which epithets he could, however, well apply to several of his enemies.

steal his *labdanum* and his secret *Azoth,* and it is believed by some that in one of these attempts he received those injuries which led to his death.

In religion he was, at heart, an individualist, more Protestant in his views than Catholic. But on the other hand he once wrote that "He who grounds his faith on the Papacy rests on velvet; he who grounds it on Zwingli rests in space; he who believes in Luther rests on a volcano." But Paracelsus himself had lived all his life on volcanoes—he preferred them to velvet—and his sympathies went out to Luther. He admired the eruptive, revolutionary force of Lutheranism; but later he loathed the attempts made to codify the new religion. So it came about that he separated himself from all religious sects; and from 1531 onward the disputations between various bodies of Protestants convinced him that here was no overwhelming spiritual unity. Papists, Lutherans, Baptists, Zwinglians and Calvinists—they are all for self-glorification, he once wrote, "each of them cries 'I am the truth and the truth is in me.' "

In the end Paracelsus lived only in his own religious beliefs—perfectly heretical according to views of formal churchmen, but believing in a revelation of the world where correspondence with God would be established through the intervention and conquests of natural forces. He inveighed against synods, councils, synagogues, popes and all the other "profiteers of religion." "The Pope and Luther," he once said, "are like two strumpets who haggle over the same chemise."

Two or three times in the course of his wanderings Paracelsus went back to the home of his father, in Villach. Here he was well received; and here he effected many more cures than other physicians. Few of his patients died. But he could not remain after his father's death, and so his wanderings continued. "Restlessness," he said, "is more profitable than rest."

September, 1541, found him in the little *Gasthaus zum Weissen Ross,* in Salzburg. Here, from either injuries or disease, or from both, he was stricken with a fatal illness.

On St. Rupert's festival, September 24, he said that he

could live no longer. He "must go in search of that one 'logical conception' of which the universe is the outcome." But first he would select his funeral psalms; and he selected the following:

"He shall be like a tree planted by the water side: that will bring forth his fruit in due season."

"My help cometh of God: who preserveth them that are true of heart."

"Heaviness may endure for a night: but joy cometh in the morning."

The next day they buried him in the burial-ground of the poor, for he had said that he must be buried there as he could never rest amid the self-seeking, and he could only hate the aspirations of the rich and powerful.

But the Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg decreed that his funeral be celebrated "with all due solemnity, as if he were indeed a noble man . . . since he has cured many grievous ailments and befriended the needy and the miserable of all lands."

Fifty years later his bones were dug up and interred in the church wall of St. Sebastian. For men forgot his wishes as they forgot his teachings.

VIII. IGNATIUS LOYOLA: Who modernized Catholicism

IN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY Lombardy there was a popular proverb which advised any one who wished to go to hell to become a priest. For in those days morality, like religion, was something which had long been ridiculed, and it was common knowledge that the majority of churchmen were about as immoral as they were irreligious. The great awakening that had come over Europe with the Renaissance had had a tendency to upset settled and stable conditions, and many men longed to do things that were just the reverse of what they should have done. They were like men who have quickly been freed from the chains of restriction and bask in the sunshine of uncontrolled freedom.

Popes, churchmen and laymen had alike made many efforts to bring about reforms in matters of conduct and of religion. But most of these efforts had accomplished little and the more fanatical reformers, such as Savonarola, met an ill fate. Bastards in many regions were more common than legitimate offspring; and only here and there were doctors, such as Paracelsus, learning to cope successfully with the new sexual diseases which were working havoc on sixteenth-century humanity. Churchmen and laity were alike ignorant, for the most part, not only of the new learning in the humanities and the sciences but also in matters of religious conduct. Often the parish priests were so ignorant that they could not preach a sermon. Some of them could not even repeat the Lord's Prayer.

It was the reaction from this state of affairs that brought about the Protestant Revolt in Teutonic Europe. But in southern Europe men were more passive and acquiescent in matters

touching the affairs of the heart, the spirit and the soul; and while they were quite willing to revolutionize art and learning they showed a laxity in thinking of spiritual and religious needs. Moreover, it looked, by 1532 (the religious Truce of Nuremberg), as if much of Europe were slipping forever away from the Catholic Church. By that time Protestantism was beginning to permeate France, Poland, Hungary, Slovenia and other regions that were not primarily Teutonic. What was needed was some great reform, or perhaps some leader who could succeed in reorganizing the shattered claims of ignorant and corrupt clergy and put new spirit into an apparently decadent Church.

Many persons saw this need, but there were few who seemed capable of accomplishing anything. Said the Bishop of St. Marks:

Look at Rome, France, Spain and you will find no social class, no sex, no age which is not stained, corrupt, putrid. The heathen of Africa and Scythia do not live more impurely and wickedly . . . ! Oh, we pastors who should shine more clearly than the sun, we are murdering the sheep of the Lord's flock by our example. . . . We long eagerly for gold: for gold we turn even to poison and the dagger, and we do not hesitate to pillage any thing sacred or profane. . . . Our throats burn with the flames of all vices.

Another man, dedicating his new book on *The Anatomy of Vice,* to Pope Julius III, remarked:

How many of you priests keep concubines and are simoniacs full of worldly ambition? How many of you carry arms as if you were soldiers? How many come to the altar of Christ with bastard sons by their side? . . . How many of you lend money at usury and trade in cattle and in horses? How many of you sell the rites of burial, the tolling of the bell, the carrying of the cross? How many among you are unbridled liars?

In Spain especially, after eight hundred years of desperate warfare against the Moors and after the sudden apparition of new wealth to be acquired by the exploitation of Jews, Moors,

Turks, Indians and Orientals, violence went unleashed. Atrocious crimes turned whole provinces into lakes of blood. "Knife thrusts and arquebus bullets from behind: the razing of houses; the destruction of growing crops; assaults on fortresses; raids upon towns and cities; arson and general tumult were the order of the day."

Here, in the Basque country, was born *Loyola,* the man who was destined—he and his many followers—to bring about a rejuvenation of Catholic worship and practice. Without doubt it was he, more than any other individual, who was to help the Church adapt itself to the new conditions of a changing world, re-establishing its authority in many lost regions, bringing new converts into it, and helping it to adjust itself to modern usages. But the world of 1491, into which he was born, was, of course, unaware of this. Many years of dissolution were to pass before Ignatius Loyola became a figure of marked prominence.

The real name of Ignatius Loyola was Inigo Lopez de Recalde. His father was descended from two of the ancient noble families of the province of Guipúzcoa. But he was far from being a wealthy man, what with thirteen children. Inigo was the thirteenth: a smallish child with dark, opaque eyes. Intensity was born in him, and he was capable of deep and overpowering passion. Here was a soul that would live dangerously, feeling for a way of life. The emotional instability of his primordial Basque ancestors seemed to have come to life in him; but he would learn to mould it by sheer force of will. He loved discipline; he venerated tradition.

Chivalry was not yet dead—although it was soon to die—and in his earliest youth the young Inigo, or Ignatius, loved to read the popular romances of the late Middle Ages. The devotion of a true knight—and perhaps of a gallant also—seized upon his imagination: he craved adventure for the sake of love, honor and religion. He would serve the cross, the king, and some noble lady. First he would be a page; then a knight.

And as a page he was sent, while still a very young boy, to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. Here he was much impressed by two things in particular: the recklessness of the typical Spanish courtier in love and in war, and the code of etiquette that prevailed among knights and ladies.

Until 1517, when he was twenty-six years of age, he served the career of arms and knighthood under the noble Antonio Maurique, another Basque soldier, Duke of Nagera. Ignatius, like other young contemporaries of that day and of that region, spent most of his time in gaming, fighting, and, doubtlessly, in seducing women. Christianity was to him in those days a vague and shadowy ideal; it existed only in the abstract realm of chivalric conduct, and, while he was proud of his own orthodox Catholicism, he was not especially interested in leading what is called a Christian life. Riding, dancing, song-making, fighting and drinking moulded his spiritual background. Possessed of no great mental capacity, he delighted, in so far as intellectual matters were concerned, only in reading the literary trash of his time, the popular romances of chivalry. In brief, he became a good soldier, but remained a very ordinary person. There seemed to be slight indication that he was different from his companions; for whatever inward fire burned in the young man seemed to burn dimly. It was said of him, however, that he was able to lead other men without effort, and that in battle he evinced courage, tact and steadfastness.

Under such circumstances it hardly mattered that he also fought, gambled and fornicated.

Loyola fought against the French at Pamplona in 1521. He had vowed not to retreat, and he did not; but in the midst of the battle he was struck below the knees by a half-spent cannon ball. One of his legs was broken and the other seriously injured. Afterward some French soldiers carried him in a litter to the castle of Loyola. Here the bone of the broken leg was reset. For some time it was thought that he would die; indeed, he never fully recovered from the effects of these

injuries and of the subsequent fevers which attended them. For years afterward he was ill at periodic intervals. But the authors who have claimed that Loyola was seriously lamed by this injury are in error. He retained a slight limp for the rest of his life, but in after years took many long walks.

During his convalescence he found none of his favorite chivalric tales to read, but instead a Spanish translation of *The Life of Christ,* by Ludolphus of Saxony, and the *Flowers of the Saints,* a collection of pious biographies. These books, together with the great physical and mental suffering that he had undergone, effected a revolutionary change in the man's disposition. He turned violently against his past life, which now seemed to him to have been largely wasted, and began to meditate. He meditated upon the ways of man, God and the devil, and tried to visualize himself as a knight in the service of the Church. During one of his meditations he saw a vision of the Virgin and the Child, and hereafter, so he said, his early licentiousness filled him with loathing. He determined, as soon as he had recovered, to give up his soldier's life and seek repentance in the Benedictine Abbey of Montserrato. The true nature of his new inner devotion, he believed, could be shown only by outward penance of the harshest possible nature. He would punish his wayward body in every way; his whole passionate nature craved the forgiveness of God.

On the way to Montserrato, Loyola was joined by a Moor who, upon hearing of Loyola's new religious convictions began to jest at Christian doctrines, especially ridiculing the idea of the virginity of the Virgin. Ignatius was too preoccupied with his own crimes to enter into controversy; but when the Moor finally rode away passion began to rise in him and he decided to ride after the fellow and kill him. But then the thought of his repentance and of Christian virtue intervened, and he remained undecided until, coming to a parting of the road, he decided to leave the matter to the mule which he was riding. The mule took the path to the abbey, leaving the open

road that the Moor had taken; and to the abbey went Loyola. Here he kept an all-night vigil before the altar of Our Lady, and after having made full confessions of all the sins which he could remember, he set off on the following morning for Manresa where he was to undergo a long period of repentance, lasting almost a year.

At Manresa, Loyola was frequently ill—fevers came upon him with every new religious fervor—and several times it was thought that he might die. Here he read the *Spiritual Exercises* of the former abbot of the monastery, Garcia da Cisneros; and it was probably this work which first suggested to him the idea for his own subsequent *Spiritual Exercises.* But in his later *Confessions* (the autobiography of Loyola) he had nothing to say of the swoon in which he was supposed to have seen a vision of future ideal society. Neither did he mention the cave in which, according to stories of later admirers, he was himself supposed to have written his own *Spiritual Exercises.*

At Manresa, Loyola went out every day, when he was well, to beg for alms. He allowed his beautiful hair, of which he had formerly been so proud, to grow without cutting or combing. Neither would he touch his fingernails, so that, before long, he came to resemble something between an early Christian ascetic and a Chinese Mandarin. He was forever being tortured with the thought that his confession of sin had been incomplete,—that he had forgotten something. His confessor and the abbot made all sorts of efforts to free his mind from this obsession, but without success.

Once in his fervent manner he called aloud: "Show me, O Lord, where to find help. For, even though it be necessary to follow a little dog in order that he might lead me to the remedy, I should do it."

At last his confessor forbade him to come again unless he had succeeded in recalling some definite sin that he had not hitherto confessed, and for which he had not already done penance. In his dismay, Loyola struggled with the idea of

hurling himself through a large opening—a primitive window —in his attic room. The inclination to commit suicide was very strong in him and he resisted only by repeating over and over again the biblical injunction that self-destruction is sinful. Afterward, having resisted this impulse, he fasted constantly; but on the eighth day he was ordered to break his fast. After some months the fear of unforgiveness left him, together with his morbid recollection of things past. Sure of God's mercy, he now confessed no more.

Instead, he now spent long hours during every night in deep meditation, and decided to touch no meat. After another illness he came to the conclusion that it was wiser to sleep, and thereafter he slept for many hours. Upon awakening he had a vision of savory meat, well cooked and extremely appetising. He was sure that God had sent the vision to him as a sign that meat was good for him; and despite the doubts of his confessor, he hereafter regarded meat as no longer sinful or forbidden. Afterward, he became less fanatic and morbid: he cut his hair and his nails!

But from this period onward he kept seeing visions. Some of them recurred many times. On other occasions he had moments of revelation when truth appeared to him and brought lasting illumination. Under such circumstances his faith increased. He saw, one day, how God had created the world. It appeared to him in a vision; he "seemed to see a white thing, from which rays issued, and from which God made light." In his prayers he often saw the humanity of Christ coming to him like a white body, "neither very big nor very small" and without any "distinction of members." Again he saw Our Lady appearing in a white cloud-like form, but he could never distinguish her separate features or the parts of her body.

In the spring of 1523, when Loyola was thirty-two years old, he decided to make a pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land. He set out for Barcelona, to take ship for Rome, begging his way.

The master of a ship at Barcelona agreed to take him to

Rome without pay, but stipulated that Loyola should furnish his own food. So he spent the day before the ship sailed in begging, and bought enough ship's bread to last him for the journey. Finding a few coins left over, he put them upon a bench by the roadside.

He arrived in Rome on Palm Sunday, and after receiving the blessing of the short-lived Pope Adrian VI, he went on through Padua to Venice. At that time Italy was infested with plagues; and because of the guards in each town through which he passed, Loyola was unable to sleep in inns or in monasteries. During that long, hard journey he slept only in doorways and in porticos.

From Venice he departed on a ship bound for Cyprus. Thence he proceeded to Jaffa and finally arrived at Jerusalem, where he set about an arduous campaign of preaching and begging. But the Franciscan monks in Jerusalem were much disturbed by his activities; for the Turks, who then controlled the city, were averse to such religious zeal on the part of the "Christian fanatic." So, in the following year, Loyola decided to return to Barcelona, the better to prepare himself for his new religious life.

In Spain a woman of great religious zeal, Isabella Roser, met and befriended him. Recognizing his extreme sincerity and devotion, she defrayed many of his expenses. Thus, in Barcelona, at the age of thirty-three, Loyola began the study of Latin. Soon after he went on to Alcalá to pursue the study of philosophy. But here his religious activities attracted such hostile comments that he was soon brought before the court of the Inquisition. They were unable to prove his heresy and let him go, temporarily; but a few months afterward, when comments again fell thick and fast because of the alleged evangelicalism and fanaticism of the preacher, they threw him into prison for a short term. Later he was allowed to go, but with the warning that he should preach no more until he had completed his training in religion and theology.

He had gathered about him a few zealous followers and

in the hope of finding better and more liberal conditions in Salamanca, the party set out for that ancient city. But here the Dominicans, who were particularly strong, doubted the orthodoxy of Loyola and his followers and had them thrown into a dungeon, where they were chained foot to foot and bound to a stake set up in the middle of the cell. After several days of this treatment they were brought to trial; but no religious fault was found with their beliefs and they were allowed to depart with warnings against evangelical exhortations.

Loyola had had enough of Spain for the time being. Neither his studies nor his religion seemed to thrive there and he decided, perhaps on the recommendation of his benefactress, Isabella Roser, that he would do better in Paris. So to Paris he traveled, arriving in February, 1528. He was now about thirty-seven years of age, and more intent than ever upon a reform of religious matters and conduct.

Loyola was to remain in Paris for some years, eking out a more or less miserable existence. He lived for a while in the homes of some fellow-countrymen and attended lectures at the Collège de Montaign, supported for some time, as he had been during his earlier studies, by gifts of money from Isabella Roser. Later, during his vacations, he went on journeys to Bruges and to London, where he worked for Spanish merchants and collected alms between times. Afterward he himself wrote that he believed no one else had ever studied in the face of such great difficulties and obstacles as he had encountered. Among them were poverty, ill-health, and "no hope of gaining power or of rising in the world" because he was not attracted to study by any personal liking, but rather found it a most difficult and unrewarding task. In Paris again, as in Alcalá and Salamanca, Loyola was repeatedly accused of heresy. For in these times of revolutionary change, everything new or different was regarded by orthodox believers as something wicked or fearful.

It is believed that the program of the Collège de Montaign

in Paris was later used by Loyola for devising programs for the Jesuit schools and colleges that he founded. Briefly it went somewhat as follows. Arise at 4 A.M. First lesson, 5 to 6 A.M. Mass at 6, followed by breakfast. Recreation, 7 to 8 A.M. Lessons, 8 to 10. Discussion and argumentation, 10 to 11. Dinner at 11, during the course of which a Bible reading or a reading from the lives of the saints must be done aloud. Revision of lessons, 12 to 2. Lessons, 3 to 5. Argumentation and discussion, 5 to 6. Supper at 6. Examination of the day's work, 6:30 to 8. Bedtime, 8 in the winter, 9 in the summer. It was a strenuous daily routine; but it shows that Loyola's later ideas on education were merely in keeping with the practices that had already been established in some of the better schools and colleges.

Some of the companions of Loyola came to Paris from Salamanca, and by 1529–30 he had come into contact with that whole group of men who were shortly to become the fathers of the Jesuits—or of the Company of Jesus, as they called themselves. Here, for several years, the little fellowship associated intimately. There were Loyola himself; his roommate, a Savoyard named Pierre Lefèvre; the fellow-Basque, Francis Xavier, from Navarre; the Castilian, Diego Laynez; the Toledan, Alfonso Salmeron; the Portuguese, Simon Rodriguez; and a poverty-stricken Spaniard of low birth named Nicholas Bobadilla.

This student brotherhood of seven decided to band themselves together and to take vows of poverty and chastity. On August 15, 1534, they met in the crypt of the Church of St. Mary, on Montmartre, where Lefèvre, the only priest among them, said mass. Then they all took their vows and pledged themselves to go to the Holy Land as missionaries, there to devote their lives to the care of the sick. But shortly thereafter another attack of illness seized Loyola and he was forced to return to Spain.

The five years in Paris had changed some of Loyola's ideas. In the early period of his conversion he had hoped to rival the

saints in the austerities and deprivations which he inflicted upon himself. But by the time that he returned to Spain he had come to think that such activities hindered one's service to God. Years afterward, when he wrote the *Constitutions* for the Jesuit Society, he therefore included a prohibition against austerities, though admitting that in certain individual instances they might, perhaps, prove beneficial.

But as yet he had no intention of founding a definite society that would be subject to organization. His one idea, like that of his friends, was to do good missionary work. His mind was still set on going to the Holy Land, and in 1535 he went to Venice to await the arrival of the others. They arrived early in 1537 and found that during the interim Loyola had once again been accused of heresy, and once again acquitted. (Loyola was always lucky on these occasions.)

Shortly thereafter Pope Paul III indorsed the efforts of the group, gave his consent to their pilgrimage and arranged for those not already priests to be ordained. Meanwhile, the group had gone to Rome and here Loyola waited for eighteen months, pending his Holy Orders, to say his first mass. The opportunity came on Christmas Day, 1538, in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. The winter, that year, was one of intense cold and poverty-stricken men everywhere knew great deprivation and hunger. "People lay in the streets stark and half dead." Toward evening, on Christmas Day, priests gathered together small groups of the destitute and brought them into the Franciscan dwelling where they were fed a warm dinner, given instruction in the faith and then sent to sleep on beds of straw. On subsequent days the Franciscans cared for many more, usually from two hundred to four hundred persons every night. Loyola was much impressed by these charitable activities; and seeing that there was much good work to be done at home and that the opposition of the Turks was strongly against them, the group finally decided to remain in Rome and put themselves at the disposal of the Pope. Knowing that they might be sent to various places, they determined to devise a

common rule and adopt a name: the Company of Jesus. It is said that this name occurred to Loyola because of a vision which he had had while on his way to Rome. In that vision he had seen himself with Christ at his side, put there by God. For it was "in the company of Jesus" that his work was to be done, of that he was sure.

Thus, by the close of the year 1538, a definite organization of Jesuits was beginning to take shape. At this time, when Loyola was forty-seven years of age, his character had set and his ideas and ideals assumed definite form. Both internal and external experiences had shaped these ideas, and his iron will was now engaged in establishing them. He had developed a powerful and influential personality, and from this time onward he did not change in any essential respect.

After three months of prayer and indecision the membership of the little group decided that they must have a militant ideal of duty and of obedience in accomplishing their work most efficiently, and that in order to do so, it would be advisable to take vows of obedience to one of their group as a leader, in addition to their vows of poverty and chastity. Ignatius was chosen unanimously, and he it also was who drew up, now, a constitution for their order.

When the draft of this constitution was presented to the Pope, he declared aloud: "Here is the finger of God! We give this our benediction; we approve it and call it good." By a special Papal Bull of September 27, 1540, the constitution of the Company of Jesus was confirmed.

The special aim of the new order was defined as the furtherance of Christian thought and practice and the propagation of the faith by means of preaching, spiritual exercises, Christian doctrine, confession, and other works of charity. In addition to the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, the Society was pledged to the special service of the Pope. No individual member might have an income or hold capital. The daily office was to be performed by members individually and not as a group. In the beginning membership in the society

was limited by the Pope to sixty, but a few years later, on March 14, 1544, this limitation was canceled.

The first Italian to join the new organization was Pietro Codacio, a wealthy man of noble family, who set out to provide food, clothing and shelter for the members of the order. From the Pope he obtained the Church of Santa Maria della Strada, near San Marco, not far from the foot of the Capitol. Later three other churches were added. (The Gesu was subsequently erected on the site of the original Church of Santa Maria della Strada.)

From April, 1541, when Loyola was unanimously elected the first general of the society, most of his life was to be spent in directing charitable activities of all kinds and in writing his *Spiritual Exercises* and *Constitutions* (which latter were given their final form after his death). Only once in the last fifteen years of his life did he leave Rome.

Loyola gave many addresses at Santa Maria della Strada, explaining to the ignorant multitudes "the elementary principles of Christian faith." He spoke good Italian, but with a marked Spanish accent. The speeches, however, were effective and impressive. Many Jews in Rome came to hear him. They wished to become Christians, it seemed, but were afraid of losing their money or their inheritances. Loyola brought pressure to bear upon the Pope to guarantee inheritances to all Jews who became Christians, even if they did so without the consent of their parents or guardians. Also it was arranged that sums obtained through usury might be retained by the new converts if it were found impractical to make a fitting return. On Whitsunday, 1544, as a result of these arrangements, a great crowd gathered in Rome to watch the conversion of five wealthy Jews, one of them a very learned rabbi. During that same autumn more than forty Jews, Moors and Turks were baptized by the Jesuits in Rome. And there can be no doubt that from this time onward the acceptance of large interest rates could no longer be so severely frowned upon by the Church of Rome. One of the first activities of the

Jesuits was to bear unexpected fruit. It was a case of ends being used to bring about a means.

In Italy in those days the Inquisition was much more lax than it was in Spain or in Portugal. Loyola was greatly troubled by such laxity and he strove heartily to use his influence with the Pope in producing the Bull that in July, 1542, appointed a Board of Inquisition consisting of six cardinals. It functioned against certain types of offenders.

One of Loyola's special duties was that of mediator between opposing factions. He succeeded in ending many feuds and gang wars, on one occasion bringing the warfare between the men of Tivoli and of the Città Sant' Angelo to a satisfactory termination. But his most difficult task as an ambassador of mediation was in handling the bitter relations that developed between Pope Paul III and King John III of Portugal.

The Portuguese king at this time was sure that many Jews had remained in Portugal and that they professed Christianity —in order to remain there—without practising it. So he set about the work of using the Court of the Inquisition as a Royal tribunal, and it looked as if all the Jews would soon be either exterminated or driven from the land. The Pope tried to protect them; he had always had a warm feeling for that oppressed race. But he had no success until Loyola was asked to treat with the king. Through his efforts John III agreed to give the Jews one year to leave the country, after which time the Portuguese Inquisition would "be put on the same basis as the Spanish." It was a small victory in the face of great opposition.

On other occasions Loyola worked hard in the hospitals of Rome. He was extremely desirous that all sick persons be converted to the true faith, "for the inspiration of God came strongly upon the human soul when death faced it." He sent many novices to work in the hospitals in order to discover their powers of conversion and persuasion. Through his efforts the Pope was persuaded to make a ruling that doctors could at-

tend the sick and the maimed on the first and second days of their agony, but not thereafter unless the patients first confessed their sins.

With money provided by Codacio, through the sale of family antiquities, Loyola founded the Casa di Santa Marta as a refuge for fallen women who had left their husbands. It was provided that they could remain there pending reconciliation, or permanently if they could not be reconciled. Any repentant prostitute might also find shelter there until she should decide either to marry or to enter a convent. Many cardinals aided this undertaking; but others expressed the view that there was but little hope for the conversion of such hardened "victims of vice." To these doubts Loyola replied that if he succeeded only "in rescuing one of them from one night of sin," he should not regret the trouble. In 1545 he wrote to Spain that "There are now from thirty-seven to thirty-eight women in S. Marta; most of them doing spontaneous penance for their past life." By the end of 1547 more than a hundred such women had been "rescued." A somewhat similar activity was the establishment of Santa Caterina dei Funari. Here girls who enjoyed poor prospects through poverty or bad environments could receive education and religious instruction until they either married or entered convents.

The company was not, on the whole, enthusiastic about the religious education and direction of women. They received many requests from women's organizations and from groups of nuns "to be received into the obedience of the Society," but Loyola always declined such requests for admission.

At the request of Pope Paul III, he did, however, undertake the spiritual guidance of a group of female enthusiasts headed by Isabella Roser. He soon found, to his disgust, that she and others like her had "no idea of obedience." The direction of this female organization cost Loyola much time and trouble, so much so that the Pope at last released him from further responsibilities and agreed that no women should be admitted to the Society. So Roser and her group were re-

lieved of their vows, much to their own dissatisfaction. Afterward she claimed damages, but her plea was refused.

The company greatly disapproved of the use of cosmetics. In Naples, where the custom was most pronounced, the preachers appealed to Loyola for advice. He replied that "so far as the use of cosmetics by the Neapolitan women is concerned, if they do it as an aid to some evil action it is a mortal sin, and they cannot have absolution. If they do it because their husbands want them to, they may be given absolution. But it is good to persuade them to persuade their husbands not to make them use that vanity." The company also encouraged women to get rid of their jewelry; but before receiving the jewels as alms it demanded that bracelets and trinkets be melted and broken into gold, so that they could not again be sold for the same purposes and thus prove a snare to other women.

The Jesuits also opposed popular sports and recreations. One member once pointed out that a tight-rope walker ought not to be permitted to perform, because of the danger to his soul. In Spain the members opposed bull fights on the ground that it was a frivolity unsuited for the eyes of Christians. It was a sign of their tact that they called it a frivolity rather than an inhuman sport.

Since parish priests preached so poorly, or not at all, there was an excellent opportunity for the preaching of Jesuits. Great throngs crowded to hear them; and particular pains was taken by the order to insure good speeches.

Another great work was that of hearing confessions. In many cities Jesuit confessors worked day and night during periods of crusading, "with scarcely time to draw breath." People waited in churches for several days, in some places, to have a chance to confess.

One factor which made the work of the Jesuits popular was the spirit of the time. It was an age of great emotional upheaval. Moreover, despite the corrupt conditions within the Church at large, which everyone knew about, Loyola was imperative in his demand that nothing be written or spoken

concerning evil within the Church. He believed that there was time only for unsparing effort to remedy the ills of the people. Rather than denounce error, he chose to "proclaim truth." Rather than make men worry, he chose to make them happy.

Members were often engaged in settling private quarrels as well as public ones. Sometimes serious plots came to naught in their hands. Thus, on one occasion, a servant, having told her mistress that her husband planned to poison her, caused the mistress to flee to the home of her parents. The servant then told the master that the wife had planned to murder him, as evidence of which she fed the cat a dose of poison that killed the cat. The husband and wife were, of course, estranged. Twice tortured, the servant girl confessed nothing; but afterward the speaking of a Jesuit caused her to confess her sin.

Loyola believed strongly in the need for education of members, not only in Europe but also in India and America. Before his death there were nine Jesuit schools and colleges established in the latter places. Two hundred years later the number had increased to 728, with 200,000 students.

The principles by which Loyola governed the Society were incorporated in a new set of rules and constitutions, of which the first draft was completed by him in 1550. Although he had read the constitutions of earlier orders, he had before him, at the time of writing, only the *Gospels* and the *Imitation of Christ.* In his *Constitutions* he stressed more prominently than did any of the other orders the necessity of saving souls. He refused to admit any one who had been a novice in another order, and the period of probation was increased from the customary one year to two years.

"Overcome thyself" was his favorite motto. He required absolute obedience above everything else. To encourage humility among his followers he required that their faults be inveighed against publicly. Every day in the great dining hall, Antonio Rivu, a man of humble birth and witty tongue, denounced with humorous incision the weaknesses of the brothers

and administered to them the necessary rebukes. Once, when Loyola had prevented a fellow Jesuit named Le Jay from accepting a bishopric offered him at Triest, he caused a *Te Deum* to be sung and ordered a special Mass.

Loyola was extremely particular about the kind of boys that were accepted as novitiates. Good looks and moral training were more important in his eyes than other qualifications. He was extremely displeased when a father once recommended the acceptance of a lad with a broken nose. He sent letters to branch organizations forbidding them to accept undersized novitiates—although he himself was an undersized man. Married men, under no circumstances, could be eligible for admission; for family ties hindered complete devotion to God and to work.

An example of the obedience that prevailed in the order is seen in the following instance. One day a group of brothers were removing mud from a Roman street. One declared that they had reached bottom; another that they had not. The Father Superior then declared that they had touched solid ground. Willingly he who had denied it at once declared: "We are on solid bottom; and, if you, Father, say it is mud, I will confess also that it is mud."

Despite his liking for obedience, Loyola himself often let his subordinates make their own decisions in many matters. "Do as you think best," "Cut your coat according to your cloth and your needs," were frequently written to Jesuits who requested explicit instructions.

Loyola believed that inasmuch as "the devil showed great skill in tempting men into perdition; equal skill ought to be shown in saving them. The devil studied the nature of each man, seized upon the traits of his soul, adjusted himself to them and insinuated himself gradually into the victim's confidence, suggesting splendors to the ambitious, gain to the covetous, delight to the sensuous, and a false appearance of piety to the pious. And a master in saving souls ought to act in the same cautious and skillful way." And there are count-

less illustrations of his cautious and skillful way of dealing with men.

Loyola was always in favor of positive rather than negative arguments and methods. He was extremely careful that any charge of greed or cause for slander be avoided assiduously. He himself set an example of good will and of honest integrity that went far. He was stern but never harsh. No one ever suspected him of personal ambition. His subordinates felt reverence for him and affection also. His simple sincerity in all his dealings with men always impressed everyone. For those who cared for him, and to those who needed his assistance, he was a willing savior. He saw to it that no unpleasant communications ever came from his own lips. When a novice or a brother needed to be rebuked, the unpleasant rebuke was always administered by a subordinate. Loyola himself indulged only in commendation.

While Loyola yet lived Jesuits went out to the ends of the earth, from Ireland to Japan, from South America to Russia and Siberia. Xavier, for whom Loyola felt an intense affection, made more than a million converts in the East.

Within eight years the Company of Jesus had established itself in twenty-two places in Europe and was organized into four great provinces. Within twenty years it was considered the most powerful religious organization in the world. How it regained for the papacy almost half the lost Protestant territory is an old story; as is also the story of how Jesuits performed much of the hardest work in bringing about the great and fundamental reforms in Catholic organization and dogma at the Council of Trent.

What sort of man was Ignatius Loyola? There will be many answers to that question. There always have been. He was a man who, intrinsically weak, both in mind and in body, disciplined himself with an iron will and set about the task of redeeming mankind and putting method into Church practice and Church aims. One speaks of him in the same breath with men like Pym and Eliot in England—or the Wesleys—or with

other great zealots of moral and religious reform, from Pope Gregory I to General William Booth. But with none of these can he be compared. In the last analysis Loyola must stand as a single totality, secure in his fame, insecure in his reputation. Fanatic, revolutionizer, compromiser, instigator of his own aims—adequate or inadequate—he possessed the indomitable energy and the strength of will, of personality and of foresight to do all the things which he set out to do.

As he grew older he grew more irritable and nervous, because of repeated illnesses, no doubt. But he retained his human qualities also. Once, when hearing of the vicissitudes of the Jesuits in India he exclaimed: "Oh, but how I should like to know how many fleas bite my brothers at night!"

His several efforts to resign the generalship of the order late in life were all successfully frustrated by his friends. Only when he felt death approach, towards the summer of 1556, was he able to relinquish it. He knew that he had not much more time to live; for he had lived violently and busily, burning out his energy almost like a madman. During the last fifteen years he had been sick, seriously, no less than fifteen times.

On July 31, 1556, his secretary left him to complete some letters; and the nurse who remained almost constantly at his side went to prepare two eggs which his doctor had prescribed. When the servants returned a few moments later he was dead. Death had come quietly and suddenly. The Pope did not know of it; no father could administer the last rites.

IX. CATHERINE DE' MEDICI: Who set a new precedent for France

Her name was written on water . . . and she left no trace behind her, save a rather exaggerated reputation for wickedness in the works of the romancers.

She was too mercurial to be calculating and too much of an opportunist to be farsighted.

Now that she was dead she was made no more of than a dead dog.

An opportunist unhampered by moral scruples or intellectual principles, she was a past mistress in the art of turning difficult corners.

The new watchwords which France learned from the examples of her reign were Peace—Prosperity—Power.

Power was her passion—and power was to be the future precedent for a greater France.

If Catherine was not great, yet it must be remembered that but for her France and the Valois Monarchy would have fallen to pieces.

If she commands little sympathy from the historical commentator in her various shifts and intrigues, her opponents command less.

The Crown wished for peace at almost any cost, and had to face two rival factions, of which the Catholic party was almost as hateful . . . as the Huguenot party. Catherine de' Medici and her sons patched up truce after truce and peace after peace, not because they liked the Huguenots . . . but because they hated the Guises and the League.

There was a strong nucleus of convinced Protestants in the Huguenot party, men like Coligny and La Noue, but they had strange comrades in the battle line . . . discontented young soldiers from the wars of Italy in search of adventure, gentlemen with old family quarrels against a nearest neighbor of Catholic tendencies, broken men with a grievance against the government, like that of Sieur de Baubigny, who shot his old oppressor, the captive Marshal St. André, in cold blood, after the battle of Dreux; or mere reckless swashbucklers like the cruel Baron des Adrets.

When I realized the difficulties of her position I recognized how unjust history had been to her.

My principal aim (wrote Catherine) has always been to guard the realm and to see to it that it does not fall into discontent and division.

God took away your father whom I loved, and left me with these small children in a Kingdom divided against itself, without any in whom I could put my trust, with none but had his own private interests.

Too many historians interpret documents by contemporary narratives instead of testing the narratives by the documents.

When one is dealing with vast and complicated phenomena . . . the only safe thing is to accumulate evidence, not to start with generalizations. . . . Often one gets an impression that the most important factors of all have been missed by observers . . . since no man stresses the existence of facts which tell against his own theory.

ARIOSTO, the greatest poet of the Italian Renaissance, wrote of Catherine de' Medici, the last duchess of the old Florentine dynasty: "One single branch is green again with a few leaves. I hover between hope and fear, asking whether winter will leave or take it."

For more than sixty-nine years the winter of the French wars of religion and politics left that life, hovering between eternal hope and fear: but after it had closed in, and Catherine was no more, her memory remained no longer green. Men looked backward at her and at her time with hate; and what most historians have written on these matters is somewhat less than kind.

Against a complicated background of rottenness and corruption the personality and the character of that great queen and queen-mother languished like imprisoned flowers, eking out a sickly existence of waiting for rays of sunshine that seldom, or never, came into that dark existence. Was she a flower of evil, or not? Most men have said that she was.

But more than eighty years ago a Protestant historian, writing long before "scientific history" was exploited, expressed the following revolutionary view:

To estimate her conduct with perfect fairness the character of the age must be considered, and especially the pretensions of a severe Calvinism, with its vast network of affiliated societies overspreading France, and the social revolution which it threatened. We have no wish to apologize for the

crimes of a Medici, but to understand how they were possible. . . . As we venture to read history, the massacre of Saint Bartholomew stamps the period, rather than this single actor in it, and . . . it must not be forgotten that the lurid colors in which this extraordinary woman has been painted are brightened by commanding talents, and by that taste for art, hereditary in the family of the Medici, which graced her adopted country with the palace of the Tuileries, and which commenced a new era in arts and literature.

This point of view, representing an attempt at explanation rather than the customary excuses hitherto advanced by Catholic apologists, brought to light again, for a Protestant world, the intimation that there were factors other than personal and religious which may have influenced the bitter cruelty of the so-called religious wars of sixteenth-century France. And when one investigates the conditions of that period it becomes evident that the religious motives for the Huguenot revolt were less powerful than reasons of state. For France and the French monarchy had many enemies who hoped for the division of the country and for the overthrow of the dynasty. The Germanic Emperor was bitter owing to the aggrandizements of France in Burgundy, the Lowlands and the Empire. He would lose no opportunity to regain Metz and the other Germanic cities which had recently been seized by France. Behind the conspiracy of Amboise, men saw Calvin and Elizabeth of England. It was England that found the money for La Renaudie's attempt to achieve a *coup d'état*. As early as September, 1559, Calvin had been consulted and found "favorable to a legitimate revolt" headed by a prince of the blood, such as Antoine, but opposed to a "popular revolt" under a lesser leader such as Louis Bourbon, Prince of Condé, who wished to lead the Huguenot party. Again, in December, 1559, La Renaudie was once more interviewing Calvin in Geneva. What passed is not clearly known; but the Conspiracy of Amboise came to a head less than three months thereafter. On the morrow of that ill-fated attempt, Throckmorton, the

English ambassador in Paris and a bitter enemy of everything French, was writing to Queen Elizabeth: "The time has come to scatter your money: it will never be spent to better purpose."

It is also noteworthy that Spain, with whom Catherine and France were forced to ally, was their natural and most bitter enemy. And it was Philip II of Spain, that fanatical hater of all Protestantism, who, because of the political aims of the French government, refused to permit an attack on Calvin's stronghold, preferring, for political reasons, to keep that bitter enemy of the Valois safely intrenched behind the power of his secret agents and his Geneva Consistory. Even when Pope Pius IV himself, a Pope whose word was usually law to Philip, would gladly have made Savoy the master of Geneva, Philip II refused his assent. The enemies of Catherine de' Medici and of France must be protected at all costs, even though religion itself be sacrificed to that end!

Of even greater menace to the French government than its foreign enemies was the possibility of social revolution; and many were the malcontents that rallied and were rallied to the Huguenot cause. Religion became a cloak behind which the social, economic and political aspirations of demagogues and careerists lay concealed. Once in power these ambition-men and war-lords would soon make of France a wretched shambles in order to satisfy their own ambitions. The chaos and confusion in France, which followed on the heels of the disastrous foreign wars of Francis I and the untimely death of Henry II, which left the French monarchy in the hands of his untrained widow, Catherine, and a brood of sickly children, was only too ripe a time for army-rule by the strongest. In such a case the strongest might be a Huguenot, a Catholic, a *Politique* (Nationalist), a Bourbon, a Guise, or any one else who could achieve the mastery of the nation. Such a struggle would be even more fratricidal than a religious struggle—and it was. As Lucien Romier has pointed out, there has been, in the written history of sixteenth-century France, too much

religious bias and emphasis, and not enough emphasis upon those royal and national interests which alone give to the facts of that history its underlying unity.

Henry II, young and inexperienced as he was, saw only the danger of religious turmoil, and in 1559 he accepted the humiliating terms of the Treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis in order to be able to drive Protestantism out of France. But death interrupted that work; and when his widow, Catherine, looked at the condition of France, she found more than two thousand centers of Huguenot strength. Most of them lay in the regions where English trade and commerce throve.

Moreover, to add to the difficulties, there was in France a great unemployment menace after the Peace of 1559, which favored the successful spread of both religious and political unrest. Furthermore, many poor and distressed members of the old nobility favored the idea of social and political revolution as a means of opposing the new nobility of wealth that clung, for matters of policy, to the old religion.

The Reformation in France was gaining great momentum; but it was more than a religious reformation! It cloaked a multitude of personal, political, social and economic aspirations. Under such conditions civil war was inevitable!

This was the situation in France in the time of Catherine. And now we turn to Catherine herself in order to determine what sort of person she was and how she coped with these multitudinous problems. Was she great or little? Was her life a success or a failure? How did she influence the future history of France and the lives of future millions of persons, many of whom never even knew of her existence?

One thing at least is sure. Her life and her influence overshadow in interest and in color the life of any other renaissance woman. Yet that very interest and color have clouded the image and the memory of the real Catherine.

The father of Catherine de' Medici was Lorenzo, sometimes called Lorenzino. He was the grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent, founder of the Florentine Academy; and he was the

last legitimate male descendant of the old Medici line. His handsome face, with clear, steady eyes peering out beneath a golden helmet, was immortalized in Michelangelo's famous portrait. Lorenzo de' Medici was Duke of Urbino. He had married a French princess named Madeleine de la Tour, Countess of Auvergne and Lauraguais, and daughter of Catherine of Bourbon. This was in the time of Pope Leo X, uncle of the young Lorenzo.

In 1519 the couple lived in a palace on the Via Longa in Florence, and here, on April 13, a daughter, Catherine de' Medici, was born. The mother died in childbirth. Twenty-two days afterward the father followed her to the grave. The infant Catherine, scarcely three weeks old, was left an orphan and a duchess. But she was related to the French royal house, and upon her the other members of the Medici family fixed their hopes.

The little girl was brought up in the household of the ruler of Florence, Giulio de' Medici, he who was later to become Pope Clement VII. In the dark and gloomy palace of Giulio, among the golden marbles of antiquity, Catherine de' Medici played her earliest childhood games and watched the great Michelangelo copy works of art.

The little girl was petite and clever. Her eyes were dark and bright; her chin small, but tilted; her dark hair fell in shining curls.

When she was eight years old there came to Florence and to Rome the troubles of the Terrible Year, 1527. Florence was besieged by an Imperial army; Rome was sacked as it had never been sacked before; the new Pope, Clement VII, was a prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo. The forces of the French king, Francis I, had been disastrously cut to pieces at Pavia, the greatest land battle of the Renaissance, and the king himself had become a prisoner of the Emperor, Charles V. In Florence, the Medici fell from power; the statues of Leo X and Clement VII were pulled down. The child Catherine was sent in haste to the Murati convent, where she quickly became

a favorite of the nuns. But the troops of the Medici returned to Florence—another siege began—and the wrath of the populace turned against the child of the Medici. So, in the autumn of 1529, Catherine was locked securely away in Santa Lucia, pending the restoration of the Medici.

When, in 1530, Clement VII regained his position he removed to Rome, taking with him his niece, now eleven years of age, to live in the Papal Court. Here she was educated in company with her cousin, Ippolito de' Medici, whose portrait by Titian was to be his sole gift to posterity. But the young prince of the related Medici was an excellent horseman and bore his arms well in tournaments. Moreover he was a musician and a poet, and could translate the poetry of Vergil. It was not long before the little girl fell in love with her cousin. But when Pope Clement heard of this he quickly sent her back to Florence. He had other plans for her.

These plans matured because a new bond was needed between France and the papacy. Francis I was hard pressed by the Emperor and in 1531 he proposed to the Pope that his second son, Henry, Duke of Orléans, should marry Catherine de' Medici. Both children were then twelve years of age.

Some two years later, on October 8, 1533, the Valois king and his son entered Marseilles to await the arrival of the daughter of the Medici. Catherine came on the twenty-third, in great splendor, riding into the city on a beautiful chestnut palfrey decked with golden trappings. Four days later, after much feasting, the marriage was celebrated and the young royal couple, each of whom was less than fifteen years of age, sat at the great marriage table amidst long rows of cardinals and princes.

The young bridegroom was strong, self-contained and frequently morose. He planned great things for himself and for France, but he was thwarted by the existence of an elder brother, the dauphin. He felt that his young bride was of somewhat lesser birth, certainly, and therefore a bit beneath him. He treated her with courtesy in the early days of their

matrimony; but as yet he felt for her no hot or overwhelming certainty of love. For a long time they were not to become intimate.

Catherine, at the age of fifteen, seemed outwardly to have become a woman; but as a matter of fact she matured slowly. Physically she was, in reality, childlike, and some slight organic difficulty seemed to arrest the normal consequences of sexual intercourse. Apparently she would have no children.

When Catherine was seventeen and not yet fully accustomed to the *savoir faire* of the Valois court, the dauphin died, leaving her husband and herself heirs apparent to the throne of France.

Neither Francis I nor his more important courtiers had bargained for such an outlook. It was disconcerting. Furthermore, there was no apparent possibility of securing another male heir, or, indeed, any. Malicious tongues wagged.

Malicious tongues in the Valois court said that the little Florentine girl should be sent back to Florence, back to her Medici shop and her bourgeois background. Her relations with the Bourbons and the famous De la Tour family were forgotten; she was only an upstart and a member of the Medici shopkeepers, pawnbrokers, bankers, and rulers by force and by cunning of an insignificant Italian city. Within a short time the anti-Medici clique in Paris began to resemble a political party.

But Catherine, during the three short years of her married life, had succeeded in winning friends also. Her young husband had grown to love her, and she him. The king, Francis I, and the king's sister, Margaret of Navarre, were among her best friends and defenders. Catherine had no intention of admitting defeat or of allowing divorce. She carefully avoided all signs of irritation; she never whined or complained; she was all gayety, confidence and charm. With insinuating but extremely gentle attitudes, she clung to the love of the royal family. But when it appeared that a crisis was at hand, that the king himself was beginning to fear for the safe perpetua-

tion of the Valois dynasty, she assumed a bold front and adopted a new set of tactics.

According to the Venetian ambassador, Contorini, she went boldly before the king and the new dauphin, her husband, told them that she was conscious of the calumnies that had been circulated against her, and declared that she was willing to do anything rather than bring grief to either the king or the dauphin. Amidst the sobs of her husband she declared that she would submit to either separation or divorce; she would even enter a convent, or, if necessary, become a maid-in-waiting to her husband's new princess and wife.

Her bravery and her willingness to please appealed to Francis I's masculine and chivalrous instincts. He interrupted both the dauphin and Catherine by declaring: "No, no, daughter. For it is God's will that you are my daughter-in-law and the wife of the dauphin, and I would not have it otherwise. Perhaps even yet God will grant both your wish and my own."

God's will may have intervened on her behalf. In any event, less than two years afterward, on January 15, 1544, Catherine gave birth to the first of her ten children, a son, named Francis after his grandfather, and destined to become the second Valois king of that name. At this time Catherine was twenty-four years of age. Before Francis I died, some three years and three months thereafter, Catherine was to present him with several more grandchildren. The young princess who had waited and prayed impatiently for almost ten years was quickly to smother her long frustrated hopes of motherhood in an indomitable orgy of childbearing. If it depended upon her, France would have many heirs and heiresses; Valois princes and princesses would be everywhere. Within the following fourteen years Catherine bore ten children. But none of them was strong. What they inherited from their Valois ancestors did not tend to counteract the sexual weakness of their Medicean mother.

Aside from Catherine, Francis I and the dauphin, no one

was more pleased at Catherine's motherhood than Margaret of Navarre. Upon the birth of Francis she wrote immediately to the king, her brother: "Your eyes, I am sure, are full of tears at a joy even greater than that at the birth of your own first-born, since this present birth was awaited longer, and with less hope. Now I behold your kingdom strengthened as by a hundred thousand men, enriched with infinite treasure." [1]

The king was, of course, delighted. The little girl of the Medici had proved herself worthy of the Valois marriage. But she was still, in his eyes, a little girl far removed from councils of state and hardly yet prepared to become a queen.

Meanwhile, Catherine worked hard at the task of keeping the affection of her husband, Henry, and of Francis I, her father-in-law. In order to do so she had to maintain especially cordial relations with the Duchesse d'Étaples, the mistress of the king, and with Diane de Poitiers, the mistress of her husband.

For Henry, although he had learned to love Catherine, still regarded her as something of a child: she was so small and charming. Henry felt himself destined to become a great king and a great man. In these ideas he was encouraged by the Grande Seneschale, Diane de Poitiers. Diane was old enough to be his mother, and compared with Catherine she was a stately and mature woman of affairs, considered beautiful. Doubtless in her bed Henry felt himself much more of a man than in that of Catherine.

Catherine accepted Diane's ambiguous relationship and did everything necessary to make that relationship appear platonic. She knew great jealousy, but she concealed it carefully. Diane must be allowed complete and unsuspicious freedom in the household of Catherine; she could even assist in the delivery and in the rearing of Henry's royal offspring. Long before, Catherine had made up her mind to become the perfect wife.

[1] Quoted from F. Funck-Brentano's *The Renaissance*, by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers. Of Catherine herself, Margaret wrote, "This charitable princess cannot fail to shed many tears of the love in her heart," and her secretary added the same sentiment about Margaret's own conduct upon hearing of the birth.

Her love for Henry would bear anything and overlook all evil. Both her husband and the king fully approved of her amiable conduct. So long as the king lived she had nothing to fear; to him she was a source of constant delight. But he had not long to live.

On the last night of March, 1537, Francis I lay dying. On that same night Catherine lay "sobbing and desolate." She was now twenty-seven years of age, and the queen of France. But she wept for the fate of the country and for her own fate. Perhaps she wept, too, for the king who had protected her and been to her a father in her loneliness.

Indeed, Catherine had developed into a woman, a mother and a devoted wife. She clung to Henry II with a devotion that seemed as deep as it was blind. Her children, and his, she guarded and cared for with a tenacity that in any other woman would have appeared more than extreme. She watched over every item of their diet and clothing; she slept in rooms adjacent to theirs. And the long hours that were kept by Henry were kept also by Catherine. She arose with him at seven in the morning and kept herself busily engaged throughout the day. Whatever else one might accuse her of, no one could accuse her of laziness or indolence. "You know my affection for the King and his service is so great," she once wrote, "that I consider nothing else. And I should rather die than think that he would ever disapprove of my actions."

Brantôme, writing of Catherine at this period, stated that she possessed a fine figure and was becoming more and more majestic in bearing. When it was requisite she could be extremely gentle, good-looking and graceful, with her beautiful face and full white bosom. "Her hands were the most beautiful that I have ever seen."

No agony such as Catherine's had come to her husband upon his accession to the throne. With his father's death, coming so auspiciously soon after that of the former dauphin's, Henry seemed to become a new man imbued with new spirit and with new health. Now he could do those things which he

had always wanted to do: he could make France great and himself too.

In carrying out his dynastic and political policy, Henry II allied with the Constable de Montmorency, whom his father had banished, and with the powerful Guise family of Lorraine, who traced their lineage to the time of Karl the Great. Through the efforts of the Guises it was arranged that Mary Stuart, heir to the throne of Scotland, a niece of the Guises, should come to France and marry the son of Henry II, the dauphin Francis, eldest child of Catherine. Scotland, the king thought, should soon become "the kingdom of the Dauphin."

But meanwhile the increasing tax burdens, especially the irritating salt tax, or *gabelle,* coupled with the post-war depression, had created much social unrest, and in 1548 came the revolt of the *Gabelle.* Nobles and bourgeoisie everywhere were forced to combine for the time being. In the new resulting unity of government the forces of Henry II were soon able to quell the disorganized rabble. In order to conceal the real state of political opinion the Guises declared that the revolt had been due to heresy. But in order to win the support of the masses, especially in the south of France, the salt-tax was reduced. Support was needed for new warlike enterprises.

A new policy for France was now begun, a policy that aimed at expanding French boundaries eastward, against the old Burgundian realm and against the holdings of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germanic Nations, until France should achieve a boundary on the Rhine River: a boundary which was referred to more than a century later by Cardinal Richelieu as a "natural" boundary. (But Henry II began the enterprise, not Louis XIV.) Henry II began the new imperialism with an attack upon the German city of Metz in 1552. During his absence Catherine, the queen, was nominated Regent of France, but she was not allowed much power. That remained in the hands of Constable Montmorency and the two Guise brothers, the Cardinal of Lorraine and Duke Francis.

Catherine, however, was able to maintain a very interesting

court during these years of warfare. She patronized art and beauty more than any previous queen of France had done; and she could well afford to do so, for she was the richest of all French queens. The historian De Thou referred to her at this period as "the woman of superb luxury."

From the courts of her predecessors she had inherited much that was magnificent, but Catherine raised the French court to a splendor hitherto unknown. It was indeed, in Brantôme's words, "an earthly Paradise and a school of beauty, an ornament to France. Catherine cultivated a new distinction and a new politeness in conversation and in manners that were handed down after her." She herself, in accordance with the expressed wishes of the former king, had taken a new interest in art and in letters, and patronized them for the benefit of France. She studied Greek and Latin; she planned new renaissance styles, in building, in dress and in etiquette. She catered to the latest fads of oriental decoration. Her walls were hung with Cordovan leathers in brilliant hues; her maids and matrons of honor—the so-called "flying squadron" of the queen—sat on the floors, ensconced amid multitudes of cushions. Furnishings were brightly painted. Courtiers were gorgeously clad. Hands and faces were covered with crude red rouge. Puffed hose and slit sleeves in contrasting colors harmonized, among the men, with the gaudy draperies of the women.

But France was in danger. After a series of successes, the Constable Montmorency suffered a spectacular defeat at St. Quentin; and Henry II, thoroughly discouraged, wrote to the Duke of Guise: "Nothing can now be done save to keep up heart and fear nothing." But that did not help.

It was in this period of distress that Catherine first showed her mettle as a statesman. Acting in her capacity as regent, she rallied the people of Paris with her appeal—"France is in Danger!"—and convoked the States General. She herself appeared before it to plead for new levies and for new grants. She spoke with such eloquent feeling, declared the Venetian

ambassador, that all hearts were touched and the subsidies voted without delay. The notables of France raised 300,000 livres. "The sitting ended with such applause for the Queen and such open satisfaction with her conduct, as can hardly be imagined; her virtues are the talk of Paris." For once, Catherine was not unpopular.

There followed victories on the Germanic border, and in the following year, 1558, Henry II was able to assume another offensive with the object of removing an old obstacle from his flank. This was the fortified city of Calais, which had remained in English hands since the close of the Hundred Years War in Charles VII's time. Admiral Coligny, the famous French Huguenot military chieftain, planned a campaign against it; and the Duke of Guise executed the plans brilliantly in a short and decisive campaign. The English surrendered. The Guises and the Valois rejoiced. The English agreed to let Mary Stuart, the niece of the Guises, marry Francis, the dauphin.

Through the activities of Catherine and of the able leaders who served her husband, France had expanded and could consolidate her gains. But there were sources of disunity, fostered by the spread of Calvinism.

In Geneva, Jean Calvin had sanctified property and the profit system; these things were desirable, he said, in the eyes of God, and in this view he found new adherents among the rising bourgeoisie. Recruiting their strength from the lower classes, the new upstarts of capital and of monopoly interests within the French kingdom represented, in the eyes of the monarchy and of the feudal leaders of France, a source of concern. The king, prompted by the Guises and by other feudal overlords among the Catholic nobility, decided to bring his foreign conquests to an end and devote his efforts to the extirpation of heresy.

Consequently the Peace of Cateau-Cambrésis was negotiated. Its terms were not so satisfactory to France as Henry had wanted them to be, but it contained two concessions

which he found favorable. First, the English alliance of Philip II and Spain was broken; and secondly the Spanish king, the most ardent champion of Catholicism, agreed to marry Elisabeth, the eldest daughter of Henry II and Catherine. Peace was established and the way prepared for a mutual alliance of the two great Catholic powers against the further spread of heresy within their own domains and against Protestant power without.

Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry VIII, had ruled England as the wife of Philip of Spain. She died in 1558, shortly after the fall of Calais, but not too soon, however, to be able to discern the coming course of events. When she died she declared that men would find two words graven on her heart: *Philip* and *Calais.*

Philip, on his part, decided not to go to Paris to marry his new queen in person. Custom forbade, he wrote to Henry, that a king of Spain should go to fetch his own wife! So the Duke of Alva went as proxy.

In the court of Henry and Catherine great festivities were arranged to celebrate the nuptials. Tournaments, plays and banquets, diplomatic conversations and the customary riotous and almost uncouth behavior of such occasions preceded the marriage celebration of June 22, 1559. This was followed by a great tournament, planned by Henry to satisfy his thirst for his favorite sport. It lasted for three days.

The king was strong and still young, and on the first two days he distinguished himself by his skill and daring. But on the third day came calamity, in the guise of a captain of his Scottish Guard named Montgomery. This "tall and stout youth" the king was unable to unseat, and by a special royal command the tournament schedule was held up while the two rivals met in three separate and individual encounters. In the last of these Montgomery shivered his lance full in the breast of the king. The truncheon, flying upward, loosened the king's visor; the jagged wooden splinters penetrated his eye and temple.

Catherine, watching from the royal pavilion, fell in a swoon as the king was carried from the field.

"I am dying," murmured Henry as the grooms and tribunes carried him into the Tournelles. Here the doctors removed five splinters from his eye and temple.

For seventeen days the king lingered on, between hope of life and death, while Catherine agonized. But infection had set in and on the tenth of July he died. Throughout that night and all the next day his widow, Catherine de' Medici, lay at the foot of his deathbed: unconscious, immovable, like one herself dead. When, later, they took her to her own chamber, she remained there for many weeks. To this chamber came Margaret of Savoy, sister of the late king; the new queen of Spain; the remainder of the royal family; the Duchess of Lorraine and her younger sister, all dressed in white. But Catherine herself dressed only in black; and this mourning she was to continue for the remainder of her life. Her comeliness was not improved thereby.

When the Venetian ambassador was finally able to tender to Catherine the condolences of the Venetian Republic and people, the Queen of France was able to reply only in "a voice so feeble and shaken with emotion that no one could hear what she said," according to his own report. Later, to her eldest daughter in Spain, she wrote: "Commit yourself to the care of God, for you have known me happy as you, never thinking of any other trouble but that the King, your father, should not love me sufficiently. Yet he honored me above my deserts; still, as you know, I had always that one fear, till God removed it."

Thus, at the age of forty, whatever sunshine had come into Catherine's unstable life went out of it. She was left alone amidst a group of powerful men, several of whom wished to rule France. She was now a queen-mother with a group of small children, the eldest of whom, Francis II, was only fifteen years of age. He was married to Mary Stuart, an empty-headed little flirt who had been among those up-and-

coming courtiers who formerly had referred to Catherine as the "merchant's daughter."

The young king, Francis II, was entirely under the thumb of his coquettish wife, and from her domination Catherine could do nothing to save him. She could bear her jealousy in silence, however, secure in the knowledge that Philip II, Elisabeth's husband, had promised to protect Francis if his crown were threatened. What if the old sneers against her were repeated? What if the king and the queen were of no account or use to anyone—not even to their own people? What if the queen-mother had no power or authority, and all the past were forgotten? Catherine shed no tears. Seemingly her grief for her husband had drained her dry of emotion. She bore no one resentment, save Montgomery; him she could never forgive.

The queen-mother had quietly been shoved aside. The boy-king, a weakling in every sense, was dominated by the niece of the Guises—and she, in her turn, took orders from them. All the functions of a regent were exercised by Charles, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and by Duke Francis. Meanwhile the younger branch of Bourbon-Condé, professed Huguenots, watched their opportunity to secure the throne. But the popularity of the cardinal, Charles, and especially of "the Great Guise," Duke Francis, his brother, thwarted these efforts. People acclaimed the latter as if he were, in truth, the real king of France. Catherine detested both parties.

The Protestant faction, disguising its political objectives under the guise of the reformed religion, looked to Calvin, Holland, Germany and England for aid. The Catholics relied upon Spanish assistance. Catherine alone, the Italian Medici, stood for the integrity of France and of her Valois dynasty. Without her France would soon have had new rulers and a new kind of government.

No one knew better than Catherine how backward, mentally and physically, was Francis II. In figure only did he resemble a man; but he suffered pains in both head and body, and his doctors confided privately to the Guises that he had not

long to live. They advised Catherine to take him to Blois during the wet, cold winter months.

Between September and December of that same year, the Huguenot leaders planned their *coup d'état.* They would abduct the king, the queen-mother, perhaps the whole court, and seize control. Calvin in Geneva and Elizabeth in England knew of these movements. Catherine did not know, as yet.

To her the most obvious danger appeared to lie in the power and the popularity of the Guises, who dominated Francis II and Mary. Them she hated with a jealous hatred, knowing that they, too, awaited opportunity to bring the crown of France into their own family; for they had, they claimed, been deprived of that crown during the unjust and fratricidal wars of the Middle Ages.

Secretly she now began to oppose the Guises, engaging in diplomatic overtures to the Huguenot leaders. The Huguenots believed that they could swing her to their side. They knew that she had been much pleased, like Margaret of Navarre before her, by the psalms of Marot. They learned, too, that Catherine herself favored religious toleration. To the Prince of Condé and to Admiral Coligny, the Huguenot leaders, she promised freedom and amnesty, and to all Huguenots "liberty and security." That promise Catherine sincerely meant and afterward tried to keep. That it was not kept was owing not to her, but rather to the leaders of the Catholic League.

But aside from religious motives the Huguenots had other ends. They had indeed been trying, by underhanded means, to develop "a state within a state" and had attempted to capture cities and fortresses by the exercise of unexpected force at unsuspected moments.

One of these unexpected attacks was to be aimed at the royal family and the Guises. La Renaudie, after having negotiated and bargained for English and Genevan support, planned the so-called Conspiracy of Amboise. The Prince of Condé backed it secretly, as did certain disaffected nobles. Unpaid troops and professional soldiers were hired for an at-

tack upon the royal court. La Renaudie aimed at ridding France of the two Guise brothers; at putting France under the control of those to whom it "of right" belonged; at restoring the Constable of France to the exercise of his former offices; at achieving recognition of the Huguenot Church; and at organizing a new States General for the nation. The plans were consummated early in 1560. But by February Duke Francis of Guise had been informed of them by secret agents. He removed the royal family from Blois to Amboise, which boasted a fortified chateau, and awaited developments. This was on the fourth of March.

Soon royal patrols began to bring in small groups of wandering soldiers. On the fifth day two hundred troops of the Prince of Condé were captured by the Duke of Guise, and on the nineteenth of March Renaudie himself was killed. Retributions followed the failure of the conspiracy.

Meanwhile the Cardinal of Lorraine had persuaded Catherine that Coligny and other Protestant leaders should be summoned to court for negotiations and complete liberty of conscience should be proclaimed in order to avoid popular disaffection. Francis II, thoroughly scared, ordered the release of prisoners held on grounds of heresy and called upon French citizens henceforward to live as "good Catholics."

These temporary measures were completed in the Edict of Amboise, which suspended further religious persecution. Meanwhile Catherine advocated the assembly of a Church Council to undertake religious reforms. She now desired to bring about complete understanding and mutual forbearance between French Catholics and Protestants.

But the Protestants had other motives. The Bourbon-Condé faction had no thought of giving up the fight, as yet. Jacques de la Sague, a messenger of Condé, was captured and papers relating to a new conspiracy were discovered on his person. On the night of September 4 Guise's troops routed a body of men who tried to surprise the royal garrison, and it became evident, even to Catherine, that the Protestant leaders were

not only interested in religious issues, but also were political rebels against the state. Hereafter she must regard the whole Bourbon brood as rebels.

But France, she knew, was in no condition for civil war, and at whatever cost, even in religion, Catherine now did her best to bring about peace, unity and conciliation among the disaffected parties. Other Protestant leaders, she hoped, might be more amenable than the family of Bourbon-Condé. So she cast about her for someone upon whom she might rely and whose efforts might appease those forces that were hostile to the Guises.

She found this new leader in Michel de l'Hôpital, and him she made Chancellor of the Kingdom. He, like Catherine, favored a policy of peaceful conciliation: his wife and children were Calvinists.

It was to avert the danger of reconciliation that Throckmorton, the English ambassador, had written to Elizabeth of England urging her to spend more money. It might be a long time before another opportunity for intervention in French internal affairs would be so ripe!

Meanwhile, ever since the September conspiracy, the young king's health had been failing. Catherine attended him like a devoted nurse and mother, which she indeed was, but her efforts proved fruitless. On the night of December 5, 1560, while Catherine slept from exhaustion, Francis II died. He had ruled for eighteen months. Early the next morning Catherine and her eldest remaining son, Charles IX, who was then ten years old, weak and sickly, took over the government of France. Catherine declared that she would be her own regent and, backed by L'Hôpital, she became Regent of France.

With the new reign and the new regency and chancellorship, a new era was to be inaugurated for France. There can be no doubt but that Catherine's intentions were of the best. The extravagances of the royal household, which had been greatly augmented by the tastes of Francis II and Mary Stuart, were to be curtailed. People who catered to social unrest should

no longer be able to reproach the royal family with stories of wasteful extravagance. Even the pet horses, dogs and falcons were sold; and the royal chapel of the late king was closed as entailing too great an expense upon the royal purse.

A States General was summoned and the new chancellor delivered before it the queen-mother's best sentiments when he announced in ringing tones: "Let us of France keep the name of Christians and suppress the names of Lutheran, Huguenot and Papist—which stand only for party and for sedition."

Catherine's next act was to summon the Colloquy of Poissy, to which Protestants and Catholics alike were to send their best speakers and try honestly to find a foundation for common and mutual compromise. But only L'Hôpital and Catherine were sincere in desiring honest compromise and reconciliation. It was at this time that Catherine wrote to her daughter, Elisabeth of Spain: "God took away your father whom I loved, and left me with these small children in a Kingdom divided against itself, without any in whom I could put my trust, with none but had his own private interests."

The first of her small children had just died; she was beginning to realize the deviltry of political and religious machinations that cloaked secret intents behind hypocritical affirmations. She was, indeed, beginning to grow old with worry. When Chantonnay, one of her ambassadors, told her that she was looking poorly and advised her to be more careful of her diet—perhaps she ate too many fruits and melons—she replied: "The melons that cause my sickness were never grown in gardens."

For in her mind she heard the impending tumult of civil war and fratricidal slaughter, which she herself was powerless to stop. The remainder of her life was to be devoted to the task of trying to stop it; but it was to come on in relentless waves—nine of them before the Bourbon dynasty was finally to be ushered into power.

But she herself, as she entered her forty-third year, could be conscious of a great human certainty: despite the tragedies

and the disappointments that had come to her, despite the underhanded machinations that had been aimed at her own downfall and at that of her family, despite the attempted conspiracies, abductions and possible intended murders that had been leveled at the royal family, herself included, she had not, up to this period of her life, fought back. Her whole attitude had been characterized by a spirit of friendship, forbearance, forgiveness and willingness to sacrifice. She had harmed no one, and thus far any thought of murder had been reserved for the minds of lesser persons.

Throughout the year 1561 Philip II urged upon Catherine strong measures of repression against the Huguenots, but these advices she opposed, issuing instead, in January, 1562, a royal edict assuring them of further toleration.

Events were, however, getting out of hand rapidly. Throughout the past year the rival factions had been arming and sporadic outbursts took place. Law and order were beginning to disappear. The Duke of Guise, the Constable, and Marshal St. André had organized a Catholic Triumvirate and gained the support of the population of Paris. The Triumvirs marched into the city in a triumphal procession and received from the Provost of the Merchants a promise of money and 20,000 troops for the defense of the religion.

Condé, leader of the militant Huguenots, began to organize a Protestant force, and Guise wrote to him asking him not to break the peace.

Catherine was placed in a bad position. The struggle for the control of Paris represented a three-cornered fight between the Crown, the Catholic party of Guise, and the Huguenot party of Condé. But for the time being she accepted the Triumvirate, and the royal family was moved from Fontainebleau to Paris.

Condé now declared that the Catholic leaders were aiming at absolute control of the government—the establishment, in effect, of a dictatorial triumvirate—and called upon all loyal Frenchmen to rally to the defense of legitimate government.

It was a patriotic appeal aimed at gaining new political adherents. Free conscience and free government became the rallying cry for the Huguenot leaders.

Civil war, under these circumstances, could no longer be postponed. The first phase broke out in March, 1562, with the massacre at Vassy, a deservedly famous historical episode. Condé's followers claimed that Catherine herself had written four letters to Condé, urging him to take up arms and drive the Guises out of power. Thus, Condé was able to pose as a defender of the royal government against the machinations of the Guises. It is undoubtedly true that Catherine distrusted and hated the Guises; but she herself denied having written such letters and the letters themselves were never authenticated. The year ended with the battle of Dreux. By this time it had become evident that the would-be Triumvirs were not dictators—at least not yet—and the Protestant cause weakened. Condé had had enough for the moment, although not thoroughly pacified, and Catherine was again able to assert herself. But France had lost by the internal troubles, for the Germanic Emperor had taken advantage of the situation to recover the three large bishoprics that had been siezed by Henry II.

On February 18, 1563, Duke Francis of Guise was assassinated by a Huguenot, Poltrot de Méré. Catherine was surprised and deeply affected. One enemy had rid her of another potential enemy. She herself had had no thought of assassination: the popularity alone of the duke would have rendered such an act unthinkable. But the assassination made her own cause stronger with the populace. De Méré was captured and Catherine herself questioned him. She wrote to the Duchess of Savoy:

He confessed to having had a hundred crowns from Admiral Coligny to do the deed. He said that he did not wish to come, but that Bèze and another preacher had harangued him and assured him that he would go to heaven if he did it, and that the Admiral had sent sixty men to kill M. de Guise, the

Duc de Montpensier, Sansac, Sipierre and the Queen. . . .[2]

Many historians have attempted to deny this charge.

It has been doubted that Coligny had a hand in the murder; for his reputation was generally good. But so, too, was Catherine's at this particular time. No one hitherto had accused her of lying or of deceit; no crimes were held against her. If Méré's confession was as Catherine said, it is not beyond the shadow of doubt that Méré may have used Coligny's name to cloak that of another.

Yet, despite the dangers to which her government and she herself were now exposed, Catherine made another gesture of conciliation when in March, 1563, she concluded the Peace of Amboise, which again granted the wished-for liberties to Huguenots. It is significant, however, that this peace, which should have satisfied the religious demands of all her enemies, was as unsatisfactory to them as it was to the Catholic leaders, who hated its concessions. In short, the Peace, with its compromise to the demands of the reformed religion, satisfied nobody; and henceforward it was clear, even to Catherine, that the religious issue was *not the real issue* in the so-called religious wars.

In the summer of that year, in an endeavor to prove to everyone, even to herself, that her plans had been successful and that discord no longer reigned, Catherine sent an army of mixed Catholics and Protestants to recover Le Havre, which the Huguenot chieftain, Admiral de Coligny, had surrendered to the English. In April, 1564, an Anglo-French Treaty, negotiated by Catherine's ambassadors, assured French control of those Channel ports hitherto occupied by the English. England accepted as a *fait accompli* French sovereignty in Calais and the rest of the French coastal cities. It was a diplomatic success for Catherine, and in an effort to bring about further unity within France, she and her son, Charles IX, now fourteen years of age, made a tour of the French provinces.

[2] Reprinted in accordance with the translation used in F. Funck-Brentano's *The Renaissance*, by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

But peace and unity were only transitory. Her enemies waited for any opportunity that might count against her, and in June, 1565, they found a cause for propaganda in Catherine's interview with the Duke of Alva. The Huguenot leaders at once proclaimed that this was proof that Catherine was conspiring with the King of Spain against them. In view of what measures Catherine had taken, against the advices of her Catholic statesmen, to pacify and tolerate the Protestants in France, such claims were almost beyond the pale of human reason. But many men have no power of reason and fall willingly before the lightest wind of propaganda.

Meanwhile Charles IX showed some faint signs of growing up—he was beginning to display energy, if not competence, and enemies of the court feared that he might yet become a man and a king. So, in view of the ambitions of the Bourbon-Condé faction, it is hardly to be wondered at that in September, 1567, there was another Huguenot plot to kidnap the court. At that time Catherine and her family were living in the château of Montceaux. But she was warned in time to gain security within the walls of Meaux and the conspiracy was frustrated.

This episode, the "Enterprise of Meaux," it has been called, may be regarded as marking a breaking point in Catherine's attitude towards the Huguenots. "Never," she wrote, "could I have believed that such miserable plans could arise in the hearts of subjects against their King." Her reply to this last overt act was to dismiss L'Hôpital and cast in her lot with the Catholic party. One can hardly blame her. After all, she had been brought up as a devoted Catholic and had spent her early years in the Papal Court of Clement VII. Thus far in her life she had displayed far more toleration towards Protestants than had been customary among Catholic rulers. But now, it seemed, the time had come to strike back, and for two years civil and religious war again marred the peace of France. But by 1570, having failed to crush the Protestant cause, she turned again to negotiation and conciliation. She herself hated the

thought of a war in which leaders and miscreants escaped and only the innocent seemed to suffer.

In this, her last great attempt at conciliation, she declared for complete amity with the Protestants and even recalled Coligny—now the greatest of the Huguenot leaders—to her court and Council.

Coligny was, in nearly all respects, an admirable and a likable man. But now a peculiar change took place in the circumstances attending his activities; for the young king, taking Catherine's idealistic words at their face value, began to show marked liking and appreciation for the Huguenot admiral, calling him father. Coligny, on his part, urged upon Charles the desirability of allying with William of Orange, leader of the Dutch in their war for liberation against Philip II, the natural enemy of France and of the Valois. Catherine began to fear that her son, growing older, would become independent of her and plunge his country into new internal and external difficulties. But she did nothing for a while.

Then, on August 18, 1572, Catherine's daughter, Margaret, married King Henry of Navarre, and many Huguenots came to Paris for the wedding. For a long time there had been signs of simmering discontent; a social revolution was feared; Catherine and other Catholic leaders believed that Coligny would use none of his influence as a member of the Royal Council to prevent it.

Four days after the wedding Coligny left a meeting of the Council and paused for a while to watch his son-in-law, the young king, and the Duke of Guise (Henry, son of the murdered Francis) play a game of tennis. Afterward, on his way home, two shots were fired at him from a window and he was wounded. The window from which the shots were fired was in a lodging occupied by a former tutor of the young Duke of Guise; but the would-be assassin escaped before Coligny's followers could enter the house. No one knew who had planned the attempted murder, if it had been planned, but the general belief was that it had been instigated by Guise,

Catherine and the Duke of Anjou (Henry, Catherine's favorite son). But there can be no certainty, even with regard to the Guises.

Charles IX was furious and agreed to appoint a commission to investigate the causes of the attempted murder. The Huguenots decided to remain in Paris because the doctors refused to have Coligny moved. Charles himself seemed to suspect that there might be something back of the rumors and assertions of the Huguenots.

Catherine was faced with a dilemma. Coligny was recovering, and if Guise's servants were arrested they might talk, thus involving the duke. She could not count upon him to face the responsibility alone; it would be too easy to involve other members of the royal family, thus exculpating his own guilt. A new revolution might be precipitated; her favorite son, Henry, Duke of Anjou, might be barred from the succession. There seemed to be only one way out; for, whether she and her son could or could not be implicated, the feeling among the Huguenots was such that no satisfactory compromise could be effected. Thus she reasoned, and thus also reasoned the other leaders of the Catholic faction.

The only way out was to adopt the strongest possible measure: viz., to kill the important Huguenot leaders while they were still in Paris and so bring the civil rebellions to an end once and for all. Before such a measure could be taken, however, it would be necessary to convince the king of its necessity.

Secret consultations were held among the Catholic leaders —Catherine, Henry of Anjou, Nevers, Birague, Tavanne, Gondi, and perhaps others—to which the king was not admitted.

An Italian emissary named De Retz was sent to the king to prepare the ground. Charles was informed that Guise, Anjou and the queen-mother were all desperately involved in the affair, and that if they were implicated nothing could prevent a violent revolution which might lose the throne. Charles was further informed that the Huguenots believed that he himself

had been implicated in the plot, and were preparing, even then, to rise against the monarchy.

De Retz's approaches were then followed up by Catherine and her colleagues. The king, furious at first, was finally cowed and stunned into acquiescence. Let all the Huguenots be killed so that there might be none left to reproach him!

The final plans for a wholesale extermination of the Huguenot leaders were now rushed quickly to their consummation. The Duke of Guise was chosen to kill the Admiral; other leaders of the opposition were apportioned among trustworthy adherents of the royal and Catholic cause. Twelve hundred arquebusiers were stationed at various points along the Seine and captains of every ward in Paris were warned to arm their retainers against a threatened uprising of the Huguenots that night. Every available man was to be armed and ready. The city gates were ordered to be locked that night, the night of August 23–24; all river boats chained to their piers; all police squads held ready to await orders.

Early the next morning Catherine, the king and Anjou waited for the moment of execution to begin. Before dawn Guise, with a group of French guards and Italian and German mercenary troops, appeared in the Rue de Bethisy. The bell of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois boomed out. Guise and his followers, aided by a special guard dispatched by the king to protect Coligny, charged into the house of Coligny. Besme, a servant of the Guises, stabbed the Admiral first; the others followed suit.

Then other Huguenot leaders, most of whom lived in neighboring houses, were butchered, many in their beds.

But now came the second act in the tragic drama, one on which Catherine herself had not bargained. For the mob of hirelings and underworld assassins and officials, organized by Guise and by the Provost of the Merchants, warned by the sound of fighting and by the ringing of the tocsin, swarmed up from the Paris gutters and began a wholesale massacre of the Huguenots. As the slaughter continued its area broadened

and before long thousands of indiscriminate victims were butchered as rebels and as Huguenots: men, women and children alike. In brief, the counter-revolution went completely out of hand: the armed mob, its blood lust momentarily legalized, accomplished its ultimate worst. The massacre was even encouraged by some of the Catholic leaders: Marshall Tavannes and the Duke of Nevers, two who had been most active in planning this "Saint Bartholomew Massacre," ran through the streets flourishing their swords and urging the people of Paris to make an end, once and for all, of all the king's enemies.

Catherine herself had had no idea of encouraging a wholesale massacre; all that she had acceded to was a plot to rid the realm of the more obnoxious opponents of her régime. She herself helped a number of the wives and children of the opposition to escape the carnage that raged sporadically for the next three days. The worst, however, was over by noon of the twenty-fourth of August.

The news of the uprising of the Catholics spread through France like wild fire and in many other places simultaneous and general massacres of the Huguenots were carried out. Charles IX, thoroughly scared for his own safety and anxious to unify control of the country once and for all, encouraged the provincial uprisings by "verbal command," so it is claimed.

Altogether some 3,500 persons were massacred in Paris alone, and an equal number in other French cities.

Catherine believed that the difficulties of the dynasty were now ended. It had been an obnoxious procedure, but she was confident that she had at last, after thirteen years of vacillation and of attempted compromise, done the only thing which would save the situation for France and for the monarchy. Let the world say what it wished.

The world was, of course, shocked. The Saint Bartholomew purge brought horrified and self-righteous comments from many parts of Europe. It had been a dastardly business, people said, even people who knew something of the situation failed to condone the slaughter. When the French ambassador re-

ported the attitude of the Venetian people, Catherine replied to him, October 1, 1572, as follows:

I have seen what you wrote me regarding the opinion of certain persons that what has happened to Admiral Coligny and his followers was instigated by me and by my son, the Duke of Anjou. . . . I think it well to inform you, therefore, that I have neither done, counseled nor permitted aught but what honor, duty and the love I bear my children commanded me, because the Admiral, since the death of my lord, the late King Henry, has shown by his deeds and bearing that he desired the overthrow of this kingdom and the usurpation of the crown of my son the King, to whom, as you know, it lawfully belongs. And because he [Coligny] *instead of avowing himself a subject, did so establish and make himself strong within this kingdom that his powers and commandments over those of his faith were equal to the King's, and so far as, being a rebel against his King, he took by force, in the presence of the King and his brother, towns which were held against him, and did not demur to fight several battles, by which he was the cause of the death of very many people; and, furthermore, since the late peace and edict of pacification, he has so grievously conspired against the persons of the King and his brother and my own person—as will soon be proved to the satisfaction of foreign princes and all others at the trial which has now commenced and will soon be decided in the Court of the Parlement of Paris, I am certain that it will be said that my son the King has acted only within his rights as a sovereign prince. . . . The King is greatly troubled that in the heat of the moment certain others of the religion were slain by the Catholics, who remembered innumerable evils, robberies and other wicked acts committed upon them during the Troubles; but now at last all is peaceful, so that there is recognized only one king and one justice rendered to all alike according to duty and equity. . . .*

There was some justification for these accusations. For wherever the Protestant arms had been strong, there the

churches had been profaned, the priests and nuns insulted; and there also stalked massacre, pillage and destruction.[3] And when it came to plots, the Huguenots had proved that they could formulate just as many as the Catholics. But now, at last, the shoe was on the wrong foot, and it pinched.

It pinched both parties as a matter of fact. Catherine herself aged rapidly under the strain. She was described, during this period of her life, as follows:

Although the habit of dissimulation, as much as advancing age, had given Catherine the abbess-like mask . . . discreet yet searching, which so strikes the eye in her portrait, yet the attentive courtier could see a certain cloudiness in this Florentine mirror. . . . Her black velvet headdress with its widow's peak, nevertheless gave a touch of femininity to her face . . . investing it with a charm entirely Italian. . . .

Charles IX also suffered; he must give himself up unceasingly now to activity, fighting and a show of strength. He rode and hunted for long hours; he slept little; he soon wore out his modicum of constitutional energy. Before long tuberculosis set in. For three months he hovered between life and death. Then, on May 30, 1574, he died.

Sometime before Charles IX's last sickness Catherine had succeeded in having Henry, her favorite son, elected King of Poland. He was now called back to rule over France as Henry III, and, since he was to remain childless, Catherine's youngest son, Francis, Duke of Alençon, became heir presumptive to the throne. These two sons were the last male descendants of the Valois dynasty.

One after another, Catherine had seen the men of her family fail and die; but her greatest sorrows, aside from the death of her husband fifteen years before, were still to come. Under the rule of her favorite son she was to witness greater and more repeated failures than any which had yet befallen the

[3] Even an educated Huguenot, Theodore Beza, a scholar and a gentleman by repute, had no compunctions when he watched his men pile kegs of gunpowder under the high-altar of the Orléans cathedral, and send "altar, relics and statues all sky-high."

dynasty; and as her own power decreased, while that of her dapper little son grew more and more independent of her control, she was to witness these failures with increasing frequency. Well might the Protestant chroniclers hail the fact that Henry III succeeded in escaping from his mother's baneful influence!

Against the wishes of Catherine, the Council and the king after two months of careful deliberation decided to follow up the Saint Bartholomew holocaust by a new war against the Huguenots. One reason for this was the rise of a new spirit and a new propaganda among the opposition. Damville, a fanatical opponent of tyranny, who called himself "The Liberator of the Commonwealth" and hoped for a great social revolution, identified freedom and Protestantism and aided in rallying all sorts of social and political malcontents to the Huguenot side.

The Catholic campaign was halfhearted. Henry III, lacking confidence, offered concessions. "If I am not forced," he said, "I shall give you peace and see that it is observed." But the Huguenots wanted more than peace and freedom of conscience. So the war dragged on, sanguinary but never decisive.

At length the king agreed to new concessions and signed the adverse terms of the Peace of Monsieur, May 5, 1576, only to regret the act almost immediately and blame his mother for his weakness in having yielded. There followed a rift in his relations with Catherine, and from this time onward he came more and more under the domination of other Catholic leaders.

Meanwhile, for twenty years, the power of the Guise family had risen, nourished on the divisions of their opponents. Henry, Duke of Guise, son of the murdered Francis, was becoming a figure of great importance. His popularity rivaled that of the "Great Duke" of earlier days; and so, in 1576, shortly after the Peace of Monsieur, the Guises succeeded in organizing the Holy League for the protection of Catholic interests in France.

There was much bickering in the States General. Surrepti-

tiously a struggle for power in France was going on, even among the Catholic leaders. For the last time the king yielded to his mother's counsel—or wanted to. Her advice was "to preserve the State in the King's person, and God, I hope, will favor him, so that one day he may at last unite the two religions in one." Yet despite the king's wishes and Catherine's, war broke out again. It was the sixth phase. The Guises had prepared their forces and their plans, and after six months of hard campaigning the Protestant cause seemed to have been torn in shreds. Scattered bands took refuge within scattered fortresses.

But conditions in France were extremely bad, and the Huguenots pointed out that the Catholic oligarchy was ruining the nation. Many people believed it—the nation was certainly ruined. Devastation reigned supreme. Once more the poverty-stricken elements were rallied and in 1579 the seventh civil rebellion flared out like a blaze of straw and died down in the Peace of Fleix.

Catherine, as her influence in home affairs weakened, had turned her attention to foreign affairs in an endeavor to bolster the strength of the Valois dynasty and the French monarchy. Her "diversion" into Portuguese affairs aimed at a marriage for her youngest son and the throne of Portugal. But the Guises' insistence upon prosecuting the domestic wars, and Henry III's failure to co-operate fully in her plans, weakened her strength. Her plans were excellent, but their successful outcome depended upon a rapid occupation of the Azores to cut off Portugal from her Brazilian and African dependencies. French efforts were weak, however, slowly executed and careless, so that nothing came of them.

Later she endeavored to aid the Duke of Alençon capture Antwerp and secure control of Flanders, but once again she was unable to secure wholehearted French support for the undertaking. Domestic conditions were too unsettled and the leaders of all three factions were much more interested in securing power within France than they were in aiding the

cause of either French or Valois imperialism. So Catherine's foreign diversions failed in all ways; they did not relieve internal tension; they did not unify French political leadership; they did not increase the power of either the kingdom or the dynasty.

After the failure of his plans, Alençon, the youngest son, returned to France and died in June, 1584. It seemed unlikely, then, that Henry III would have an heir. Catherine's last hope for the preservation of her husband's line was that her daughter's son, the Marquis de Pont à Monsson, might inherit the crown.

But the first prince of the blood was Henry of Navarre, he who had married Catherine's little Margot on the eve of Saint Bartholomew, twelve years before; and he was now rising to be a great Huguenot soldier. He would certainly become the next French king if he could be brought to accept Catholicism. Evidently the Catholic leaders thought that his religious scruples were none too strong, and that some such conversion might be brought about. He was, of course, a Bourbon, yet the fact that he had married Margaret of Valois might have a salutary effect. In any event, although such thoughts may still have been somewhat dormant, if not, indeed, in the uncertain future, Henry III decided to stand by his sister and her Navarrese husband. "Today," he said, "I recognize the King of Navarre as my sole and only heir." With that proclamation the fate of the Valois dynasty was sealed.

For Catherine these last years—the last years of her life as well as of her dynasty, for she was now in her sixty-sixth year —were exceedingly painful. Her life's ambition was being brought to nothing. But she still hoped for a better day.

May 12, 1588, amidst the clamor of war in which "The Helmet of Navarre" was pitted against the strength of the Guises, the populace was rising in another long-threatened social revolt. In Paris it was the Day of the Barricades. Catherine went to negotiate with Henry of Guise, and incidentally give her son time to escape from the city. Henry III, unable

to work with any one, had turned against the Guises. They were too powerful.

Once again Catherine succeeded, at least momentarily, in effecting a sort of reconciliation. In the Edict of Union, July, 1588, she brought Henry III and Henry of Guise together again and once more had reason to hope that her efforts might bring success. But she was working almost singlehanded, untrusted, even suspected, by her own son, "the apple of her eye," as people called him; and she was weakening; she had passed her sixty-ninth birthday.

But her last remaining son could not bring himself to accept the authority of Henry of Guise—this "Second Balafré," whose popularity far outdistanced that of Henry himself, and whose authority outrivaled that of his illustrious father.

In December, 1588, the court was assembled in the château of Blois; and here, to her intense dismay, on the twenty-third of that fateful month, Catherine learned that all her efforts had failed. For on that day Henry III had had his rival murdered. He himself came to tell her the news. Catherine was dumb with dismay. She saw all too clearly what the future held: the defeat of Spain and the League; the insurrection of the Paris mob; the assembling of a new States General; the ultimate triumphal election of Henry of Navarre and the rise of a Bourbon dynasty to replace her own. All this had been brought about by Henry III's treachery, the treachery of the one person for whom she had sacrificed the most, even endangering her own soul by yielding to the crime of Saint Bartholomew's Day in order that this self-willed little weakling might be assured of his accession to the throne.

For the next few days Catherine could do nothing but wander hopelessly through the corridors and galleries of the château, waiting for the retribution that was bound to follow the murder of Guise. All the enemies of France—all her own enemies—would, of course, put the blame upon her. It had become a custom. So she was not surprised when, on one of these enervating walks, she met the Cardinal of Bourbon, very

charming in his red hat and red gown. He could afford to smile as he greeted her; he could afford to remark in passing: "Ah! Madame, another of your master-strokes. Soon you will kill us all!"

Catherine protested her innocence with disarming impetuosity, then suddenly sickened and collapsed. "I can bear no more," she faltered, "I must go to bed."

The following day a severe cold, or influenza, developed, followed quickly by pneumonia. On January 5, 1589, just thirteen days after the murder of Henry of Guise, she died, amid the general indifference of the court. It was time that the old woman stopped making trouble. No one regretted her death.

Seven months later her last remaining son, Henry III, died on the dagger of Jacques Clément, and the machinations of the enemies of the Valois were brought to their final successful conclusion.

A new French monarchy could now arise on the ruins of the old—a monarchy that would far surpass the old in its pretensions to unlimited power—until the great French Revolutions of 1789 and 1830 brought it to its own disastrous end.

In considering the life of this unfortunate queen, who always tried to do what was for the best, and who always "meant well," one must, perhaps, make allowances for the peculiar tendency of humanity to regard many weak rulers as tyrants. For Catherine de' Medici was a weak ruler. If she had had the strength of iron in her character and in her will; if she had used her forces and resources with an iron hand; if she had, in brief, been a far less feminine sort of creature, she might have gone down in history as a shining success. But she was a failure: a failure like Charles I of England, whom men beheaded as a tyrant: a failure like Louis XVI of France, who died on the guillotine: a failure like Nicholas II, who tried to suppress discontent half-heartedly, until he fell before the Bolsheviki. All these persons were hated as tyrants. People pre-

fer to love their Louis XIV's, their Napoleons, their Richards of the "Lion Heart," and their Charlemagnes—men who knew and understood how to carry on successfully the pillage and the massacre of whole cities, armies and populations.

But Catherine was a woman. She was too much concerned, it has been affirmed, with thoughts of family and of matriarchy. In other words she loved a degenerate brood of Valois kings and princes too well. This opinion is true, but only in part. It has been arrived at by Mariejol and by certain other biographers who have studied her life largely from her letters. Catherine wrote many thousands of letters, and it is unfortunate that the unimportant domestic ones have, for the most part, survived. Any biographer who depends almost exclusively upon these domestic survivals is apt to overemphasize the maternal and domestic side of her disposition. For it can be shown (and Mrs. Maguire in her *Women of the Medici* has shown it) that although one may be an excellent marriage-maker, that does not necessarily prevent one from being also an excellent politician and diplomat. And the tendencies of the Medici women seemed to run in both directions. Again, one may be extremely religious at times, and again almost irreligious. Even the lives of the saints prove that; but the lives of the Medici, men and women both, prove it also—though Catherine herself was for the most part extremely religious. In any event, she came from an extremely versatile family, and her own disposition, like that of the people among whom she was forced to live, was characterized by extreme versatility.

One should prefer to emphasize, rather, her extreme patriotism—and her extreme loyalty to those whom she loved. In both respects she was more modern than medieval. It is a mistake to think that this patriotism evolved only in connection with her dynastic and marital ambitions. She herself declared that her principal aim was to guard the realm of her husband and save it from discontent and division. But she was a woman, half Italian and therefore foreign, so far as the French were concerned, with her favorite son a hindrance and her youngest

a potential enemy. She had, indeed, no one upon whom she could rely fully or even trust. It was even difficult, in her position, to secure honest servants. Many of them were spies. Her task was rendered still more difficult by the caliber of her enemies. In men such as the three Guises, Alva and Parma, Philip II of Spain, the Bourbons and Condés, Henry of Navarre, Calvin, and many others, she found herself coping with men of master abilities, or of master minds.

And yet, although many of her efforts failed because of the capacity of her relatives and allies to undo her works, she carried on tirelessly. She was never too preoccupied with the interests of her family to follow a truly *modern* and *national policy for France*: a policy that aimed at social and religious tolerance, at the maintenance of legal and legitimate authority, and at the expansion of French holdings. In these respects she set a new precedent for future rulers to follow, and in her tolerance and in her authoritarianism she marked a break even from the policy of her own husband. But she never ceased hoping for the happiness, the welfare and the unity of the French people, and in her own words never ceased from dwelling upon "*pitié, regret et confiance en Dieu.*" Moreover, it must not be forgotten that it was her reign that wiped out the old renaissance hang-over of factional leadership and made it possible for a new leadership to come to the front.

As we have seen, she was only indirectly responsible for the Saint Bartholomew Massacre, probably less so than many rulers placed in somewhat similar positions who have proved themselves less long-suffering than did Catherine. And for many years she had tried to *reconcile* rather than divide the various parties, agreeing to *all the demands* which the enemies of her régime saw fit to proclaim *publicly*. Yet one great crime —the thing which has been made to count most heavily against her reputation in history by those historians who could not bring themselves to see her point of view whenever it differed from their own—need not imply a criminal nature; and by ordinary Catherine was never cruel.

Neither was she ever immoral. In spite of her husband's infidelity she was pure in word and in deed. Her "Flying Squadron" of notorious beauties—the women who graced the French court and were to continue to grace it after Catherine's death—was a renaissance inheritance from the courts of Francis I and Henry II. Catherine used such instruments for the purpose of gaining information—but so did other potentates of the time.

Throughout most of her later life she had continually to fight against disunion, not only in the government and in the nation, but also within her own family. She must reconcile her sons, her son-in-law, her daughter, and all the related powers without, in Spain, Navarre, Savoy, Tuscany and England.

She possessed strong affection; her love was ever constant; and she could produce the strength necessary to endure great physical hardships. Her language was never violent. Her intelligence was alert, supple, and her methods insinuating and disarming. Time after time she ordered her son, Henry, to keep his tongue and his temper under better control. Moreover, she could speak eloquently and convincingly, using a kind of opportunist argument that was highly esteemed by the people of that time, even if its logic was not always sound. But arguments, to seem convincing, must never be too logical. The human mind can not stand it.

One of the most appealing things about Catherine was her indomitable optimism. Never once—until the end of her life—did she admit defeat. She was one of the world's most gorgeous examples of a wishful thinker. Always she saw things as she wanted to see them, seldom as they were. But when things did not turn out as she had planned she was not discouraged; she was always ready for another trial. Before her optimistic hope all obstacles would disappear; she believed that no stumbling-block could long exist in the path of righteousness. Womanlike, she forced herself to think that everything would happen for the best.

Lastly, she possessed the power to forgive: she forgave

every one except the man who had accidentally murdered her husband. Later that man fought on the side of the Huguenots. He had been a captain of the King's guard, but he had repudiated his oath of loyalty; and when he was eventually captured, Catherine had him executed as a traitor. People have said that it was a personal matter; but if the man had had any sense of loyalty he would have served the widowed queen of that king whom he had sworn to serve, and whom he had, however accidentally, killed. He was, in effect, a traitor.

Lastly, Catherine has been blamed by historians for having fostered, and permitted, anarchy. She "permitted" it hardly from choice. How she "fostered" it is inexplicable, in view of her efforts to achieve amity and reconciliation. But the late Professor Paul Van Dyke has pointed out, with praiseworthy insight: "It is a paradox that French *anarchy* was followed by *strong monarchy* under the Bourbons; while *strong monarchy in Tudor England* was followed by a century of revolution for political and religious freedom."

But Elizabeth in England placed her reliance upon the bourgeoisie.

Catherine de' Medici, despite her alleged bourgeois background, knew better than to do that. In her eyes the oligarchy of moneyed privilege was worse than feudalism.

X. DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA: Who fought the last fight for chivalry

Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,
Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,
Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,
Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,
Thronging of the thousands up that labor under sea
White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.
Vivat Hispania!
Domino Gloria!
Don John of Austria has set his people free!

IT WAS Don John of Austria, immortalized in Gilbert K. Chesterton's "Lepanto," who freed thousands of Christian slaves from those myriads of Mohammedan galleys that made the Mediterranean a death-trap in the sixteenth century. He also helped to free the Dutch Netherlands from Spanish oppression. And he has been called, with good reason, the last of the good knights. Although forced to serve the militant and imperialist interests of a rapidly modernizing Spanish empire —the strongest and the most hated of all the Christian empires in the latter half of the sixteenth century—he served faithfully and chivalrously, in the spirit of a true knight. He may be regarded as the last of the crusaders, the last, that is, who fought purely for God, for honor, and for no reward. He was the last of the good knights whose thoughts and deeds were governed by a genuine spirit of chivalry rather than by the hope of national and material recompense. But he was born too late in history to achieve great glory or recognition for qualities such as these.

Cervantes fought under his banner and returned to Spain to write his *Don Quixote,* symbolizing the death of the spirit

of *noblesse oblige*. For by the time that Cervantes' work was published, early in the seventeenth century, it seemed that chivalry, like Don John himself, had sunk into the oblivion of a medieval past. If its spirit yet survived, it was hereafter something to be laughed out of existence. For nationalism and commercialism, brought to life by the new bourgeois standards of a modern world, seemed everywhere triumphant. It was this spirit that had killed the old religion and the old Crusades, just as it had killed feudalism.

Abandoning eastern and southern Europe to their fate, men turned their attention toward oceanic commerce and the building-up of nationalistic empires and riches.

Amidst the new confusion of conflicting creeds, standards and beliefs that flourished everywhere in Europe during the early years of the sixteenth century, it seemed that the very framework of civilization must collapse. The Emperor Charles V, he whose hand had been sought for the princesses of both England and Portugal, had succeeded in holding things together for a while. But he had not suppressed Protestantism and his victories over the Turks were only temporary. After his retirement and the division of his empire, it seemed that Europe was once more to be plunged into anarchy. In France, the Huguenot war reached its first great climax and devastated the nation. Philip II of Spain, the inheritor of Charles V's Spanish and Dutch possessions, allowed himself to be enmeshed; and during this French diversion the Moors in Spain revolted against Spanish rule. The Dutch, too, began their war for liberation; and after a few years it appeared very likely that the legacy of Charles V would fall in ruins.

The new king, Philip II, overestimating his power and his ability, was not the man to cope with his many difficulties. Instead of coping with them adequately, he allowed himself to be diverted by papal requests for support in the Mediterranean and in eastern Europe against the Turks. Had it not been for the efforts of his half-brother, (a son of Charles V like himself, though by a different mother), his empire would

probably have gone to wrack and ruin before his own death. As it was, this half-brother, Don John of Austria, held it together and won most of the victories that can be credited to the reign of Philip II.

Don John of Austria is a figure who is perennially interesting to people with a taste for history, not only because of his adventurous life and the confusing mixture of mystery and illumination which surrounds him, but also because he lived his short and overcrowded span of years during three of the most important decades in European civilization. For, in addition to the many troubles that were convulsing the French realm of Catherine de' Medici and the Spanish and Dutch realms of Philip II, the rest of Europe also was experiencing difficulties. In Britain there was a struggle between the supporters of Elizabeth and those of Mary Stuart of Scotland. In eastern Europe the Duchy of Prussia severed its nominal allegiance to Poland and the House of Hohenzollern became hereditary. Farther east, in Russia, the Tatars made their last great attack on the west and burnt Moscow. In the Mediterranean the Turks and their Berber allies made their supreme effort to secure control of the sea and with it the southern trade routes. With Spain, France and Holland in turmoil, and with conditions unsettled in England, Germany and Poland, it looked as if the Asiatic powers that for so many years had either threatened or dominated large areas of medieval Europe, might regain their former position.

Much of that danger also was averted by the efforts of Don John of Austria. His annihilation of Turkish and Berber seapower at Lepanto is without question the largest naval battle on record. The casualties alone in that momentous struggle—in which over five hundred warships were engaged—included more than enough men to man all the ships that fought in the Spanish Armada of 1588 or in the German fleet at Jutland in the World War.

The three short decades of Don John's life represent also a great transitional epoch in the history of human progress:

an epoch in which the forces of East and West, of bourgeois-monarchic nationalism and the aristocratic remnant of medieval feudalism (of *the new "liberalism"* and *the old "rule from above"*) met in their death struggles. Art, like religion, was affected. Palladio, Inigo Jones and Perrault turned from medieval architectural criteria and lent their efforts to the establishment of new bourgeois standards in the West. The golden age of renaissance painting was turning into a wilderness of courtly portrait-flatteries and of asinine exhibitionism. To Protestantism was finally guaranteed its ascendancy in Teutonic Europe. But in France and the Lowlands Protestantism was almost exterminated. Yet even within the ranks of Catholicism, more modern views had been popularized by the efforts of Ignatius Loyola and the Jesuits.

This, in brief, is the setting for the life of Don John of Austria, who fought the last great fight for the sake of chivalry. Everyone knows of him; yet of the few books that have been written about him only one or two show signs of scholarly research. In the annals of his life, just as in his actual life, it seems that he was destined to be a much slighted figure, usually overshadowed by men of nobler birth but lesser stature. For although Don John of Austria was the son of an emperor, he was only a "natural son"—and that, to the eyes of a future world of bourgeois morality, has usually meant something most illicit and therefore quite "unnatural." Historians and biographers of a puritanically minded English-speaking world could hardly have for him the same regard that they might feel for a scion of entirely legal, and therefore moral, respectability.

Only now and then has there been an exception. Thus, George Slocombe has written that "the sixteenth century, that rich tapestry of splendid and many-colored images, contained no more vivid figure than Don John of Austria." He seemed to have inherited his father's best traits, with the exception of patience. But he knew how to be generous, brave, warlike, tender and magnificent; arrogance was foreign to his nature;

and while he insisted upon his own recognition as a knight and as a prince, he did so with a humility and with a charming simplicity that made few enemies. "No greater military glory," wrote Mr. Slocombe, "was attained in that grave and warlike world by a youth so little experienced in war; none adorned so becomingly his youth and beauty."

But to understand the story and the nature of Don John, one must go back to his father's story. Charles V was the grandson of Mary of Burgundy and Maximilian of Habsburg, whose son, Philip of Habsburg, had married Joanna of Castile (daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella). Charles himself was born in the Netherlands, where his father ruled. At that time the Constitution of the Netherlands, by virtue of the *Great Privilege* granted by Mary of Burgundy, was "the freest and fullest" doctrine of liberty which had yet been embodied in the laws of any people other than those of the Swiss Cantons. It was, incidentally, the violation of the *Great Privilege* by Philip II's government, years later, that caused the revolt of the Netherlands.

Meanwhile Joanna, at the birth of Charles in 1500, went insane, and for the rest of her life and ever after she was known as Joanna the Mad. But from her Charles inherited the vast dominions of the Spanish Empire, which had accrued to her parents, Ferdinand and Isabella, both in Spain and in Italy, as well as the new world that had been opened up for Spain by Christopher Columbus. From his father, Philip, he inherited the Habsburg dominions of the Holy Roman Empire, together with all the Habsburg claims in Hungary, Italy, Burgundy and the Netherlands.

Thus it came about that Charles V ruled more territory in the world than has any other ruler before or since. When he retired in 1556, shortly before his death, his empire was divided between his brother, Ferdinand of Austria, and his son, Philip II of Spain. It was to Philip, who seemingly inherited all the worst traits of his grandparents, both sane and insane, that the Dutch and Spanish parts of the Empire fell.

During the reign of Charles V the Lutheran revolt swept over Germany, and from the Diet of Augsburg in 1530 to the Peace of Augsburg in 1555, Charles spent much time in Germany endeavoring to effect a reconciliation between the Lutherans and Catholics.

It was some time after the Religious Truce of Nüremberg, in Bavaria, that the emperor met Barbara Blomberg of Ratisbon. Up to this time Charles V, although (nominally) twice married, had known few women. But he fell madly in love with this Bavarian girl; and she it was who became the mother, on February 24, 1545, of that "natural son" who was later to be known as Don John of Austria.

Charles V was, by ordinary, a moral and a religious man, and at the thought of this illegitimate offspring his soul suddenly suffered a revulsion toward Barbara. To console him, his confessor declared that the child was not his; and for a while the emperor affected to believe this. But in his heart he knew better; and although he did not recognize the boy openly, he agreed to pay for his rearing.

Many detractors of both Charles and Don John attempted to belittle the whole affair. Barbara Blomberg, they declared, was the daughter of an aspiring washerwoman who had brought the girl, since she was admittedly beautiful, to the attention of the emperor in an endeavor to make something for both of them. But the mother of the girl declared her to be the daughter of a petty Bavarian nobleman, killed in the emperor's service, and herself a gentlewoman. It is a little difficult to see how, if she really had been a washerwoman, she could have gained the attention of the emperor so easily; yet even so, many a washerwoman has been an admirable person, to say nothing of her daughter.

Meanwhile, after recovering from his first revulsion, the emperor saw that steps were taken to provide for the boy and to find a satisfactory husband for the mother. Little is known of what followed, but it is believed that the emperor's natural son was taken from his mother at an early age and sent to

dwell in seclusion among the more trustworthy Castilian nobility of Spain. Whoever they were, they guarded their secret and their charge only too well.

Barbara Blomberg, in due course, was married to Jerome Kegel, a gentleman of the court, who dwelt with her in Brussels until his death in 1569. After the deaths of the emperor and of her husband, she gave herself up to a life of attempted pleasure and drinking, much to the discomfort of the Spanish governor, the Duke of Alva. Philip II, who succeeded his father in due course, had her sent to Ghent, where Alva could keep a closer watch on her activities. That worthy did his best to have her sent, instead, to a Spanish convent. Giving money to her, he said, was like throwing it into the ocean, with this difference: nothing was ever washed back on the beach afterward. Barbara on her side said that they could cut her in pieces before she would consent to go to Spain, and furthermore, be damned to all of them! So she continued slowly to drink herself to death.

Just before he died Charles V succeeded in finding the perfect home for his illegitimate son: a place in which he could be carefully educated, as befitted a Habsburg prince. This was the castle of Don Luis de Quijada, near Valladolid.

Don Luis de Quijada was one of the most chivalrous, and therefore most trustworthy, of all the nobility of Castile. Moreover, he was a model of education and of court etiquette; and his knightly training in horsemanship, swordsmanship and military tactics was exemplary, to say the least.

For five years he had been married to Dona Magdalena de Ulloa, a devoted wife, when in the spring of 1554 she received from him a most mysterious message: "I beg you by the love that you have and that you have always had for me to receive this boy as if he were indeed your own; and so to care for and train him. He is the son of a great friend of mine, whose name I cannot now reveal, but for whose honor and high position I will go surety. . . ."

The boy arrived in due course; and in the household of

Magdalena de Ulloa and Don Luis de Quijada he was to be known, for the next five years, as Jerome. Dona Magdalena reared him as if he had been her own son; and throughout the remainder of his life Don John looked upon her as a mother. In the Quijada household his education was carried on diligently, in company with the infante, Don Carlos, and with Alexander Farnese, the Prince of Parma. In this place and in these days it could truly be said that knighthood was still flowering. So Don John lived pleasantly until 1559, when he was fourteen years of age.

He was fourteen years of age when the first great change came in his life. For his father had died and in his will had recognized the boy as his son. The will entrusted him to the care of Charles's legal son and successor in Spain, Philip II. The prospect was displeasing to Philip; but in accordance with his father's wishes (much more than his own) he granted to his half-brother the rank of a Prince of Austria and a house in Madrid. The boy was no longer Jerome, but Don John of Austria.

Philip had inherited, from some source, a religious instinct almost fanatical. If we are to believe the stories of the Flemish historian, Coster, he had, in his youth, amused himself by roasting his pet monkeys over tiny flames, because they were heretics! Moreover, he delighted in witnessing the torture of his enemies and the triumph of his own ambitions and beliefs. He was, in short, half mad.

But his filial piety was none the less strong, and he himself came to tell Don John who he really was and to make known to him the change in his life and position. Philip intended that the new prince be entered in the church to prepare himself for a bishopric. But Don John, tall and lean limbed, active in all respects and not at all studious or sedentary, was one of those rare individuals who could never be anything but a soldier. And so, during the next nine years, he became, little by little, a knight, a soldier and a prince, and not at all a priest.

During all these years Philip II treated him meanly and stingily. Don John was afforded a livelihood, and little more. He himself never understood the reason for or even the existence of Philip's jealousy, believing rather that he had made some enemies at court who turned Philip against him. Sometimes in his letters, later in life, Don John wrote of those "advisers" who tell Philip "that if little authority be held by me, His authority will be so much the greater." But for the most part he bore his cares lightly.

The second great change in Don John's life came in 1568, when he was twenty-three years old and a seasoned soldier. By this time the final great conflicts between "medieval" and "modern" cultures and between East and West had entered their culminating stages.

By this time Philip II had been sucked into the machinations of the court of Catherine de' Medici, and his Dutch subjects were decidedly disaffected. Partly to obey a request from the papacy, and partly, perhaps, to get Don John out of the way, he sent the latter to lead a Spanish fleet against the Berber pirates that had been infesting the waters of the Mediterranean.

Taking advantage of these diversions, the Moors in southern Spain raised the standard of revolt; and in 1569 Don John was called back to lead an army against them and save the kingdom from being cut in half. The Moriscos of Andalusia, dwelling among the mountain fastnesses, were excellent fighters; and it was at Philip's express command that no mercy be shown them. But their conquest was to prove one of the most difficult feats in the history of warfare. It led to a new development of Spanish arms and tactics—including the use of mines, snippers, musketry on a large scale—and almost unrivaled hand-to-hand fighting with sword and dagger. It was a war to the death, for the Moors had sworn never to yield and they refused to surrender. Don John did his best to protect such captives as were taken from the cruelty of the Madrid court; but there was little that he could do. Philip replied to his requests for clemency by urging him on to greater violence.

The story of how Don John mined Galera, the major stronghold of the Moors—long regarded as impregnable—and helped to carry fire and sword through the mountains of southern Spain is not a pleasant one to relate. But he was obeying his orders, as a good knight, and fighting for his chivalry, his king and his religion. And so, by the autumn of 1570, the rebellious Moors had either made their submissions to Church and to State, or been exterminated.

After the capture of Galera, Don John wrote his own account of the victory (February 16, 1570). Two mines were first exploded, he said, and this was followed by a cannonade lasting for two hours, a preparatory barrage for the infantry attack. Then:

Our troops advanced . . . in the best spirits. At first, owing to the fear caused by the mines and the damage inflicted by our artillery, the Moors did not sally out in any great number . . . yet in the place itself the defense was so obstinate that it was necessary to take the town house by house, and the taking of it lasted from nine in the morning until night, fighting going on in the houses, in the streets, and on the roofs, the women fighting as well and as bravely as their husbands. All, however, were put to the sword; and really, from what I have seen today, it would appear that more than 2500 Moors were slain. . . . On our side no person of note is killed, nor do I think that we have lost more than 50 in all, both in killed and wounded. . . .

Since there were no soldiers to garrison the almost impregnable position, it was burned and razed.

To the above description of the battle, Don John added his usual plea for clemency:

These rebels are so obstinate and so fixed in their determination rather to be cut in pieces than to submit . . . that no one can expect any honorable arrangement to be concluded with them. But in case the contrary should happen . . . [and an armistice be obtained] . . . and since it may be that they may choose to submit themselves to the mercy and grace of Your

Majesty, I wish that Your Majesty would advise me what is to be done, that I may make no mistake in an affair of so much importance.

His Majesty's advice was to continue the extermination.

Great acclaim greeted the achievements of Don John against the infidels; but there was no reward. Instead, Philip II talked of sending him to Flanders to crush the revolt of the Netherlands against Spain. The Dutch-Flemish revolt seemed to be getting out of hand; and it would be just as well to have Don John far away from the praises and lavishments of an adoring court.

But news of these plans came to Don John almost as a blow in the face. He had no desire to fight his own kinsmen in the Netherlands—fighting for one's church and one's God, as well as for one's King, against Moors and other Mohammedan infidels, was an entirely different matter. He wrote to his "mother," Dona Magdalena de Ulloa, in September, 1570, asking her best advice and expressing the fervent hope that he might not be sent to the Netherlands. He was not sure what he could do if ordered to go there, but thought that perhaps he might forestall such a move on Philip's part by saying that so quiet a region was not to the liking of his soldier's nature. He would prefer more action and greater opposition.

Possibly to his own surprise, Philip succeeded in finding both for him. It had happened that for a long time Pope Pius V had been endeavoring to organize a Holy League of Spain, Venice and the Papal States against the Turks. After interminable negotiations, Venice and Philip consented, and on May 21, 1571, the Pope was able to congratulate Philip on the arrangements. More than 200 galleys, 100 transports, 50,000 infantry and 4,500 cavalry were to be marshaled to attack the Turkish fleet in the Mediterranean and their allied strongholds of Tunis, Tripoli and Algiers. One-half the expenses were to be borne by Spain; one-third by Venice; one-sixth by the Pope; and it was agreed that Don John, who had already distinguished himself so nobly in his crusade against the Barbary pirates and the

Moors, should be commander-in-chief of the crusade. None of the allies was to make peace without the consent of the others, and on May 24, the Holy League terms were solemnly ratified by the representatives of the three powers.

Don John was jubilant that he was to fight the Mohammedans again, rather than the Dutch and Flemish. He visualized himself in the guise of a crusader of old and in his own mind laid plans for the formation of a new Christian kingdom in the East. It would, he thought, be a modern version of the old Latin kingdom of Jerusalem.

But Don John's enthusiasm was as nothing compared with that of Pope Pius V, who had dreamed for many years of a great Christian crusade, of the kind that had not occurred since the glorious days of the Middle Ages. Although Pius was at this time almost bankrupt, he managed to fit out twelve ships of war at his own expense and collect from other Italian states the funds yet necessary to complete his own quota. Again and again he exhorted Philip II and the Doge of Venice to work zealously in the task of reforming all their clergy; for, said he, only the prayers of the most holy priests will be listened to willingly by God.

Meanwhile the Turks flattered themselves that the Christian powers were in a state of decline and would never again dare to dispute their supremacy. They had several hundred ships of war in the Mediterranean: an armada of at least two hundred and fifty was then in the neighborhood of Greek and Italian waters, and their Berber allies at other points had corsairs that could be counted by the hundreds. To add to their encouragement, the court of Charles IX of France was soliciting their aid in a war against Spain; indeed, even as the Holy League prepared to move, the French Bishop of Acqs, François de Noailles, an apostate, was sent to Constantinople to arrange a treaty between France and Turkey. He was also requested to stop in Venice and try to draw that power away from the League. Unfortunately for him, and for the success of his mission, he arrived in Venice just in time to witness the universal

rejoicing of the Italians over the enormous victory won by Don John of Austria's fleet against the Turkish navy at Lepanto. The seas, people said, had run red with blood; more than two hundred Turkish ships of war had been lost; the Turkish casualties alone were upwards of thirty thousand; and an incredible amount of booty had fallen into the hands of the victorious Spanish and Italian seamen.

Indeed, on October 7, 1571, the galleons of the Holy League had met the Turkish squadron at the harbor of Lepanto and the greatest fight in naval history had taken place. Many hundreds of Christian galley slaves had been liberated, and the Turkish forces were so demoralized that—had not the allies quarreled among themselves after the battle—the Christian fleet might have pushed on and perhaps have captured Constantinople.

One indication of the jealousy which existed among the victors is shown by the reports of the papal and Venetian envoys. The Genoese admiral was said to have told Don John when to attack. The Venetian "Captain General at Sea," Sebastian Venier, sent the following report to the Doge and Senate of Venice:

The victory was great, God be heartily thanked; but the loss was not small; seeing that we have lost so many gallants who might have served Your Highness in every important occasion. . . . The chance of killed and wounded has fallen heavily on our people, while of their officers [i.e., *in the Spanish and papal fleets*] *there seems but one who is more than wounded. . . . Seven of our galleys were disabled and their captains slain, each of them having had four or five Turkish galleys to deal with, I believe, because they attacked ships in front without being supported by those behind. . . .*

By this great victory, sirs, I have gained 505 ducats, 2 lire, and 6 sols; some knives, a string of coral, and 2 black men, hardly fit to row in the midships of a gondola, but who, if Your Highness wishes to have them, are at your disposal—which would somewhat diminish my own expenses since I have

not sufficient funds to meet the charges of the next ten months; and in this command have been obliged to borrow too heavily from my son-in-law.

It is true that soldiers were poorly paid in those days, and sometimes not at all. Many of them had to rely usually upon loot; and it was largely a quarrel over the loot, as well as over the cause of victory, which led to the weakening of the crusade.

Don John, tired of the quarreling, wanted to escape and found a knightly realm for himself in Greece. But he had no funds for such a purpose and Philip II would not hear of it. He must get on with his war.

In October, 1573, he captured the strong city of Tunis, near the sight of ancient Carthage, then a hotbed of pirates. Here again he hoped that Philip would permit him to erect an independent Christian kingdom, but here again he was frustrated by Philip's jealous refusal.

Cervantes, who had fought and was wounded in the famous action at Lepanto, called that victory "the most glorious day in the century." The Pope, in his enthusiasm, quoted Scripture, exclaiming: "There was a man sent from God, and his name was John." Hereafter the Pope was to be on very friendly terms with the hero of Lepanto; and so it was Pius V to whom Don John next turned with a new idea for the establishment of a Christian kingdom.

Whether he had hatched the idea himself, or whether it was hatched for him by some papal nuncio, does not matter: it was an excellent idea. Don John proposed, with the well wishes of the Pope, to lead an invasion of England, overthrow Queen Elizabeth, who had turned into an arch-heretic, liberate and marry Mary of Scotland, who was then a prisoner at the court of Elizabeth, and make himself king of Britain. But just as he was on the point of securing the papal approval of this scheme, word came to him that his half-brother was once more interfering. Philip II would have nothing to do with an invasion of England. (He preferred, it seemed, to make his own invasion later, and, most unfortunately, when he would

not have the assistance of Don John.) But what Philip *would* have was the suppression of the revolt in the Netherlands! So, in the unfortunate year 1576, word was sent to Don John that he was to succeed the feeble Requesens as Governor-General of the Netherlands.

There was nothing for a good knight to do but to obey. Yet he hoped that by showing extraordinary tact and kindness he would soon placate the Dutch and Flemings and then be able to win his kingdom beyond the seas. Philip was quite willing to encourage him in his ideas, telling him that when he went into the Netherlands he should, "by love, gentleness and benevolence" bring about "a true, stable and lasting peace." Don John determined to do so. There was still time for England, for he was as yet only thirty-one years of age.

That year, 1576, was unfortunate in many respects. It was unfortunate for Spain, for the Netherlands, for the soldiers engaged in the war, and for Don John, who, despite his best intentions, was soon to have new reasons for detesting his new mission.

The war, bloodshed and atrocities that had reigned unchecked throughout the Netherlands for many years were repugnant even to the Spanish soldiers. Moreover they had been unpaid for years and they were feeling particularly mutinous. After the fall of Alost they had been given the city of Antwerp to sack. This episode, called in the Netherlands "The Spanish Fury," surpassed in horror anything yet known in that ruined region of the world. Afterward, more than 5,000,000 crowns were divided among the troops.

This episode united Dutch and Flemish resistance against Spanish rule and led to the signing of the Pacification of Ghent (November 8, 1576) for which William of Orange, the Dutch leader, had long been fighting.

Four days before the unification of Dutch-Flemish opposition, Ottavio Gonzaga, a cavalier, attended by a Moorish slave, rode into Luxemburg. That slave, intent on finding out the real attitude of the native population, was Don John of Aus-

tria in disguise. From Luxemburg he would negotiate with the Dutch estates in order to reach some sort of amicable understanding.

Finally, after much bickering among the Spanish officials, Don John agreed with the opposition that the terms of the Pacification of Ghent should be accepted. He was willing to reaffirm all Protestant rights and immunities; and he was also willing, as a sign of good faith, to send away the hated Spanish troops, stipulating, however, that they depart by sea. For he hoped, once the new pacification was accepted, to deflect them to the shores of England. A document, known as the Treaty of Brussels, was drawn up (February 17, 1577), and Don John furthermore agreed that all prisoners be released except the oldest son of William of Orange, who should not be set free until his father signed the treaty.

To the leaders of the Flemish opposition these promises seemed to represent the obtainment of all their objects, especially since the more aggressive of their leaders had already been killed by Alva's courts and armies; and in May, 1577, they agreed to accept its terms and allow Don John to enter Brussels. The new treaty was called the Perpetual Edict, and it was designed by Don John to bring about permanent and amicable relations.

It was not, however, acceptable to Philip II and his court, for these men had no intention of permitting the establishment of Protestantism. Spanish officials tampered with the wording of the treaty, and very subtly the meaning of Don John's intentions was obscured.

As for Don John himself, it is clear that he had every intention of living up to the spirit, rather than the letter, of his edict. By the end of April he had managed to pay off most of his troops and send them back to Spain. He surrendered most of the Spanish fortresses in Flanders to the Flemish commanders, and entered Brussels in a triumphal array.

But the stubborn Hollanders and Frieslanders—the "Dutch Beggars," as they were called—egged on by William of Orange,

had no intention of accepting the new Perpetual Edict. As soon as its terms were known, William published a severe attack upon it, pointing out that it merely feigned recognition of the Pacification of Ghent and represented, on Philip's part, a gesture to gain time. He also pointed out that certain key fortresses had been retained by Philip's agents—against the promises of Don John—and that as soon as resistance had waned recriminations would surely follow. In brief, William of Orange was a far less trusting soul than Don John of Austria.

How true his statements were can be judged from what followed. For even while the agents of Philip continued their overtures and negotiations with him, other agents and spies sought means for obtaining the murder of this rebellious heretic "who had bewitched the whole people."

"The name of Your Majesty," wrote Don John, in a private letter to Philip, "is as much abhorred and despised in the Netherlands, as that of the Prince of Orange is loved and feared." And on another occasion he wrote, "I am broken-hearted to be in this hell and to be forced to remain in it." For he was still, at heart, the good knight who despised and detested the underhanded plotting of friends and enemies alike. The Lowlands, he knew, had been for too many years a bone of contention among Burgundians, English, French and Spanish, and he, for his part, was content to let them go their own way. Standing in the gallery of Brussels he contemplated the portraits of those who had, in earlier days, plotted and conspired to gain control of these lands—among others, Francis of Alençon and the notorious Margaret of Navarre. Of her beauty, he remarked that although it was "more divine than human," it also had been "more designed to destroy men's souls than to save them."

But in the end Don John, too, was to lose his greatest struggle. For his was the cause of the hidalgos, and of that chivalry whose passing Cervantes deplored. When the English poet-soldier, Sir Philip Sidney, sought an interview with him, "that

gallant prince, Don John, found himself so stricken . . . [with the beauties of the poetic and chivalrous soul of the English knightly courtier] . . . that he gave more honor and respect . . . to that hopeful young gentleman than to the ambassadors of mighty princes." And to his imagined enemy, Queen Elizabeth, he found himself also somewhat relenting. When she inquired the destination of his Spanish army: "Were they to depart by sea?—and where to?"—*et cetera*—he replied that the true destination of every good Spanish soldier was "the Holy Crusade against the Turks," and added his request for one of Elizabeth's portraits, saying that he hoped one time to be able to make her a private visit and kiss her hands.

"That," wrote King Philip II, "was saying a little too much!" To him it seemed only a bit of diplomacy on the part of his chivalrous, but somewhat dull-witted, half-brother.

In December, 1577, largely through William of Orange's efforts, Don John was "deposed" by the Dutch Estates, and William, under his new title of Protector of Brabant, took the field against him. The population of Flanders was again turning to the idea of complete independence—they were encouraged to hope that the mild Don John would do nothing —and when a fleet of Dutch warships sailed up the Scheldt the populace of Antwerp rose and drove out the Spanish troops. The great bronze statue of the Duke of Alva was cast into Flemish cannon.

Don John was driven to extremities, what with few troops and with most of the fortresses in the hands of the opposition. But his old boyhood friend and schoolmate, Alexander Farnese, succeeded in bringing up some troops, and in January, 1578, Don John was able to take the field with a small army. At Gemblours he defeated the army of the new Union of Brussels with great losses, in the face of greatly superior opposition, and dug in to await the arrival of reinforcements.

But no reinforcements came. Philip was thoroughly enraged at Don John's "love, gentleness, and benevolence." He had succeeded, it seemed, in getting nowhere very rapidly, if

not in losing the entire Spanish cause, together with the cause of the Catholic Church. Some people said that the King of Spain was ready to have Don John poisoned; and many of his Catholic advisers conspired to have the Archduke Matthias made Governor-General in place of Don John. Meanwhile, they continued with their attempts to bring about the murder of William of Orange.

Despairing of receiving aid, Don John once more took the field. His troops made headway, capturing several small towns, and for a while it appeared that he might recover most of the lost territory. Once again it was whispered that Philip and his advisers were fearful lest he should succeed in his attempt and effect another reconciliation which would be entirely foreign to their real wishes. The chivalrous soldier was almost as great a nuisance as William of Orange himself.

"God knows how much I have wished to avoid pushing things to extremes," wrote Don John, "but I do not know what else to do." His own honor, he felt, was hanging by a very slender thread indeed. Then, in the midst of his difficulties, a plague broke out among his remaining soldiers. In his last message he wrote to Philip of its devastation, and of the new attacks launched by William of Orange. Twelve hundred of his men were in hospital, he said, and the remnant of the army was slowly dying on the battlefield. The Dutch had cut off communications by sea and by land.

I am most painfully afflicted to see that I alone am now disgraced and abandoned by Your Majesty, I who, not only as a brother, but also as a man who has ever been passionately devoted to you. . . . But since these claims have not merited your consideration, forget not, Sire, at the bottom of your heart, that while we soldiers remain here, so long as our lives are at stake . . . if at last we lose them for God and your Majesty, we shall at least have achieved a destiny to be envied.

Still no aid came, and at the end of September Don John himself was seized suddenly with a burning fever. He was then in camp, near Namur, and many were the voices that declared

spies in the pay of Philip II had poisoned him. But there was no evidence either way.

Don John's last official act was to send for Parma and turn over to him his authority as Governor-General of the Netherlands and commander-in-chief of the army.

When the doctors told Don John that they could not save him, he replied that at least he would die poor and escape the trouble of making a will; for there was nothing which he could leave behind, even to those whom he loved best. Perhaps it was better for a good knight to be also a poor knight, for at the end of life his thoughts could be turned only toward the welfare of his soul and toward those friends whom he might meet in heaven.

A few days afterward, on October 1, 1578, he died. He was in his thirty-fourth year at the time.

They buried his heart at Namur; but his body they sent back to Spain.

Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the sheath,
(Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath)
And he sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain
Up which a lean and foolish knight forever rides in vain;
And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and settles back the blade,
(But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.)

XI. JAN COEN: Who built an empire in the Indies

AT THE little town of Hoorn in the Netherlands in the year of grace 1937 people celebrated the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Jan Pieterszoon Coen, that man of steel, who, almost single handed, won the East Indies for Holland. "Today," said certain modest Hollanders who were present, "we have ships of steel and men of wood. But in the days of Coen we had ships of wood and men of steel. They were fighting for two things: the future of their lives and the future of the Netherlands."

In 1587, when Jan Pieterszoon Coen was born, Don John of Austria had been dead for almost a decade and the Dutch people were successfully carrying on their war for independence from Spain. But the worst of the struggle was over.

Philip II, resentful of England's meddling in the affairs of the Netherlands, was at last diverting his attention from Holland and preparing to send a long delayed armada against Elizabeth. The defeats which Spain was soon to suffer—losing one armada to the English and three others to the Dutch—were destined to mark the beginning of her decline as a great European power.

Throughout the following century the newly born Dutch Republic was to be the pivot of European affairs and the greatest maritime power in the world—until she was once more forced out of the world-picture by the repeated attacks of England, France and Spain in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The death of chivalry, the emergence of new religious convictions, the decline of renaissance art and learning, the rise of commercialism and the bourgeoisie, the emergence of na-

tionalist states and empires, and the expansion of Europe overseas, all contributed to the passing of the great age of the Renaissance and the emergence into full bloom of a modern and decadent world. In this new world, it seemed, artistic and spiritual values had almost disappeared: art was going bankrupt; architecture and decorations were eclectic and bizarre; capitalistic aristocrats controlled governments almost everywhere; industry and commerce were expanding and centralizing wealth more and more; and strongly centralized governments fought for imperialistic reasons, based upon control of markets. Indeed, all the tendencies of history which have since shaped the course of human events were then apparent. Only the last traces of the renaissance spirit were visible here and there: in conquered Italy, in war-scarred Holland and Germany, and now and then in those few artistic dregs which appeared in Jacobean England and early seventeenth-century Spain and France. But they were the dying marks of an old order; everywhere a new world-order was in the saddle and rode mankind.

For this twilight age of the Renaissance it is fitting that we have the life and work of a man like Coen with which to deal. For in this single character were combined the man of the Renaissance and the Puritan. He had the courage and the egoistic *virtu* of a typical renaissance personality: he lived the individualistic, highly colored life of a man who cares nothing about the dangers and the cross-purposes of a career —the career itself suffices. But he possessed also the qualities of the new Calvinistic spirit that had permeated Holland in the later years of the sixteenth century, together with the newly rising bourgeois ideas and ideologies of the new time. Duty, character and soul loomed before his eyes in much the same guise as they must have appeared to Calvin himself; and in the last analysis he remained a man of righteousness, virtuous and thrifty and confident of progress towards some ultimate goal of perfection.

Like many another dutiful and virtuous Puritan he liked to

live well; and his attitude toward others, as well as his written words, always evinced remarkable candor and *"bonne foi."* Yet he was an especially clearsighted individual, and although no one knew better how to scorn the triumphs of his own and his country's enemies, the significance of each turn of the wheel of chance never once evaded his oblique eyes and his clairvoyant mind. His one purpose was to make Holland supreme in the East Indies and to found in that semi-tropical paradise a New Holland that would represent in the eastern hemisphere what the mother-country represented in the western. He was a man circumspect, taciturn, incapable of lighthearted foolishness. He knew that greatness in the world encountered formidable enemies, and he knew, also, that a small country like his own would have difficulty in maintaining that greatness once it was achieved. But he set out to achieve it, none the less.

By nature he was well gifted for his work of empire-building. He was tall of figure, wiry and lean, with hard and calculating gray eyes setting off his otherwise dark features. In capacity for physical exertion he seemed indefatigable; in method he was expeditious and efficient. And he was as prompt in counsel and in making decisions as he was rapid in execution. His modesty and his intense soberness were always pleasing to his superiors and employers; for he never seemed to become drunk, indifferent, lazy or aspiring; he could always be counted upon to perform his duty well and for a low salary. In brief, he had all the estimable characteristics of hard work, duty and selflessness that have gone into the making of the Dutch nation. Lastly, he had absolutely no patience with the errors and human failings of other, less gifted people. He demanded one hundred percent efficiency. That is why he has been called, sometimes, the most hard-headed and hard-boiled Dutchman of all time.

In order to gain a small amount of questionable support from England, Holland had pursued a policy of friendship and of subservience in its dealings with the British government.

Undoubtedly English assistance had aided the Dutch in their war for liberation; but the men who governed the Dutch Netherlands were well aware of England's stake in the Lowlands. Ever since the beginning of the Hundred Years War—since those days, indeed, when the Renaissance was unknown and undreamed of in most of Western Europe—it had been Britain's policy to watch the course of affairs in the Lowlands with jealous eyes. For in the early days of England's development her chief continental commercial prosperity had centered on the Lowland trade in cloth and wool.

The policy of friendship and of subservience to England, on the part of the new Dutch government, was repugnant to Jan Coen. There was one nation that he hated with a wholesome hatred, and that was the English. Other peoples, such as the Portuguese and the Javanese, for example, he could despise or disregard; but England he regarded as the chief obstacle to the peaceful and prosperous development of any Continental power—and especially of Holland.

Inasmuch as this attitude of his was to play so important a part in his own life and in the history of his time, and since it forms the background for that bloody contest which was to rage between the two rival nations for supremacy in the East Indies, it is absolutely necessary to examine the relations between the two countries during the closing years of the sixteenth century and the early years of the seventeenth before proceeding further with our story.

The Dutch people, toward the close of the sixteenth century, were thriving amidst warfare and desolation. An exceptional statesman, John van Oldenbarnevelt, Advocate of Holland, controlled the administration of internal affairs, and back of him stood Maurice of Nassau, son of William the Silent, who governed the five provinces as Stadholder. He was a good general but a poor politician. These two leaders of the Dutch Republic complemented one another in their efforts to put the nation on its feet and end the last dying claim of Spanish authority.

Elizabeth's government in England had for a long time been aiding the Dutch surreptitiously in their war for independence, but Elizabeth was becoming more and more angry because her favorite, Leicester, was not allowed to interfere with Dutch internal affairs. The Dutch had no intention of becoming an appanage of England. Elizabeth's help was based purely on self-interest, and the Dutch knew it. Moreover, the Dutch had amply repaid the English for their assistance when a Dutch fleet blockaded the Spanish ports of embarkation in 1588 and prevented Parma from invading England in the transport flotilla that had been gathered for the purpose. Furthermore, when the English fleet attacked Cadiz in 1595, the success of the venture was due in large part to the assistance of a powerful Dutch squadron. But by the turn of the century, as the Dutch grew stronger and stronger in wealth and in power, the English government began to show its true feelings by driving harder and harder bargains in its negotiations regarding laws, trade treaties and mutual assistance pacts. Even British historians have admitted that their government, by the time of Elizabeth's death and James I's accession, was displaying a huckstering spirit. Thus friction arose between the two nominal friends and allies.

James I, who ascended the British throne in 1603, wanted peace with Spain. He hoped that his son, Charles, might marry the infanta, and he was willing to let the Dutch "go to hell quickly." They were Puritans anyhow and James had no use for Calvinists. He and his mother, Mary of Scotland, had seen more than enough of them among the followers of John Knox.

Spain, meanwhile, had given up hope of reconquering Holland, and from 1606 onward made truce proposals to the Dutch, while the Spanish ambassador, Gondomar, at the Court of St. James lost no opportunity to poison the minds of the English king and courtiers against the Dutch. As early as 1607 the Venetian ambassador at Westminster wrote that Gondomar was trying to frighten the English by declaring that the Dutch bade fair to become "masters of the seas": "Just as this pro-

fession of the sea is more and more on the wane in England, so more and more is it increasing and acquiring force and vigor among the Dutch."

In April, 1609, after interminable negotiations lasting several years, during which it appeared that the Spanish-Dutch war might drag on forever, the government of Madrid agreed to accept Dutch terms for a twelve-years truce. Much of Spanish naval power by this time had been destroyed and the Spanish government, *ipso facto,* had to adopt a more conciliatory attitude. A secret clause in the so-called Twelve Years Truce guaranteed to the Dutch the right to trade, unmolested, in the Indies! This was an unprecedented concession to any power.

As soon as the British government had an inkling of what had happened Anglo-Dutch relations suffered a profound and hostile change. Holland had gained too much. It was becoming apparent that she could no longer be regarded as a potential dependent state, let alone a submerged Continental offspring of British foreign policy.

To farsighted Dutchmen it at once became clear that whatever further progress they were to achieve would depend solely upon their own efforts in the face of enemies and allies alike.

The hostile policy of England could no longer be doubted when, early in 1609, James I denounced the ancient treaty that had guaranteed to Dutch fishermen a share in the North Sea herring fisheries. The ancient treaty, of course, went back to Henry VII's well known *Magnus Intercursus* of 1496, in which the only Dutch gain had been a guaranty of Holland's "accustomed Liberties and antient Privelidges" in the adjacent European waters. But the Stuart government of England without warning, and after 113 years of recognition, now "tore up" this treaty as if it amounted to nothing more than an irritating scrap of paper.

The Dutch were placed in an awkward position because British troops still occupied the important "garrison towns"

of Brill, Flushing and Rammekens. Before they could bargain satisfactorily it would be necessary to "redeem" these towns from British "sovereignty"—and for withdrawal the British government demanded 600,000 pounds. Van Oldenbarneveldt bargained for several years, but not until 1616 did the English accept his offer of a quarter-million pounds and let the "cautionary towns" revert to Holland. In so doing, however, they inserted another wedge: they demanded, and received, a seat for the English ambassador in the Dutch Council of State. So great a concession implied weak power in Holland.

The ambassador was named Carleton, and he was to play no mere spectator's and reporter's role in the Dutch Council. He entered actively, but secretly, into Dutch internal politics and played an important part in bringing about the downfall of John van Oldenbarneveldt. Later he supported the latter's enemies in "compassing his murder."

Another difficulty arose when the ships and men of the British Muscovy Company in the North Sea attacked Dutch whaling boats. The Muscovy Company claimed that its charter, obtained from the government of Mary Tudor, had given them an exclusive monopoly in the region. But Holland denied any such British right, pointing out that a Dutch sailor, Jacob van Heemskerk, had originally explored the region and had found and named the island of Spitzbergen, planting the Dutch flag there and establishing the priority of Holland's claims.

English aggressions in the Arctic stopped momentarily when the Dutch sent a fleet of warships to the north in 1615. A policy of armed peace followed and the Muscovy Company negotiated for a treaty; but in 1618 the attacks were continued. In October of that year the British ambassador, Carleton, made strong representations against the Dutch in the Dutch States General, calling upon them to stop the aggressions and urging the Dutch to send peace commissioners to England to effect a peaceful agreement. The Dutch replied that they had been unaware of any aggression on the part of

their ships, and if any English ship had been injured it was only in the course of the Dutch defense against attack.

Meanwhile the Dutch fishermen continued to fish for herring in the North Sea, greatly to the irritation of the British. In 1616 the latter attempted to enforce their renunciation of the old treaty by attacking Dutch fishing boats.

What really irritated the English most was the failure of their attempt to export dyed cloth to the five United Provinces of the Netherlands. For the Dutch, strangely enough, would not buy British cloth. Carleton received the following instructions from his government: "It is in the mouth of every true-hearted Englishman that as a reprisal for the publication of the rigorous placard against English dyed and dressed cloth, that His Majesty with justice and equity and in reason ought to forbid the Hollanders, . . . to continue their yearly fishing on our coast."

To aggravate the situation a Scotch revenue official—and hence a subject of James I who was king of both England and Scotland—was seized by an armed Dutch convoy when he attempted to collect "tribute" from a Dutch fisherman. The officers of the Dutch man-of-war carried him to Holland as a prisoner.

The anger of James I knew no bounds; metaphorically speaking he "foamed at the mouth." English troops were at once ordered to seize as hostages the captains of two Dutch vessels then in the Thames.

The Dutch succeeded in avoiding a serious consequence, however, by releasing the Scotchman and disavowing their act. But when they asked for the release of their own captains they were informed that "His Majesty will take no satisfaction but to have the captains and chief officers of the ships [i.e., the offending Dutch warship] sent over prisoners to England."

The Hollanders stood their ground and offered to try the "offending officers" in their own courts. But James I was adamant—"*fort et ferme*"—and finally the Dutch sent over

one officer. (The other was ill and died shortly afterward.) James I decided that English honor had been redeemed and set the two Dutch captains free.

But relations were far from satisfactory. None of the major commercial issues had been settled. For twenty years the situation had gone from bad to worse. With such burning questions as the Spitzbergen fisheries, the Great Herring fisheries and the Cloth Disputes all complicating the international atmosphere, relations were near the breaking point when the Dutch East Indian dispute with English interlopers came to a head and an actual state of war broke out in the Far East.

Such was the situation that had developed between England and Holland during the youth and early manhood of Jan Coen. As a quiet, serious lad he had grown up in the busy seaport of Hoorn, watching the fishers and sailors come and go, and regularly attending the little Reformed Church in the town. By the time he was thirteen years of age a business career had been planned for him. He was sent to Rome to learn about trading and book-keeping in the office of the Vischer family, friends of the Coens. The art of efficient book-keeping had been developed in Italy during the Renaissance, and northern Europeans were then learning about business mathematics from the Italians.

For seven years the young Coen worked in Rome and watched the progress of events. Both his family and his friends thought that he would do well to secure service in the newly formed Dutch East India Company: they despaired of any commercial future for Holland at home—in the face of competition from the other great European powers. But in the East Indies competition was not yet keen and there Holland might secure a valuable foothold.

The possibility of such an eventuality had arisen when the Spanish government, following a marriage in the royal family, had taken over the Portuguese empire. Hitherto the Portuguese, backed by papal sanction, had ruled the Indies, but the nation was too small and weak to reap the full harvest of its

original enterprises. Much of the Portuguese carrying trade with the rest of Europe was handled by Dutch ships. In 1594, however, the Dutch had to face two new alternatives: either to give up the chief part of their carrying trade, or to go out to the East themselves and take the cargoes from the Spanish and the Portuguese. They decided to retain their volume of business by seeking for it at its fountainhead. In making this decision they prepared the way for the formation of the Dutch East India Company, the first large-scale corporate business enterprise in the history of European development. It was the first in two respects: first, that the origins out of which it grew antedated those of all similar companies, and second, that it was free from administrative interference on the part of the government. In this respect it differed from the English East India Company, organized in 1601, and also from the colonial enterprises of the Portuguese, French and Spanish.

The decision to organize direct trading with the East Indies was owing to the activities of one Cornelius Houtman, a Dutch merchant in the service of Portugal who had been detained at Lisbon for debts. He was experienced in the East Indies traffic and on the basis of his proposal to turn over his information regarding the Portuguese trade routes and business methods, he induced other Dutch merchants of Amsterdam to liquidate his obligations and to let him lead a Dutch expedition of four ships to the Indies.

Houtman sailed late in 1594 and arrived in Bantam, on the west end of Java, in 1596. Soon afterward Admiral Van Neck led a second expedition which obtained the consent of the native ruler to establish a trading post, or factory, at Bantam.

The Portuguese were already established there, but now that Portugal was a dependency of Spain the Dutch did not recognize their jurisdiction. For Holland and Spain were still at war. Consequently a conflict ensued which was to be continued intermittently until 1641, when Malacca, the last of

the Portuguese fortresses, which had been built by Affonso D'Albuquerque more than 130 years before, was captured by the Dutch. It was the Dutch intention to drive out all Spanish and Portuguese traders and officials and themselves secure a monopoly on the East Indian traffic. If they could do so it would guarantee the wealth and power of their country.

By 1598, when the Dutch merchants took account of stock, it was found that they had realized 400 percent on their investment and there was no longer any doubt as to the possibility of successful penetration of the Indies. During the following year (1598–99) many small Dutch trading companies, comprised mostly of small groups of business men within individual cities, were organized. Each company represented a small town-monopoly.

Then, following Lancaster's expedition for the British in 1600, a new rival for the Indies emerged. A British company, organized on a national scale, appeared in the field. But by that time sixty-five Dutch merchant ships had made successful trips to the Indies and returned with the spoils of the East, a goodly portion of which had been captured from Spanish and Portuguese galleons.

Many fights, of course, had taken place, and it was soon discovered that small companies and groups could not operate safely. Dutch business men wanted some guaranty of the safety of their investment before they invested their life's savings willingly, and therefore a movement was put on foot to organize a national trading company which would represent a national monopoly, pooling all local resources in one effort. The leader in this movement was Oldenbarneveldt. For two years he worked against great difficulties. His first attempt came in the summer of 1600. In December, 1601, an agreement was reached, only to be broken. On January 15, 1602, another committee headed by Oldenbarneveldt began a nine-day session and succeeded in redacting three documents, known as an *Acte van Unie*. North Holland, South Holland, Amsterdam and Zeeland were to be represented as the main units in

the undertaking; the government would exercise a fifteen-year monopoly; free trade would be guaranteed. More arguments ensued, however, and it was not until March 20, 1602, that a final Act of Unity was secured. The Dutch East India Company now took definite shape. The government granted it a twenty-one-year monopoly. Membership was open to any private investor. The basic capital was set at 6,400,000 florins and it was to remain a permanent capital of which Amsterdam furnished one-half; Zeeland, one-fourth; and the northern and southern provinces of Holland, each one-eighth. The personnel of the company was to consist of twenty representatives from Amsterdam; twelve from Zeeland; and seven each from Delft, Rotterdam, Hoorn and Enkhurzen. Each representative investor in the company was to put up 6,000 florins, and every official was to receive 1 percent of the net profits. Trade was to be free.

This company was never troubled by interlopers. The government supported it and did not meddle in its affairs. It was, in brief, an accomplished national monopoly; and as such it was accepted by the Dutch people, who regarded it as a permanent institution and as a part of their national life. Here was a great and promising field for enterprise, and Jan Coen and other young men were to see in it a ripe opportunity for new and interesting careers.

A few months after his return to Holland, Jan Coen succeeded in obtaining a post as Under Trader (*Onderkoopman*) in the Dutch East India Company and sailed for Bantam in December, 1607. At that time he was just under twenty-one. The trip required almost a year and when Coen reached Java he was nearing his twenty-second birthday.

Java he found to be an island about the size of England and Wales combined, filled with more than twenty million shiftless and indigent natives. The natives, ruled by their petty princes, claimed to be descended from the ancient Chinese, but there the resemblance ceased. Their religion was a debased form of Mohammedanism, picked up from Arab trad-

ers; but a few of the "early idolaters of Java" remained in the interior. These, according to Coen, "were the only inhabitants of the island that were not arrived at the last stage of moral depravity." The people, he felt, were "not so much an unenlightened nation, as a degenerated one . . . cowardly before enemies, cruel to the weak, servile toward the strong, and unable to deal fairly with anyone." It must be remembered that Coen was at heart a Puritan in all ideas regarding honor, morals and duty.

The natives used all sorts of devices and plans to bring the Dutch traders to terms. When opportunity offered, the princes allied with foreign powers—whether Spanish, Portuguese or Arabs—and resorted to economic boycotts and embargoes, closing their local boundaries to all traffic. Since the petty rulers always monopolized the more valuable spice trade, the Dutch were forced to pay high prices as well as high duties. But it was worth the trouble, for the price of spices in Europe was exceptionally high in those days.

As counter-measures against the native rulers, the Dutch forced the granting of commercial privileges with every extension of their political power. But they were few in number and could hold relatively few posts. The only way in which they could expand their power or their trade was at the cannon's mouth. But little by little they forced the natives to agree to exclude competing traders from other nations and to lower customs and transit duties. Such agreements usually meant little, however, and harsh measures had to be resorted to in order to enforce them. The Dutch had a man-sized job. In such a place there was opportunity only for hardened and vigorous men; and so the young second commercial agent set about the task of becoming hard. If it depended upon hardness alone he would soon become the greatest trader and the greatest soldier of the East. He became both.

He soon found that conditions which prevailed in Java were general throughout the region. The whole East Indian archipelago spread over a region as large as western Europe.

An island such as Celebes, largest of the four Sunda Islands, shaped like a cross between a fork of Neptune and a *fleur de lis,* would have occupied a stretch of territory in Europe that would have touched London, Hamburg, Frankfort, Paris, and Marseilles. Many ships and many men, besides much fighting, would be necessary if the Dutch were to drive out the Spanish-Portuguese interests, prevent the English from coming in, and succeed in commanding the entire region.

During the five years prior to Coen's arrival, the Dutch had made a fair start. Large fleets of warships under Admirals van Waerwijck and van der Hagen had established forts and factories at Bantam and Gresik on the island of Java (1602–04). Before the end of the year 1604 the inhabitants of Amboyna, in the Molucca islands, asked the Dutch for assistance against their Portuguese masters. The Portuguese had always been disliked especially because they attempted to interfere with the religion of the natives. Moreover they were weaker and more unreliable than the Dutch, and hence the natives respected the Dutch. They knew, besides, that the Dutch would pay as good prices as the Portuguese and would not interfere with religion. The Dutch agreed to help the natives if the latter would agree to sell their cloves to them exclusively. The agreement was concluded, and in 1605 Castel Amboyna, the chief Portuguese center in the Moluccas, was occupied by the Dutch. This was in the center of that small group of islands soon to become famous in the English speaking world as the Spice Islands. But to the Dutch they remained the Moluccas.

During the period from 1605 up to Coen's arrival, early in 1609, the Dutch occupied Timor for strategic reasons, because it commanded the passage through the Ombaai Strait, and took over the Portuguese fortress of Macassar in Celebes. By allying with the native Sultan of Macassar and with the rival Sultan of Boni, in southeastern Celebes, and by playing off each ally against the other, they had succeeded not only in making their own position secure in Celebes but also in

securing native troops to help extend their influence in Java. Most of these auxiliaries were furnished to them by the Sultan of Boni.

Meanwhile the rival London East India Company had sent out its first expedition and in 1603 established trading posts in Java and Sumatra. But the two rivals did not come into open conflict until 1606. In that year Frederick Houtman, the first Dutch governor of Amboyna, expanded his conquests to include the Portuguese-held island of Tidore. Here there were some English vessels whose crews had heard of the fighting between the Dutch and the Portuguese. The English, assuming that the Dutch were mere interlopers, like themselves, lost no time in joining battle. But when the smoke cleared, the Dutch had occupied the nearby English fort at Solor and driven out all competitors, English and Portuguese, from the Moluccas. Henceforth the Portuguese and the Spanish confined most of their efforts to India, Burma and the Straits of Sumatra, leaving the remainder of the archipelago for the Dutch and English to contest.

From this time onward there was to be a period of "unofficial warfare" between the English and the Dutch. Some of that fighting was to be open and aboveboard; but during the period from 1609 until 1629, when Coen was leading the Dutch, the English gained nothing and lost much: they lost so heavily, indeed, that they were virtually expelled from the region, holding only a few posts, from which they traded and endeavored to stir up revolutions against the Dutch on the part of the natives, until 1657, when they were finally suppressed, along with their allies.

But from 1609 onward the English resorted to countless plots and intrigues to counteract their losses in open warfare. The Dutch claimed, and Coen said that he was well aware, that the members of the British East India Company sought aid not only from the natives of the islands, but also from the French, the Chinese and the Japanese. There was nothing wrong with trying to secure allies to fight for one. Coen ad-

mitted that. The English had been doing it successfully ever since the beginning of the Hundred Years War. What Coen objected to was the "underhand plotting," "double dealing" and "attempts to murder and defraud" their Dutch rivals.

Among these plots was the Anglo-Japanese conspiracy that led to the Amboyna Massacre in 1624—the most famous single incident in the history of this troubled region. And in 1618 the directors of the Dutch East India Company were informed by Coen's secretary that the recently discovered plot of the English, allied with the French and the Javanese Sultan of Bantam, to destroy the Dutch post at Jacatra (the Dutch capital in Java) was the fourth plot of the kind that the Dutch officials had been able to discover up to that time and, fortunately, to anticipate.

Another thing that embittered Coen against the English was their ceaseless infractions of Dutch trade and commercial treaties. Such infractions, he declared, would never be prevented by "fair words and brotherly greetings." The English excelled at them, but "their actions spoke a different language entirely." The episodes narrated in the journals of Jourdain, Fryer, and Mundy would seem to corroborate this opinion. The case of the English trader, Jourdain, will illustrate what was going on.

John Jourdain was an able and unscrupulous agent of the London East India Company and one of the first Englishmen to attempt trade in the Moluccan Islands. His exploits, not always reliably narrated, are recounted in his *Journal* of the expedition to the Moluccas. In 1612 he received a commission from Sir Henry Middleton to trade at Amboyna and neighboring Dutch islands and was fitted out with a small ship, *The Darling*. On December 21, he was anchored within Palemban Points, near Bantam, in company with three Dutch ships —apparently on friendly terms. The next day he reached the Bantam Roads, "where were four great Dutch ships."

"One would have thought it was the Zuider Zee."

During his stay in Bantam, Anglo-Dutch relations were

ostensibly cordial. On February 15, two Dutch captains and two Dutch "ministers" dined at Pella Pengan with Sir Henry Middleton. A day later Jourdain sailed, but was quickly forced to put into the harbor of Jacatra to avoid a gale, anchoring "hard by a Dutch shippe that was in the roads."

From Jacatra, Jourdain sailed to Amboyna and Ceram. Off the Straits of Disselin he encountered two more Dutch ships, bound for Amboyna. Jourdain went on to the north side of the island, to the town of Hitu, where he and his men were greeted by the Dutch factor, who requested him not to raise the price of cloves in Ceram and Amboyna, pointing out that the Dutch were then paying a considerable price for them and had gone to a great deal of trouble and expense in obtaining contracts from the natives. The English chivalrously agreed to buy all their cloves from the Dutch, and to pay five ryals of eight more than the Dutch had paid for each of the two hundred bahars that they desired to purchase.

Later Jourdain met the native captain of Hitu and discussed the purchase of cloves, but not wishing to "be seen again" talking to the natives, he sent one of his agents, Nicholas Bangham, to bargain secretly while he, Jourdain, went to the home of the Dutch factor to talk of friendship and be royally feted as a guest of honor.

Then came a letter from the Dutch commander at Amboyna warning Jourdain not to trade directly with the natives or to raise the price of cloves, since the Dutch had already contracted and paid for the whole season's crop in advance. Jourdain then arranged with the natives to meet in Lugho, where clandestine trade could be carried on. Before Jourdain left, the local factor informed him that he had written to the governor requesting permission to sell cloves directly to the English. To this Jourdain replied with commendable vigor, "shewing him that he had not learned his lyinge tongue att London, but amongst the Portugalls. . . . Soe I bid him to keep his cloves, for I would none of him: that in the morning I would sett sayle, God willinge."

But the next morning the Dutch governor arrived and sent two messengers to request Jourdain to wait in order to confer with him; but these men retreated upon hearing Jourdain's threat that if they came aboard he would "carrye them to Lugho." Thereupon the good ship *The Darling* departed from Hitu unmolested.

At Lugho, however, the natives refused to trade, saying that the people at Hitu had assumed them to be friends of the Dutch, but now, on being informed by the Dutch that they were rather enemies than friends, they, the natives, regretted to state that they "durst not displease them [the Dutch] alledginge [as a reason] their great force of shipping at Amboyna and Turnattee."

But Jourdain did not take these statements seriously.

Shortly after the withdrawal of the natives two Dutch factors came aboard, wondering at the English attempt to trade and "jestinge att out little shipp." "I answered little," says Jourdain, "onlie I told them of their followinge us, as the Jewes did Christ, doinge us many injuries, which one day they might answere for betwixt Dover and Callice; with many other words which I here omitt." We can only imagine the other words.

On April 7 some natives "stole aboard" and informed Jourdain that they would sell cloves secretly. But on the following day the Dutch commander came to warn Jourdain, saying that he possessed full knowledge of his activities and of his earlier dealings with the natives. He pointed out that the Dutch were not such detestable creatures as Jourdain had implied in his accusations; that despite the friendly overtures made to the English by the Dutch, Jourdain had insidiously offered the natives 15 ryals per bahar more than the Dutch had promised them when they had contracted to buy all the forthcoming crop in the island; and that he understood Jourdain to have told the natives that he would buy their cloves even if they cost 100 ryals per bahar—to which Jourdain adds, in his narrative, "all which I did malitiously to make the coun-

trye people breake their contract made with them [the Dutch]." [1]

Jourdain replied to these accusations by a series of statements none of which accorded with his earlier accounts. But between April 6 and 9 he was able to complete secret understandings with the natives to purchase cloves at 70 ryals per bahar (20 more than the Dutch paid).

From Lugho, Jourdain proceeded to Manippa where 20 more bahars were purchased before "two Dutch ships came up to scare us off." "We traded at a nearby cove," but soon afterward were forced by bad winds to put into the harbor of Hitu again. Once more they endeavored to purchase cloves under the noses of the Dutch, but were put off by the natives "until the next year's croppe." While the British were in Hitu a Dutch vessel arrived from Japan, and Jourdain sent Nicholas Bangham aboard to try to buy bread and fresh pork. He was much incensed when the Dutch replied that they had none for sale. The same afternoon, April 23, *The Darling* weighed anchor and sailed for Cambello, where Jourdain bought 15 more bahars of cloves. He remained in Cambello for several days, enjoying the hospitality of the Dutch factor, who had a comfortable cottage. But after a few days a Dutch general arrived from Manippa and so, "having finished our business at Cambello, we set sail for Macassar." Finally, after many adventures with stormy seas and a heavy cargo the men arrived at Bantam, August 18, 1613, where they sighted the wreck of the English flagship *Trades Increase,* but found no English ashore.

The latter part of Jourdain's *Journal* is devoted to what he calls "A True Account of the Hollanders Abuses Offered to Our Nation in the East Indies since the Year 1612." After a long list of the outrages that he has suffered at the hands

[1] In this connection it is worth noting, since the British editor of the *Journal* in question has not seen fit to notice it, that Jourdain has previously stated explicitly, and several times tried to make the reader think, that the Dutch in Amboyna had had no contract with the natives. Here, however, he admits that he had indulged in the above mentioned double-dealing "maliciously" in order to break the Dutch "contract" with the natives.

of the Dutch—"outrages" despite the fact that not a hair of his head suffered and no discourteous word was spoken against him in answer to his own accusations and imprecations—he inserts a copy of his official letter to the London East India Company, December, 1615, in which he says that "There is owing to the Hollanders above 80,000 rialls, and they cannot recover one penny this years: which is due them for cloth which they delivered the last Yeare to bee paid in pepper, and sould itt att such a lowe rate only to cross us in the sale of our Cormandel cloath. . . . This they did in pollozie, thinckinge that, wee seinge shuch smale profitt by that sorte of goodes, we would venture that way no more; which some of them hath not left to speake that they will beate us out of that trade and make us wearye of it."

Jourdain, however, was a minor issue with the Dutch. He and men of his type represented no major cause for warfare, but rather single incidents among many of the petty business dealings with which they had to put up. There were larger and more important issues, and these, as events turned, could be settled in a manner satisfactory to Dutch interests only by an appeal to arms.

It was during Coen's first year in the Indies, in 1609, that the Twelve Years Truce had been signed with Spain, giving the Dutch the right to trade unmolested in the East Indies. In that year the Company paid a dividend of 75 percent. It also decided to appoint a Governor-General for the Dutch East Indies. The man chosen for this new position was Pieter Both.

During 1609 and '10 Jan Coen fought his first battles, and partly through his efforts the Dutch were able to establish six bases on the coast of Coromandel and to secure monopolies for trade with Arakkan, Bengal, Ceylon and Calicut. But because of stiff opposition on the part of their Spanish and Portuguese rivals in India, it was soon decided to devote most of the Dutch efforts to points east of India.

There they found the British their chief rivals, and not the

least important of Coen's exploits came at the close of 1609. He was commanding a fleet of seven warships when the English, who had heard many tales of his exploits, sent out a strong force to run him down. One hot Sunday morning the British closed in with eleven warships.

"Shall we fight or run; or what shall we do?" said the second officer in command.

"We'll put the fear of God into their devilish hearts," answered Coen. And they did. It was one of the last occasions on which the British endeavored to wage a stand-up fight against the Dutch in the open.

In 1610 Jan Coen, having completed two years of trading and fighting in the East Indies, returned to Holland, arriving the following year. He made a long report to the directors of the E.I.C. on the future of Banda and on general conditions in the Indies. The spice trade alone, he believed, was not valuable enough to justify the expense and the fighting necessary to effect an exclusive monopoly. But there were other factors. Celebes, for example, gave promise of becoming the most valuable center for indigo; and numerous other products could be obtained to supplement the spice trade. But most important of all, in his opinion, was the possibility of Dutch colonization. The region was rich and offered many opportunities for an industrious people. But the natives themselves were not industrious. Moreover, it would be too bad if only men went out, for sooner or later these men would mix with the native women and produce an even more indigent population. If settlement were to be permanent, women must be colonized there. Heretofore the company had been too much concerned with "trade only." What would really put the archipelago on its feet, and settle the permanency of Dutch claims, was to make of the region an outlet for the multitudes of poor people in Holland who had been ruined as the result of warfare and of Spanish and English restrictions. Here, said Coen, is a rich country, capable of supporting in comfort multitudes of peasants who at home can earn only a bare subsistence. Fur-

thermore, the settlement of these people in the Indies would do more than anything else to pave the way for garrisons and fleets. Most important of all, to the mind of any sensible company official, is the fact that such an enterprise would increase the territorial revenues of the company and set free its resources for utilization against Holland's foreign enemies. The financial condition of the company is so unstable, under present conditions, and its future still so uncertain, that these plans will have to be adopted if eventual disaster is to be avoided.

The company directors listened attentively.

To effect the immigration, Coen proposed that hereafter company officials should bring their families with them; that other persons should be encouraged to come in the ships of the company, or even in privately owned vessels; and, most important of all, internal trade among the islanders should be thrown open to colonists who would, of course, pay duties to the company.

At this time Coen was himself anxious to establish a family in the East Indies. There was a young woman pining out her heart in Holland; for heretofore only men had gone to the Indies.

The company directors realized that this young man of twenty-four had proved himself a valuable asset. Moreover, the way in which he was able to visualize monetary and business returns indicated, at least to them, that he had a business head on his shoulders. In short, he impressed the directors so favorably that they decided to make him an Upper Trader (*Opperkoopman*)—a first commercial agent. When he sailed for the Indies again, in the following year, he took his wife along and was given the additional title of Grand Commercial Agent and Commander-in-Chief of the Dutch fleet in the East.

That Coen's arguments lost none of their weight in the minds of the company directors was proved almost at once, for before the end of the year 1611, and long before Coen's vacation had expired, the company sent to Amboyna, in the

Moluccas, the first cargoes of Dutch colonists. Governor-General Both had advised them to concentrate their efforts in the Moluccas; for conditions in Java, owing to English propaganda among the natives, were at that time unsettled. There was also civil war among native principalities and the Dutch would have a two years' job ahead of them in suppressing the fractious elements and establishing normal trade relations once again.

When Coen reached Java in 1613 he found things in a bad state. Pieter Both had been altogether too lax, it seemed to him, and he and the governor-general proceeded to differ on a number of points. The governor-general, to get rid of Coen, sent him on a two year expedition against the Portuguese (1613–14) to drive them from some of their remaining settlements. This Coen was successful in doing within one year. Meanwhile, Both wrote home to Holland to ask the directors of the Company to replace Coen, who was continually sticking his nose into official business. But Coen also sent reports home with various recommendations regarding Dutch policy in the Indies: colonization, teaching, religious activity, bargaining with native princes, *et cetera*—and he included, of course, his account of the sad state of affairs in Java.

The result of these machinations was that the company replaced Both with a new governor-general named Reynst, a friend of Coen's.

In the midst of his campaign against the Portuguese and Spanish, Coen sent another long report to the Company. Holland must shut other countries out of the Indies by force. "Trade in India must be conducted and maintained under the protection of your own weapons, and weapons must be supplied from the profits; for trade cannot be maintained without war, or war without trade." To accomplish these ends Holland must look for fresh sources of profit, and these can easily be found: but first of all "the English and other European nations that we may expect" must be shut out from competing. Holland would become great in the East Indies when a Dutch

civic community was living there, a real "Holland beyond the seas."

It was this report, coupled with his exploits against the Portuguese in 1613–14, that decided the directors to make Coen a Member of the Indian Council.

The Portuguese had been vanquished, but of late the English had been especially active in encroaching upon the Javanese trade. Governor-General Reynst therefore thought it advisable to put Coen on the scene of action and appointed him Director-General of Java.

The new direction of affairs was to result in a long-drawn-out war between the Dutch and the English. In Java the natives would cater to any one who promised them more than the last person, and so the English, who were pretty good at making promises, obtained rather easily the assistance of many of the natives against the Dutch. Writing home to the company in the autumn of 1615 Coen spoke of his many difficulties with the English. The English in Java, he said, have threatened "to hang my effigy on the highest gallows of England. . . . Much good that may do them. . . . Others, more venturesome, say that they are some day going to eat my heart salted."

Jourdain and other Englishmen had made many trading raids into the Spice Islands, and in 1615 two additional English ships, the *Concord* and the *Thomason,* were sent to Amboyna. The Dutch sought by all friendly means to dissuade the crews of these vessels from trading with the natives, saying that the natives had agreed not to trade with any one but the Dutch until their outstanding debts to the Dutch had been redeemed. But when the Englishmen insisted upon following Jourdain's precedent, the Dutch in Amboyna put the men of the *Thomason* in irons and shortly afterward turned them over to the crew of the *Concord*—which had previously succeeded in eluding them, but which was later discovered trading with the natives at Cambello. Here the English had built a fort, but shortly after the episode above narrated, the Dutch suc-

ceeded in destroying it and driving out the interlopers. Regarding these events one of the English officials reported: "Our people, seeing themselves to be too weak for them, durst not withstand these inormyties, knowing that the Dutch did it only to pick a quarrel. . . . And so, wherever our ships went, they sent their ships to watch them because they should not confer with the country people."

In 1616 Coen sent a written ultimatum to the English at Bantam ordering them to send no more ships to Amboyna, Banda or the Moluccas, in view of the fact that these islands had long been under exclusive Dutch trading contracts, had definitely become part of the Dutch overseas empire, and were peacefully settled by Dutch citizens and colonists.

The English replied by sending four ships, the *Clove,* the *Defense,* the *Thomas* and the *Concord.* This expedition went to Banda, a place which previously the English had refused to occupy in offered co-operation with the Dutch, and built a fortress there. Coen immediately led an expedition against them, with eleven men-of-war, and compelled the English under Richard Hunt, together with their Bandanese allies, to flee for their lives. Hunt escaped to Macassar, and later to Bantam, where the English had a large post. He arrived there in 1617.

In the meantime Reynst had died and been succeeded by Laurens Reaal. In October, 1617, orders arrived from Holland that Coen was to succeed Reaal as Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies. Coen was now thirty years of age.

During the next two years no less than four English plots against the Dutch in Java were brought to the attention of Coen. There was only one way of handling these issues, and Coen handled them with his customary vigor. The English seemed definitely quieted by 1618, and the natives were suppressed. Then his attention was diverted for a while, because the British had sent Sir Thomas Dale "to restore the balance of power in the Banda Archipelago."

Meanwhile, the English ambassador at the Dutch capital,

Carleton, unleashed a new chain of attack against the policy of the Dutch everywhere. He demanded, with many strong words, that the Dutch government should immediately send a special embassy to England to help atone for the acts of violence and hostility committed by Dutch subjects against the British, especially in the Indies. He demanded that the Dutch should do their best to arrive at friendly arrangements, while there was yet time, on all the vexed issues between the two countries: the East Indian trade, the herring fisheries and trade, the northern fisheries, and the cloth trade. He protested against their past actions and attitude and warned them that His Majesty, James I, the King of England, had now reached the limit of his patience and restraint in these matters.

Anxious to avoid another war, this one against so strong a nation as Britain, the Dutch States General announced its readiness to accede to all the English demands, but requested that the discussions be limited to the disputes regarding the East Indian trade and the whaling fleets. A Dutch embassy was accordingly sent to Westminster to treat with the English government. This embassy pointed out that Holland could attempt no new innovations with regard to the cloth trade or the herring fisheries. The industry of the country had been ruined by the long wars against the Spaniards, and as for the herring fishery, fifty thousand Dutch families were absolutely dependent upon it for their livelihood. Among hundreds of thousands of their subjects, long impoverished, herrings represented the chief article of diet.

After another long and angry remonstrance to the States General in January, 1619, James finally agreed that the herring question might be postponed pending the settlement of Holland's internal economic difficulties. With this matter temporarily settled, the States General then agreed to discuss the other questions as a preliminary to the revision of the ancient Treaty of Intercourse (the *Intercursus Malus* of Henry VII's time). The Dutch people hoped, added the embassy, that the two nations might continue friendly, and that the English

would suggest no further innovation which might again complicate the question of ancient treaties and customs.

The Dutch were warned, however, that none of their fishing boats might come within fourteen miles of the Scotch coast on pain of "severe penalties." For damages to English fishing fleets in Spitzbergen waters the English then demanded a government indemnity of 43,800 pounds and the reimbursement in full of all private owners who had incurred losses "through acts of Dutch aggression."

The Dutch denied that they had been guilty of aggression and pointed out that it was always the English who had first attacked their boats.

Thus the affair dragged on. Finally James agreed to drop the matter of fishing rights for the time being if the Dutch paid in full for the damage done to the English fishing fleets since 1615, and for the damage inflicted upon British vessels in the naval action of 1618.

For two more years the negotiations continued, the Dutch doggedly denying any concession and refusing any admission of aggression, even under threats of war.

What actually prevented war between the two nations at this time was the outbreak in Germany of the Thirty Years War, in which James' son-in-law, Frederick, the Elector Palatine, played so large a part, and the crushing of his forces at the Battle of the White Hill, near Prague in Bohemia, by an Austrian Imperial army. James sent Sir Horace Veer with two thousand English volunteers to help him, and the complete failure of this expedition angered Parliament. The British Parliament was becoming more and more niggardly over expenditures, as the cost of government rose higher and higher in the early seventeenth century, and the truth of the matter was that James I, unpopular as he was, could not afford a war with the Dutch.

During this period Jan Coen knew in a general way what was taking place between the British and Dutch governments at home; and he knew specifically what the British had been

attempting to do in Java with the help of the unruly native princes and French and Japanese "pirates." He came more and more to loathe their "treachery and intrigues." When the English built a fortified post near the native capital of Jacatra in 1618, he sacked and burnt it. Then he learned that Sir Thomas Dale was arriving in the Moluccas with a strong English fleet, and he sailed immediately with reinforcements for Amboyna, leaving Pieter van der Broeck in command of the Dutch post at Bantam.

As soon as Coen left, the native prince at Jacatra, allied with the English and some French, feigned friendship for the Dutch and persuaded van der Broeck to attend a joint conference. Upon the latter's compliance he was immediately seized and held as a prisoner. The English, aided by their French and native allies, then attacked Bantam in great force. But the Dutch garrison held out until Coen came back, fresh from his victories in the Moluccas, and there followed a general slaughter of the attacking army. Coen sank four English warships that attempted to escape and then lay siege to Jacatra, the native capital. The city was taken by storm, burned, and most of the inhabitants who remained behind were put to the sword. Upon the ruins of Jacatra he then built Batavia, which became the capital of the Dutch East Indian Empire. This was in 1619, and Coen, now fully enraged, set to work to drive every Englishman out of Java and the Indies.

This work, however, was to be rudely interrupted, much to his own chagrin. For in that year the Dutch and English East India Companies agreed to compromise their differences. The compromise saved the British position in the East.

What happened was that a Dutch embassy went to London early in that year to thank King James for his part in the labors of the Synod of Dort, and then suggested that the English and Dutch trading companies merge their interests in the East Indies. A treaty was drawn up on June 2, 1619, which undid most of Coen's work. Just at the moment when he had succeeded in establishing Dutch power firmly in the East, the

Dutch agreed to let all ports and forts in the islands revert to a *status quo* basis and guaranteed to the English one-half the pepper crop of Java and one-third the spice crop of the Molucca islands.

The attitude of the Dutch can easily be explained. They were anxious to reconcile the conflicting matters in European affairs, and, secondly, the warfare in the East Indies, against natives, Spanish, Portuguese and English, had been costly. The company had been spending great sums on ships of war and munitions, and profits had been dwindling.

English historians have often claimed that the Dutch proposal to merge their interest with the British was a wily move on their part to secure England's assistance against the Spaniards. But the Spaniards had not been causing them much trouble of late years, and the Dutch, under Coen's leadership, had been having great success against all comers. It seems probable, therefore, that the Dutch motive was the result of a sincere wish on their part to avoid further hostilities rather than to precipitate new ones.

But Coen himself was greatly surprised and vastly chagrined to hear of the new union of the Dutch and English East India Companies, just as he had advocated a far more strenuous policy against the English. He could not understand it at all, especially as he had been so successful in sinking British ships, and had, in fact, sunk several after the consummation of the new peace. He talked the matter over with his wife, who told him that it was "evidently God's will." Coen agreed that he should not stand in the way of God's will. Mayhap, said his wife, he had been a little too severe in his dealings with the enemies of Holland. Coen grumbled that there was no other way. "If the Dutch were not to walk off the face of the earth, they would have to fight." But God's will must be obeyed; so, for the time being, he consented to co-operate with his new English allies.

At the time of the merger the Dutch East India Company had assets of 19,500,000 florins: the English had 24,500,000.

The new enterprise was to be directed by a joint committee of eight members. What subsequently caused this agreement to become a dead letter was the failure of both parties to agree about costs, prices, and native contracts. The Dutch claimed, before the next two years were out, that the English were not furnishing their quota of armed forces, but were, on the other hand, actually getting more than half the profits from the entire spice industry in the Moluccas. The English claimed that the Dutch attempted to shift too much of the burdens of warfare upon English shoulders. They had come to trade and not to fight; the Dutch, they said, wanted only to fight.

Except for commercial reasons, the English never really recognized the Treaty of 1619. It was arranged, however, that a joint expedition be sent against the Spaniards in Manila. For this enterprise Holland furnished a fleet of brand-new warships, specially constructed. But each of the allies declared that the other attempted to shift the main burden from its own shoulders. Consequently there was a quarrel and a separation.

Next, Coen proposed to bring the small Banda Isles under the administration of the Moluccas. The Bandanese natives had been unruly, and it would be well, he thought, to bring them under one jurisdiction. But the English, as he had suspected, objected to this. They declared that there was no need to pick quarrels with the natives. This reasoning sounded well, but there was another reason behind it, as Coen pointed out to his council. From the beginning the English had traded surreptitiously with the natives of the Banda Isles, and stirred up propaganda there against the Dutch. It was one of the chief reasons for the success of English trade and of their growing profits. So he led his own expedition against the Bandanese, killing those natives who resisted and deporting most of the remaining malcontents to the island of Java, where they could be kept under closer scrutiny. This was in March, 1621.

The Dutch then assumed full control over the Banda archi-

pelago. The English at once objected, demanding a one-third share in the business. To this Coen replied that the treaty of 1619 applied only to the Moluccas, and that since the English had not seen fit to bear their proper share of the burden of reducing the islands, they could, in the future, stay out. As a result of this new quarrel, Anglo-Dutch relations in Amboyna, the capital of the Moluccas, became exceedingly strained and the English began to plot for the overthrow of the Dutch in that region. It was, however, "unofficial plotting."

Another event in that same year aggravated the situation still further. The native population at Bantam in Java, egged on by British propaganda that kept reminding them that they were the real owners of the island and that the Dutch were guilty of horrific atrocities against them, rose in rebellion against Coen. Fierce fighting followed; but after 15,000 of the native troops were massacred, peace once more reigned.

The English also protested that the new Dutch warships which had been built for the joint use of the Anglo-Dutch interests were now being used by the Dutch to prevent the carrying on of normal British trade relations in the Molucca and Banda Isles.

Consequently the E.I.C. in Amsterdam wrote to Coen, censoring his unnecessarily militant and harsh conduct, and advising friendlier relations with the "joint members" of the company. Coen was furious. He received the criticism early in 1622 and wrote back that the only way in which he and the other members of the company who were on the scene could maintain "friendly relations with the English" was to remove themselves not only from the East Indies, but also "from the face of the earth." He finished by requesting permission to resign his post as Governor-General.

The company accepted his resignation and appointed Pieter de Carpentier to succeed him. Coen left Batavia on February 1, 1623, and sailed furiously back to Holland in less than eight months, arriving in Amsterdam on the 19th of September.

Coen's theories of colonization had developed during the

twelve years that had elapsed since he first voiced them. He now proceeded to voice again his ideas for a Dutch Colonial System in the East, which would aim at the establishment of a stable population of Dutch stock. To facilitate the process he had taken it upon himself, before he left Batavia, to throw open trade with the coast of Coromandel to the citizens of Batavia. But after several meetings in consideration of his plans—each of which generally resulted in their being tabled until the next meeting—the directors of the company forbade any governor-general to allow any freedom of trade to individuals. The bourgeois idea of profits first and people afterward still fixed itself in their minds as the matter of paramount importance. They could not think in terms of the future. Ideas of individual development, typical of the Renaissance, were becoming as outmoded as the earlier medieval ideas of communal welfare. What the new business men of the new age were learning to worship was the goddess of Profit.

Coen gave up in disgust and retired to private life, although he still maintained his membership in the company.

Meanwhile, difficulties between the Dutch and the English in the East Indies continued to magnify. After Coen's withdrawal the English took a new lease on life in Java and proceeded to build many new factories in the Moluccas. Japanese also were coming into the islands in increasing numbers and the Dutch at Amboyna soon became suspicious of their relations with the British.

The Dutch governor in Amboyna was Van Speult. He was especially angry with the British because they had created so much disturbance when Coen, shortly before his retirement, had captured the English fort on the island of Poelo-Rum, in 1620, before Coen had been informed of the treaty of 1619. The English had declared that he had deliberately taken advantage of their unpreparedness in time of peace to win an underhanded victory, and that he had flagrantly disregarded the terms of the treaty. The Dutch Company, to quiet the loud and angry howling, had paid their enormous damage

claim of 150,000 pounds sterling. Yet Poelo-Rum itself was an insignificant place, as was the British position there—and this is evidenced by the fact that after the outlandish damage claim had once been paid, the English made no further effort to re-establish a post on that island.

It may have been that this episode rankled in Van Speult's mind, together with many stories that his predecessors told him concerning other British activities in the East. Certainly he knew of the various plots engineered by the English and their miscellaneous allies to drive the Dutch out of Java.

So it was in no charitable frame of mind that he heard from his men, early in 1624, that a suspicious Japanese soldier had been apprehended. He was thought to have been an agent in some special negotiations that had been going on between English merchants in Amboyna and the Japanese.

Under duress this Jap confessed that the English in Amboyna were planning to send a warship that was to lead a Japanese squadron in an attack upon the Dutch in Amboyna. New precautions were at once taken and within a short space seventeen more English and Japanese were arrested in Amboyna. When put to the torture, the usual method of obtaining confessions, all these men individually told the same story: viz., that English traders in the island were scheming to get rid of the Dutch with Japanese assistance. But they denied that either the English government or the London East India Company had planned or was cognizant of the plot.

Van Speult decided to make an issue of the case and teach the British a lesson by retaliating against English abuses of the Dutch trading position, and by meting out an exemplary punishment to the alleged conspirators.

The seventeen conspirators included the British agent in Amboyna, seven of his soldier-merchant supporters and nine of their Japanese allies. The eight Englishmen and the nine Japs were then courtmartialed on the charge of treasonable conspiracy with design to overthrow Dutch sovereignty in Amboyna and to murder the Dutch inhabitants. They were

declared guilty, and were sent before a firing squad the next morning. Two other British soldiers who had also been arrested, were sent as captives to Batavia. One of the latter succeeded in escaping, and the other was later freed after he corroborated the stories of the others about the English conspiracy.

This was the famous episode known in history as the Amboyna Massacre. The English all over the world shouted down the atrocities of the Dutch. The entire proceeding had been irregular, they alleged, and it was probably engineered by Jan Pieterszoon Coen. No one else could have been so cruel. (Ever since then the majority of popular histories and textbooks have repeated the story of the incident as one of Coen's making. But Coen had undertaken no activity of any sort against the British for two years, and had, as a matter of fact, left the Indies more than a year before.) The English also alleged that Gabriel Towerson, the British agent in question, could not have been guilty of a conspiracy because at the very time of his arrest and execution a dispatch recalling him was on its way. This reasoning was at least consistent, for on an earlier occasion the British had claimed that Coen should have known about the treaty of 1619 long before he attacked Poelo-Rum. But it was convenient to forget that in the Indies in those days it often required a year for a man to learn of a happening in Europe.

King James, of course, who was now entering his last year of life, demanded indemnities for the families of the victims as well as for the East India Company in London. A formal ultimatum was sent to Amsterdam and reparation was demanded on or before December 22, 1624.

But instead of apologizing for their misconduct and paying the claims, the Dutch countered by asking the English to apologize for their own misconduct.

Thereupon the English seized a number of Dutch ships in English ports; and to avoid further difficulties the Dutch government agreed to punish the officials responsible for the Am-

boyna executions. Trial proceedings against them dragged on in Holland for eight years; but nothing could be proved and the accused officials were freed in 1633.

Undoubtedly the English government would have backed up its ultimatum with an appeal to arms if it could have afforded to do so. But in 1624 the quarrel with Spain over the rejected marriage of the Infanta and the Prince of Wales troubled James; and Parliament would not grant him enough money to run the government, let alone fight both Spain and Holland. Internal politics and religious issues also troubled the Crown, and although Cromwell later took up the issue and at the conclusion of the first Dutch-English war in 1654 forced Holland to pay a special indemnity of 43,000 florins on account of the "Amboyna Massacre," nothing was to happen in the immediate future. For King Charles I, who succeeded James in 1625, desired peace with the Dutch, and in September he concluded with them an offensive and defensive alliance, merely demanding that the Dutch see to it that the men responsible for "the bloody butchery of our subjects" be punished within the ensuing eighteen months.

Of these events, and of what he termed the subservient yielding of the Dutch government, Jan Coen remained a silent and cynical observer. It would have been a good opportunity to teach the English a lesson, he believed, for their government was unable to afford a war and at the moment the Dutch would have been able to muster a much stronger fleet of warships. If Holland waited one could not tell what might happen in the future. But Holland did wait, and before the century was out she was to go down three times in the face of combined English-Spanish and English-French attacks! Coen, like Machiavelli and Guicciardini, whose books he had read in Italy, believed in preventive warfare; but the other Hollanders preferred to "save money."

The "Amboyna Massacre" put the finishing touches on the merger of Anglo-Dutch East Indian interests. But despite their surrender of the treaty rights of 1619, the English remained

in Batavia, as well as in Bantam, to which the Dutch had again admitted them.

Meanwhile affairs for the Dutch went from bad to worse and finally the East India Company urgently begged Coen to go out again as Governor-General. The English ambassador at once made strong protestations against such a procedure; and it was probably this which decided Coen to go back "into harness." On March 19, 1627, he sailed on his last trip to the Indies, arriving in Batavia September 27. It was probably the advent of this old enemy which caused the English to withdraw from Java in 1628.

Coen returned for his second governor-generalship much against his own will. He could not attack the British; and he could not carry out his ideas of colonization, for he carried with him express instructions to prohibit individual business enterprise among the colonists.

But in spite of these orders it was not long before the Dutch colonists and officials of the Company were all running their private businesses on the side. For Coen knew that the Company's claim that it was investing too much money for the returns that were accruing was not true; and he decided that the future of a successful Dutch colony in the Indies was more important than the profits of a few "weak-kneed and close-fisted money peddlers" in the commercial towns of Holland. And colonists could not be encouraged without some opportunity of making more money than they made in Holland. Furthermore, officials and employees of the Company were, he knew, grossly underpaid.

The Company found out, of course, what was going on and before long they began to replace under-officials and clerks with women, who were usually more conscientious and willing to work for less money. They also tried to concentrate colonists in a few key positions where their activities could be more closely surveyed. The directors were unanimously agreed on one point: viz., that officials of the Company should work only for the Company and only for what the Company was

willing to pay them. Yet in these years the Company was becoming so prosperous that its investors had little to do except "clip coupons." Between 1627 and 1650 average yearly dividends amounted to more than 30 percent on every florin invested.

Coen continued to advocate greater freedom of trade among the colonists, unsuccessfully.

But although he advocated more freedom for social and economic enterprise he had no use for moral lapses. In that he remained a Calvinist to the end. His wife, who was the only person who could order him about, liked to give parties for the young people. On one of these occasions a young official and his fiancée escaped from the crowd in the governor's hall and went upstairs into one of the bedrooms. They had no evil intentions, but they locked the door. It happened to be Mrs. Coen's room, and on one of her best sofas they sat and talked and held hands. This excitement was rudely interrupted, however, when Coen himself sent a maid upstairs to obtain a piece of needlework in his wife's bedroom. The maid came back and reported that the door was locked. Coen at once wanted to know why any door in his house should have to be locked. Mrs. Coen, who probably had some suspicion of what had happened, tried to soothe him, saying that it was nothing, "perhaps someone was ill."

But Coen would not be soothed. Upstairs he went and hammered in the door. There sat the young couple, impervious, apparently lost in bliss.

The General foamed at the mouth. He could not imagine any unmarried couple in a bedroom together. "Hang them!" he shouted. "Hang them!"

They were, indeed, almost hanged before Mrs. Coen succeeded in cooling his wrath sufficiently to allow him to take further steps. At last he decided to send the young couple back to Holland in disgrace. "The Indies," he declared, "is no place for moral cowards!"

Toward the end of 1628 the English withdrew from Ba-

tavia and centered their political and commercial "staple" in the independent state of Bantam. They remained there until 1682, when the Dutch conquered the rebellious Bantamese and requested the withdrawal of the English, whom they suspected of having fomented some of the troubles. Two years later the English complied when the local sultan withdrew from them their monopoly, probably under Dutch pressure.[2] That ended the troubles, temporarily.

The English and future English historians claimed hereafter that the Dutch attitude in the East Indies was primarily mercenary and commercial, and that the entire history of their colonization proved them to be a nation of business men. This opinion has been echoed by most American historians who have since written on the subject. Yet the English official views of that day do not indicate any such belief. Neither do the journals of those Englishmen who sailed in the East. An official instruction of the Court of the London East India Company, in those times, to the presidencies of Madras and Bombay may be taken as a typical illustration of the prevailing view. These British officials were advised "not to neglect political advantages in their pursuit of trade." Rather, they should profit by the example of "the wise Dutch, who, in their general advices, write ten paragraphs concerning their government, their civil and military policy, warfare and the improvement of their revenue, for every one paragraph they write concerning trade."

The last major activity of Jan Coen came late in 1628 when the Sultan of Matáram, self-styled Emperor of the Javanese, attacked Batavia with an army of 100,000 men. Coen, at most, had no more than 3,000 defenders, including native allies. The siege lasted for more than four months, from early August

[2] The English never regained their position in Java, but in the eighteenth century they established posts in other parts of the archipelago. (Their last post in the Sunda islands was abandoned in 1625, because of climatic evils.) Throughout the eighteenth century the English carried on an illicit trade with the natives, which the Dutch felt as a serious infraction of their monopolies, but they did not endeavor to put a stop to it and did not regard it as a cause of war.

until December third, when Javanese attacks broke and the native army was routed with great losses.

In Coen's last official report, dated March 18, 1629, he spoke of having been somewhat indisposed for some time. He was not well, certainly, for nothing of much consequence seemed to occur. But he "worked steadily and never missed a meal." Indeed, he ate heartily until September 20, when he was seized by a sudden attack of cholera and died just as suddenly in the small hours of the morning. His faithful wife, to whom an infant daughter had just been born, remained with him throughout the night, taking down notes on how things were to be carried on after his death.

He was buried a few days later in Batavia; and his family went back to live quietly in the seclusion of Holland.

They arrived in Amsterdam at the same time that a young man of twenty-four, who had been attracting attention among the artists of Leyden and Amsterdam, also came there to live. His name was Rembrandt van Ryn. But the renaissance spirit was already out of fashion; and this young Dutch artist, like Jan Coen, entered a bourgeois world of commercialism just a little too late.

XII. AN EPILOGUE

THROUGHOUT this book there has been an implicit attempt to tell a good deal, and to imply more, about renaissance "times" as well as "lives." It can be presumed that this has been necessary if one is to determine much about the actual nature of that revolutionary period that stretches from the faint beginnings of modern unrest in the time of Petrarch and Boccaccio to the emergence of modern nationalism, capitalism and imperialism in the time of the Bourbons and the Stuarts: let us say roughly from the last quarter of the fourteenth century through the first quarter of the seventeenth.

First, what had happened in regard to the "times"?

The Renaissance was a period of unrest in which the fundamental nature of the times had changed completely. The condition of the world was altered from a society of status, in which everything was fixed and ordered, to a society of contract, in which everything was also fixed and ordered, but on a different basis. Decentralization had given way to centralization. Feudal states, communes and petty republics were no longer in fashion; national states and empires were supplanting them everywhere in Europe and beginning to reach out beyond the seas.

National feeling had been born and with it an individualistic attempt on the part of the middle classes to acquire a new pride of place and position in the social, religious, political and economic ordering of affairs. Law-making, both for business and government purposes, had been fostered by the new bourgeoisie. The idea of *contract* made itself felt everywhere—in business, politics and religion especially. Rules and

formulae—another phase of the idea of contract—took on a new significance in art, in literature, and even in social etiquette. The courtier—a product of bourgeois culture—replaced the noble of ancient lineage. Business interests usurped the position of feudal aristocrats and determined the policies of governments and the nature of law-making. In the imperialistic activities of England, France and Holland especially, there were indications, by the beginning of the seventeenth century, that trade must follow the flag and that the flag must support the trade.

When the Renaissance began, money was regarded as an evil and usury was a curse. But before the age was out, money, money-making and interest-charges had all become eminently respectable. Calvin sanctified the capitalistic ideology for the Protestants, and Loyola and the Jesuits did so, perhaps unconsciously, for the Roman Catholics.

In the endeavor to "react" against the medieval inertia of a society of status, humanists, philosophers, poets, artists and other intellectual "forces" that by ordinary are inclined toward some degree of what is called "radicalism," unwittingly forged a sharp instrument for aspiring economic, political and religious "radicals." These men utilized the general spirit of revolt to break the power of feudalism and the Church, and created new political, economic and religious agencies.

Everywhere the capitalistic elements that fostered these changes may be regarded as the real "radicals" of that age. Once intrenched in their new position, whether that happened to be a throne, a church, or a business monopoly, they stopped being "radical" and undertook the maintenance of the "new and better" conditions.

The revolutionary nature of these changes—general though they were—had been brought about by *a revolt against the past* and by *a revolt against traditions.* Henceforth a *modernized* world could afford to look at medieval ideologies with fitting contempt. Not for a long time—if the new powers that ran the world had anything to say about it—would men

be encouraged to turn their eyes once more toward medieval ideas in art, ethics, government, religion, or even in human relations, especially among the workers of guilds and free communities.

The new powers that ran the world could not rise above their success. As the age advanced, intolerance came to the front more and more, whether it took the form of devil-baiting and witch-burning, or whether it broke into the open in a wave of religious, economic and imperialistic "persecutions." Certain it is that as the seventeenth century wore on, religious persecution and warfare increased; the condition of the economic underdogs worsened; and nationalistic empires struggled to seize more lands and better business and commercial interests.

France was the first national state, and the first imperialist one. This tendency began in the reign of Charles VII, and before the fifteenth century was out thirteen new territories had been added to the domain. Later such rulers as Henry VII, Henry VIII, Elizabeth and James I in England, Charles V in the Empire, Francis I, Henry II and Catherine de' Medici in France, together with many others, all played their parts, or tried to play them, in the new game of imperialistic expansion. Only Catherine failed.

The disappearance of local territories, locally governed, aided in the process of building up economic and class distinctions based upon wealth. Friendly medieval contacts between lords, tradesmen, workers, priests and peasants disappeared almost everywhere. Joy disappeared from work; popular art disappeared; a wide gulf widened between employers and employees; new ruling classes became more and more isolated; historians, painters, poets, and other "parasites" lost their self-respect in quest of patrons—who paid them for their banal and asinine flatteries.

Classicism, in all forms of painting, literature, music, drama, architecture and decoration, was encouraged. It was part of the very desirable revolt against medievalism—and

it brought no bad memories to the ruling caste. Classicism, with its vari-colored offspring, was to continue to predominate until the age of the French and American revolutions brought romanticism back to life for a brief space, after which new mixtures would evolve, however impurely.

The new world that had dawned was not so spiritual as it once had been; it was decidedly more ambitious and more materialistic in its aims. Revolt against the medieval Church had been championed in the name of "freedom," which became the rallying cry for every Protestant revolt, and revolt against the feudal aristocracy had been championed in the name of law, order and "freedom" from arbitrary class distinctions and privileges.

It is true that man—common man especially—achieved a good many new privileges. He became a free agent; he could wander wherever he pleased, if he could find work. Many a one found it in the new standing armies and in the new commercial fleets that now sailed the seven seas. The explorations of the Renaissance had opened the world. At the beginning of the fifteenth century the world of European man was limited almost exclusively to Europe. By the seventeenth century only the Arctic fringes and the Antipodes remained unknown: the world had almost assumed its present size and shape for every good intelligence.

But the loss of his traditions had cost man something: he had been plunged into a struggle for survival in which chivalry, both militant and economic, had disappeared. He was becoming organized as a unit in a centralized state, while his new religion taught him the gospel of hard work, duty, patriotism, and obedience to God's Will. Was this the same man who had once objected to the obedience and the discipline of the Catholic Church?

Perhaps he had not changed much, after all. Perhaps, following his emotional outburst of revolutionary ardor, he was sinking back into the old human rut once more. He had exchanged arts, churches, rulers and masters: that was about all.

And what of the people who had helped to mould his new destiny? Were they equally happy?

It now becomes evident that the first question—what had happened in regard to "the times?"—has been answered, and a second question is already pending—what had happened in regard to the "lives?"

Not much had happened to the lives of the common people, as above noted, for they never realized their losses. But what about the leaders and forgers and moulders, the "great ones" whose careers always scintillate so brilliantly in most historical pages, and who are usually credited with a goodly portion of human genius?

We have examined the lives of ten of them, each of whom played an important part, whether for good or for evil, in moulding the destiny of the future world and its future generations. Had they realized the fruits of their genius?

It has become almost a part of human nature to cling to the common belief that genius tramps triumphant through the world. But that belief is not very well founded. Neither reason nor experience justifies it. In the case of all the persons whom we have here considered there was undoubtedly among them a goodly portion of genius. That genius, however, did not win for them easy victories, and it did not save them from suffering many disappointments and defeats. Whatever success they achieved came to them only after heartbreaking struggles; and in some cases it did not come at all, even after they had waged lifelong battles to achieve it.

Valla died not without honor, but he was an old and broken man before much success or recognition came to him. Nevertheless he had accomplished what he set out to accomplish: he had changed the minds and the thoughts of men, even of his worst and most orthodox enemies. Posterity could cheer for him, and it did. But Valla himself did not get much for his trouble.

Charles VII achieved external glory, but no solid appreciation. He made France what it has since become, but nobody

trusted him fully. Humanity has not forgotten his alleged weaknesses and ostensible cowardice; short-sighted historians keep reminding the world of Agnes Sorel and of the sad fate of Joan of Arc. That sort of thing, perhaps, is the price that strong characters have to pay for patriotism and for nationalism—perhaps deservedly—while the world pays homage to its semi-mythological King Arthurs and William Tells. And certainly Charles's death was as unhappy as it was unenviable.

Henry VII also wrought well for his dynasty, and for his government, such as it was. But it can be doubted that his years were happy ones, and probably no one worried more greatly for his soul's peace than did he. Nevertheless he accomplished what he set out to accomplish—and if his own acts were bad they were certainly no worse than were those of his predecessors. A Christlike character could hardly have survived in his place.

Machiavelli brought political theory out of the clouds. He proved himself an able military leader and strategist and a competent diplomat. But he also went brokenhearted to the grave, leaving behind him a reputation far worse than he and his works merited. Nevertheless he proved his genius, and he moulded the destiny of future statecraft and politics in a way which he himself never dreamed of.

Raphael Santi won recognition and considerable wealth, but only after a hard struggle. His personal ambitions failed, and he was continually thwarted in his real objectives by the meddlesome ways of his well-wishers. Before he died his works were widely criticized, and it remained for posterity to establish the true greatness of the man, while misconstruing his efforts and misinterpreting his art.

Paracelsus, who seems to have led as interesting and as deserving a life as any of them, was the most persecuted in his own lifetime and the least understood after his death. He fought what may have been the bravest battle of them all, and has achieved, perhaps, the least recognition. His efforts to emancipate the souls, the minds and the bodies of men from

the diseases of belief and of practice were too much for any single man in that age; and although he succeeded in excelling all his contemporaries in these activities, he himself was crushed in the process.

Ignatius Loyola alone, among the characters here treated, waged a truly successful battle. But it required years of effort and of resistance to persecution before he succeeded. Moreover, he alone of these characters never fought singlehanded. Like Henry VII, he sought to maintain a "balance of power" by obtaining adequate allies; and much of the success which came to his cause came as the result of "organization" efforts. But he evinced an almost superhuman genius in controlling men and organizing them.

Catherine de' Medici, by the nature of her position, was forced to battle alone. She would have succeeded in her efforts if she had been working for herself alone; but those for whom she worked the hardest were the ones who undid her works; and for this she has received the blame of history. If she had been successful to the end, history, no doubt, would have had not only a different story to tell, but also a different verdict to render.

Don John of Austria, next to Paracelsus perhaps, was the most admirable character of the group. But he had his limitations of mind and of emotion, and he craved appreciation perhaps a little more than was necessary for his own good. He remains, however, the last great champion of chivalry in a world that was fast becoming low in mind and mercenary in ambition. And he was one of the few great soldiers in history who always won his battles. For these things, however, he received no recognition, even among the enemies of Philip; and he, too, went sadly to his death, confident that he had won nothing save honor.

Jan Coen was another soldier whom the gods of war upheld. But the great ideal of his life—that of creating a New Holland and of so relieving the condition of life among the poor people of his country—was thwarted from the start and

frowned upon by those who held the power in their own hands. Nevertheless he founded the richest colonial empire in the world, and guaranteed it to his native country. He went to his death believing that his winnings were being wasted and thrown away, and certain that his work would sooner or later be undone by enemies both within his country and without.

These people made history; and in so making it they moulded the future destinies of their peoples, their professions and their countries. Had they not lived and struggled, whether rightly or wrongly, history today would read far differently.

One cannot moralize upon these lives or upon this period of history. One must take the people for what they were, and judge them by the standards of the age in which they lived. But the one great fact that emerges is that all of them tried hard to do the right and the just things, according to their various standards and temperaments. Not one of them ever believed that the motives which prompted his actions were despicable or pernicious. Each one of them knew that whatever he thought, was right; and that whatever he did, was for the best.

That, of course, is human nature; and these people, despite their genius and their capacity for never-ending, soul-destroying efforts, were only human. And as we of today look back at them, and consider the various just and unjust things which have been said and written about them, we can understand that the world does not change rapidly. Historians of today can be just as intolerant of the opinions of those with whom they do not agree, as could the historians of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Governments of today can be just as self-righteous; and the daily propaganda which we hear about us does not fail in quality or in quantity. But the people live on, wisely or ignorantly—depending upon their point of view or their emotional proclivities; and tolerance and intolerance are questions that are left for the discussion of philosophers.

In this respect history is true to life, which it reflects.

And so the world goes on, everyone happily convinced that some sort of progress is being made. For if history proves anything, it proves that some progress is made—and that some people, despite what the world may think of them in any given age, are moulding the destiny of the future.

Yet progress is slow and the world changes its thoughts but little. The external accompaniments of life, it is true, take on new shapes and new names in a sort of evolutionary, mechanical fashion. But politics, morals, art, religion and the rivalries of nations and of individuals have not changed much since that time; and men still talk about life in the Renaissance. For it was the Renaissance that made our world what it is.

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